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THE NEW YORKER

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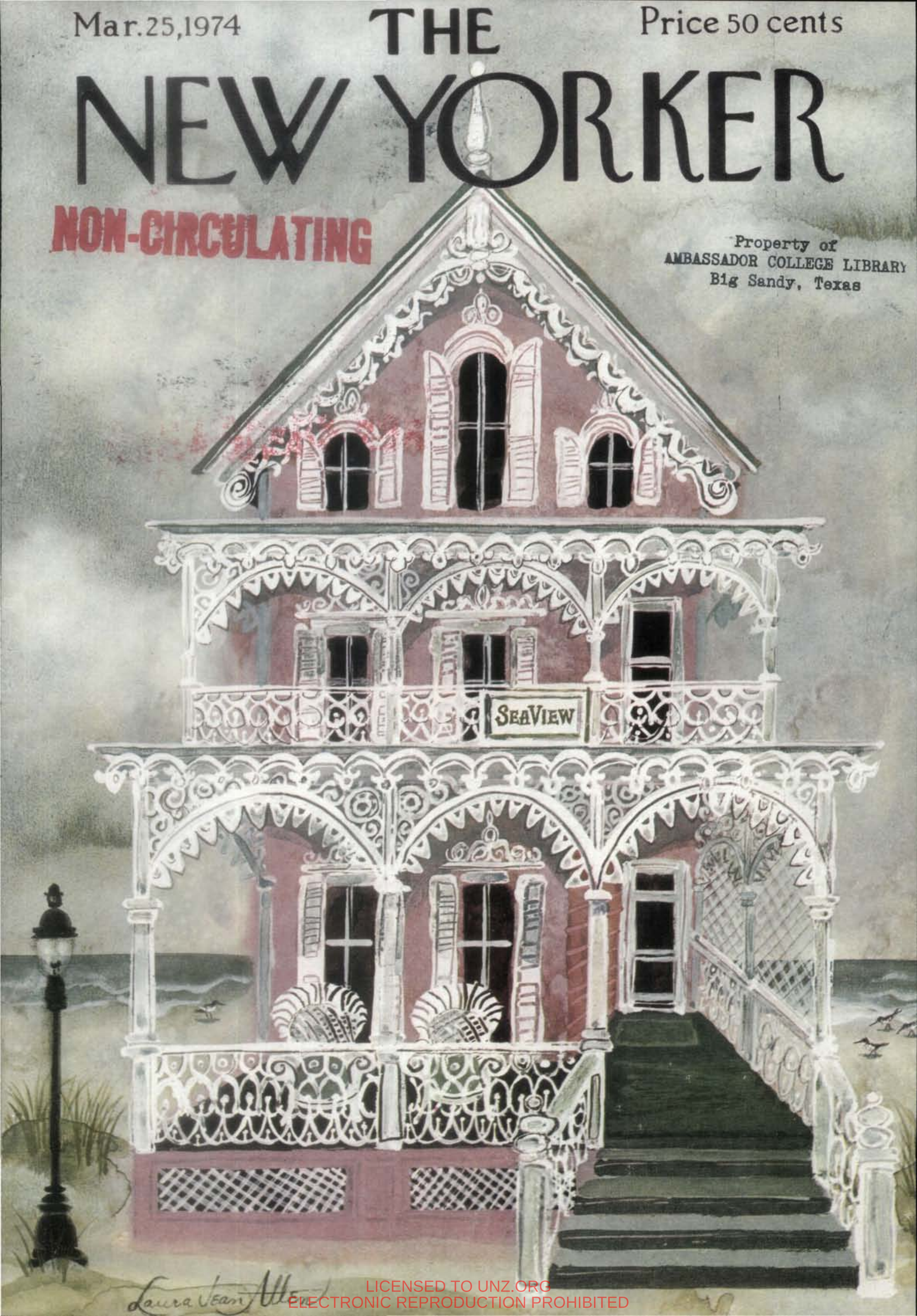
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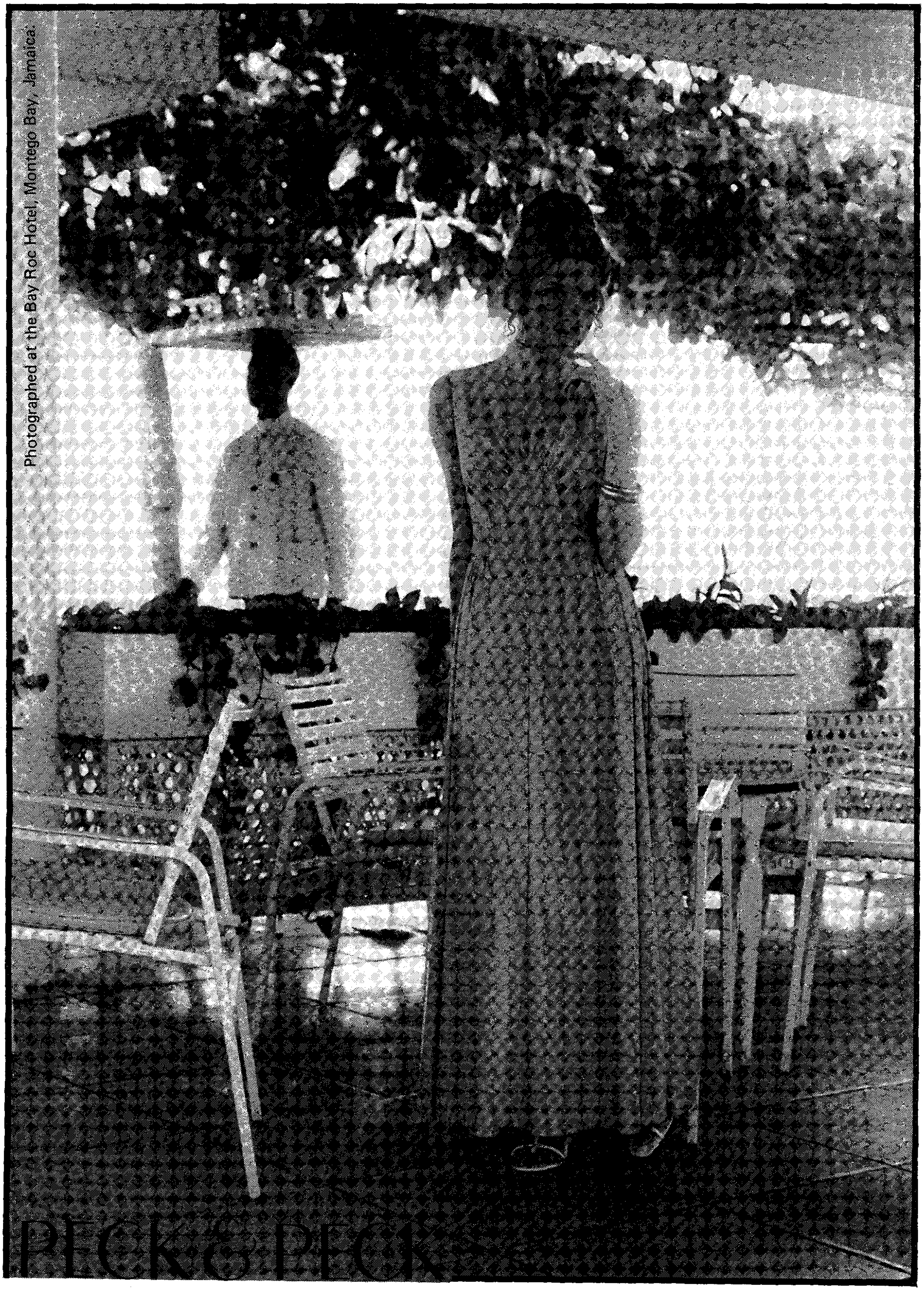
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE—A comedy by Murray Schisgal, with Paul Sorvino, Bob Dishy, Austin Pendleton, and Joseph Bova. Directed by Gerald Freedman. Previews through Tuesday, March 26. Tentatively scheduled to open on Wednesday, March 27, and run through Sunday, May 26. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BAD HABITS—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set at a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. With Paul Benedict, Doris Roberts, and J. Frank Lucas, among others. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BRITISH THEATRE SEASON—The engagement continues with performances by the Young Vic, to be followed in April by the Royal Shakespeare Company. All at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Terence Rattigan's FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS, in the Lepercq Space: Wednesday and Thursday, March 20-21, at 8; Sunday, March 24, at 1:30 and 5:30; and Thursday, March 28, at 8. . . . SCAPINO, adapted from Molière, in the Lepercq Space: Friday, March 22, at 8; Saturday, March 23, at 2 and 8; Wednesday, March 27, at 8; and Saturday, March 30, at 2. . . . THE TAMING OF THE SHREW, in the Opera House: Tuesday, March 26, and Friday and Saturday, March 29-30, all at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

CANDIDATE!—A play by Charles Fuller. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Friday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, March 24. Free.)

CANDIDE—Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CLARENCE DARROW—Henry Fonda in a five-week engagement of a one-man play by David W. Rintels, based on Irving Stone's book "Clarence Darrow for the Defense." Directed by John Houseman. Preview Monday, March 25. Opens Tuesday, March 26, and will run through Saturday, April 27. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

DEAR NOBODY—This recitation, by Jane Marla Robbins, of entries from the diaries of Fanny Burney becomes, at its best, a gossipy evocation of life in eighteenth-century England. Miss Robbins has chosen well, and the evening is consistently entertaining. Patricia Zipprodt designed her lovely costumes. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, March 31.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of the 1918 Kern-Bolton-Wodehouse musical OH, LADY! LADY! is the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 31. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

FASHION—A musical adaptation in modern dress of Anna Cora Mowatt's hit of 1845, with a cast of nine women and a man. There is some ridicule of the original play, which is annoying at first, but soon charm conquers all. Don Pippin is responsible for the melodic score, Steve Brown for the bright lyrics, and Mary Jo Catlett (as a social-climbing matron) for one of the funniest, most delightful performances around. Anthony Stimac was both adapter and director. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

LES FEMMES NOIRES—A play by Edgar White. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A FESTIVAL OF SHORT PLAYS—Lonnie Carter's "Cream Cheese," William Hauptman's "Shearwater," Maria Irene Fornes' "Dr. Kheal," and Robert Coover's "Love Scene." Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 30.)

FIND YOUR WAY HOME—A play by John Hopkins about a triangle—a husband, his wife, and his young male lover. An interesting and often amusing play, well acted by Lee Richardson, Jane Alexander, Michael Moriarty, and John Ramsey. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE GOOD DOCTOR—Nine skits by Neil Simon, based on Chekhov. The skits are not much, but the cast is perfection—Christopher Plummer, Barnard Hughes, René Auberjonois, Frances Sternhagen, and Kathryn Walker. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

GOOD EVENING—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of skits as deft, daft, and laughable as they themselves are tall and short. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

THE GREAT MACDADDY—This new musical, the first offering this season of the Negro Ensemble Company, has a very musical score by Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson. Paul Carter Harrison's script, though murky with symbols and ritual, is serviceable, and the performance—acting, dancing, and singing—is absolutely fine. With Roscoe Orman, Cleavon Little, and Hattie Winston in the leading roles. Direction by Douglas Turner Ward, choreography by Dianne McIntyre. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 14.)

HERE COMES THE GROOM—A Yiddish musical, with Leo Fuchs. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St.

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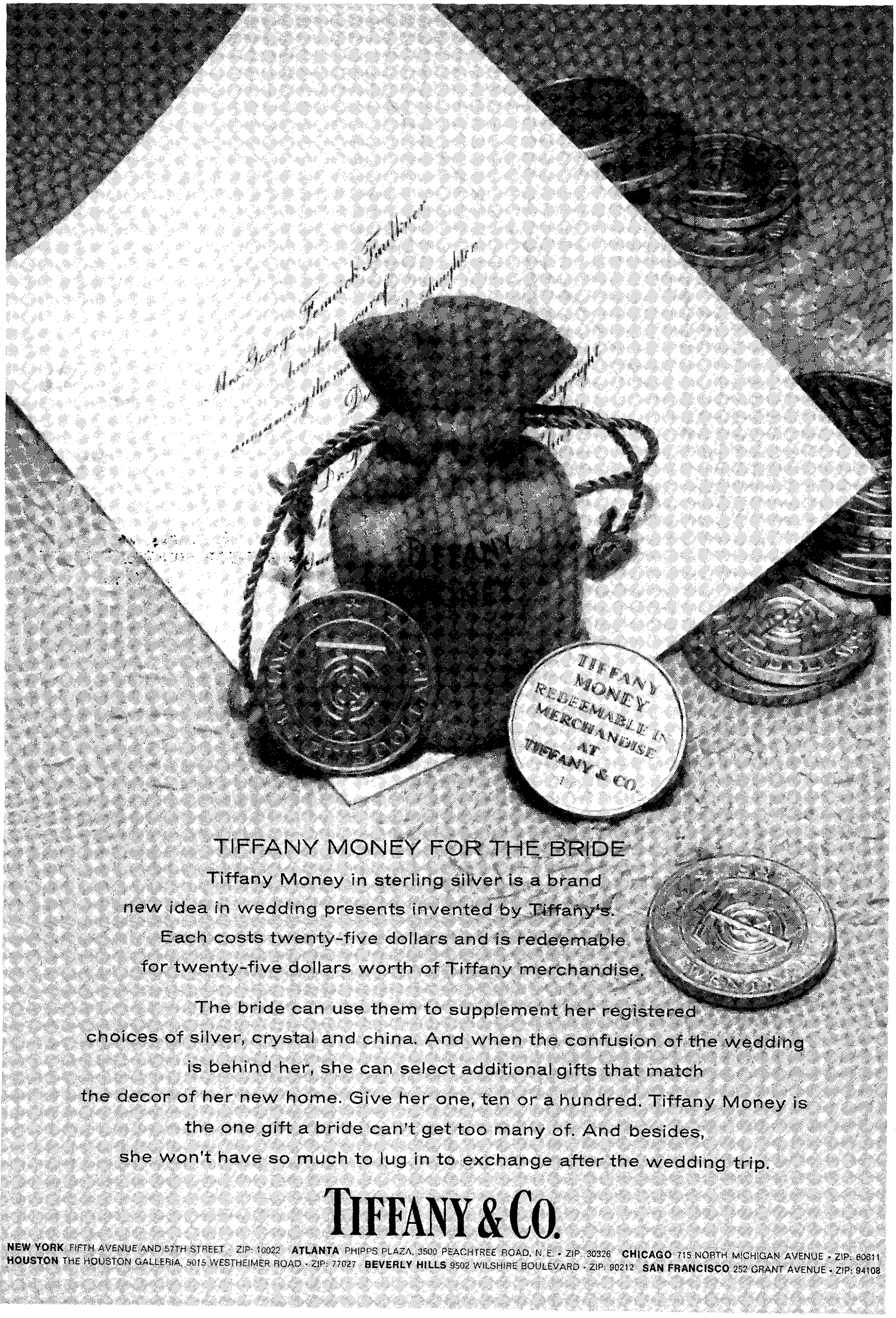

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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765-3886. Wednesdays and Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. May close Sunday, March 31.)

Lorelei—An ineffectually disguised revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Nothing, alas, has improved with age, not even its formidable star, Carol Channing. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Manhattan Project—Two André Gregory productions: **ALICE IN WONDERLAND**, Thursdays through Sundays at 8. . . . ¶ Open rehearsals of a new play by Wallace Shawn, **OUR LATE NIGHT**, Wednesdays at 8. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651.)

Moonchildren—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway a couple of years ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Ed Flanders, in José Quintero's stunning production of one of the great O'Neill soul-searchings, with self-hatred nearly always outwitting self-esteem. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée for the Actors' Fund Thursday, March 28.)

Noël Coward in Two Keys—A couple of one-act comedies that are brought to vigorous life by Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn, and Anne Baxter. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Over Here!—A big, foolish, and mysteriously charming musical, starring the Andrews Sisters. The time purports to be the Second World War and the scene the homefront, but don't you believe it. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Raisin—A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years. The large cast is superlative, as their materials are not. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A-Season-Within-a-Season—The Negro Ensemble Company, presenting four plays, each running for a week, by new black playwrights. Through Sunday, March 24: **BLACK SUNLIGHT**, by Al Davis. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, March 26-31: **NOWHERE TO RUN, NOWHERE TO HIDE**, by Herman Johnson. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 14.)

Short Eyes—Miguel Piñero's drama is set in a house of detention and is about a man who is brought there on the charge of molesting a child. The action, under the direction of Marvin Felix Camillo, is often brutal and always valid. Many members of the company ("The Family") have themselves been prisoners, and their small scenes—their sudden eruptions of fights and their bursts of singing and comedy—are almost as important as the plot. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Tempest—Sam Waterston is the young, keyed-up, dynamic Prospero in this magic production under Edward Berkeley's direction. Randy Kim is the funniest Trinculo imaginable, and Christopher Walken the most sinister, mocking Antonio. Santo Loquasto's setting and Jennifer Tipton's lighting are very effective indeed. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 7.)

Ulysses in Nighttown—Zero Mostel makes an affecting Leopold Bloom as he wanders drunkenly through the brothels of dark and punitive Dublin. Directed by Burgess Meredith. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE**: A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 5,785 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL**: A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA**: A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE**: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE**: Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **IRENE**: Jane Powell, George S. Irving, Ron Husmann, and Patsy Kelly in a simpleminded curiosity of a musical that at times seems first-rate. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC**: A sweetly romantic and yet coolly amoral musical about lovemaking and its consequences. The music and lyrics are by Stephen Sondheim, the book (borrowed from a Bergman screenplay) is by Hugh Wheeler, and the brilliant direction is by Harold Prince. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **PIPPIN**: A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Northern J. Calloway, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Priscilla Lopez. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE PROPOSITION**: An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 861-7362. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2.). . . **THE SUNSHINE BOYS**: Neil Simon's comedy, worth seeing for the performances by Jack Gilford and Lou Jacobi as a pair of querulous elderly vaudevillians. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON**: This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?**: A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-3789. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, the surest sign of spring, will open Thursday, March 28, and run through Monday, May 27. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, March 28, at 7:30; Friday, March 29, at 1:30 and 7:30; and Saturday, March 30, at 10:30, 3, and 8.)

Hasty Pudding Show—A musical, "Keep Your Pantheon," is this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 28, and Saturday, March 30, at 8.)

DANCE

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, March 20, at 8: "Moves," "Viva Vivaldi!," and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Thursday, March 21, at 8: "Le Beau Danube," "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz" (company première), and "Cakewalk.". . . ¶ Friday, March 22, at 8: "Moves," "Viva Vivaldi!," "Nightwings," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 2: "The Dream," "Secret Places," and "Cakewalk.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 8: "Le Beau Danube," "As Time Goes By," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz.". . . ¶ Sunday, March 24, at 2: "Petrouchka," "Interplay," and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Sunday, March 24, at 7:30: "Le Beau Danube," "Nightwings," and "Viva Vivaldi!". . . ¶ Tuesday, March 26, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Remembrances," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz.". . . ¶ Wednesday, March 27, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Grand Pas Espagnol," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz.". . . ¶ Thursday, March 28, at 8: "The Dream," "Valentine," and "Cakewalk.". . . ¶ Friday, March 29, at 8: "Parade," "The Moor's Pavane," "As Time Goes By," and "Trinity.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 2: "Petrouchka," "As Time Goes By," and "Interplay.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 8: "Parade," "Remembrances," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, March 31.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Presenting Mr. Taylor's first full-evening work, **AMERICAN GENESIS**, to music by Haydn, Bach, Gottschalk, and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday through Saturday, March 21-23, at 8, and final performance Sunday, March 24, at 2.)

Kathak—The classical dance of North India, performed by Birju Maharaj and his company. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday, March 28, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

George Benson—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Guitar, with his quartet, from

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nine (Fridays from nine-thirty). Beginning Monday, March 25.

Ruby Braff and George Barnes—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (PL 7-8970). Cornet and guitar, respectively, in a quartet. Nightly, except Sundays, at dinner and supper.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, from nine, on Sundays.

Betty Carter—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Singing, with a trio, from nine (Fridays from nine-thirty). Beginning Monday, March 25.

Ron Carter and Frank Wess—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Bass and flute, respectively, in a quartet. From nine to three, beginning Wednesday, March 27.

Gil Evans—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a fifteen-piece band, Mondays at ten.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Chico Hamilton—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a trio. Thursdays through Saturdays, from ten to three.

Earl Hines—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with his group, from nine-thirty to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Keith Jarrett—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano and soprano saxophone, leading a quintet. From ten, through Sunday, March 24.

Morgana King—Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892). Jazz vocals, nightly, except Mondays, at nine-thirty.

Ellis Larkins—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by Frank Loesser on Sunday, March 24, from four-thirty to seven-thirty.

Jimmy McPartland—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Cornet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Modern Jazz Quartet—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Piano, vibraharp, bass, and drums, from nine (Friday from nine-thirty). Through Saturday, March 23.)

Jimmy Rowles—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, with bassist Buster Williams, from eight to one, except Sundays.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-forty-five.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135). Guitar duo. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one.

World's Greatest Jazz Band of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trumpet and bass, respectively, with pianist Ralph Sutton, soprano saxophonist Bob Wilber, tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman, trombonist Benny Morton, and drummer Gus Johnson, Jr. From eight, through Saturday, March 23.

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(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A seaworthy vessel complete with dangling halyards, barrels, and a close-quartered conviviality. The musical crew consists of pianist John Foster's trio Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Red brick walls familiar from album jackets of the early sixties. Pianist Ramsey Lewis, an innovator of simplistic soul, leads his trio through Monday, March 25. Singer B. J. Thomas comes in on Wednesday, March 27. Comic Freddie Prinze shares both bills. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; on Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty. Outsize ice-cream sodas and such. Tuesdays are set aside for lesser known performers.

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Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—This appealing soul-food restaurant, with red tablecloths, white brick walls, and an amiable staff, features various jazz groups. Reedman Robin Kenyatta is here heading up a quartet through Saturday, March 23. Beginning Wednesday, March 27, Frank Wess, on flute, joins forces with super bassist Ron Carter and two other worthy musical artisans. Wess received some schooling with the Basie reed section, and in the early fifties he became one of the very first jazz flutists. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock and folk have been a big business for years, and at last New York has come by a club capacious enough to wheel and deal in these areas effectively. Until now, one has had to endure establishments that were tiny, poorly (if at all) designed, and, if their entertainment was any good, inhumanly crowded—all in all, better suited for socio-cultural tab-keeping than for music listening. This new club, listeners will be glad to hear, seats four hundred and fifty customers; the tables are arranged not in the usual jumble but in orderly rows—there are even aisles to walk in. Other oddities (by rock-club standards) include a sophisticated lighting system controlled from a Shakespearean balcony; a large, elevated stage that gives nearly everyone in the house a clear view of the performers' costumes and mannerisms; and, best of all, an impressive sound system that just begs for a "recorded live" album. The Committee, that fine comedy-and-satire troupe, entertains through Sunday, March 24. Tuesday through Thursday, March 26-28, the Strawbs, the English rock quintet, gives the amps a workout. Rick Nelson, formerly a television star and a teen-age rock idol, and now a serious country-rock singer and musician, plays with his Stone Canyon Band Friday and Saturday, March 29-30. Shows at eight and eleven. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-panelled concern provides dinner. New Realist paintings, and the amiable guitar-bass duo of Joe Beck and Herb Bushler. Through Saturday, March 23. On Monday, March 25, pianist Cedar Walton arrives with a bassist. The hours are nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays from nine until one, Jaki Byard plays with a confident feel for stride, ragtime, and more modern piano styles. Bassist Major Holley, who sings in a voice as deep as his instrument, plucks, slaps, and bows in accompaniment.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is renowned as much for his choice of material as for his talent, which is decidedly unfair; the quality of a Cole Porter song, after all, can be taken for granted. Not so Mr. Short—his forte is intensity rather than insouciance. Accompanied by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan, he arrives at nine-forty-five every night except Sunday and Monday. Dinner and supper.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A bright, crowded spot with musicians tucked away so that they're hard to see and hard to hear. Young stride pianist and vocalist Brooks Kerr ably re-creates sounds from the thirties, with the distinguished help of drummer Sam Woodyard and tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette. Quinichette, a Lester Young disciple—he sounds like Young and holds his horn the way Young did, in a nearly horizontal position—was once dubbed "the Vice-Pres." Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays. The No Gap Generation Jazz Band, a swing band led by Art Miller, a young clarinettist, fills in Mondays and Tuesdays, and a Dixieland band—the Original Traditional Jazz Band—works on Fridays. Music from eleven to four. Dinner.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Colored glass and antique cooking tools serve to decorate this establishment, vaguely reminiscent of a Howard Johnson's. Pianist Jimmy Rowles collaborates with bassist Buster Williams from eight to one. Sundays, Dick Hyman dominates the keyboard. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—In the big room, reached by traversing a long bar, you can sit at tables and take your chances. (Some of the acts here are topflight, most not.) The mikes are switched on at about nine. Closed Mondays.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A large, square room with wooden planks on the pillars and the ceiling, a bar area with tiled floor, and a central stage. Singer, composer, and pianist Kathe Green performs at nine and midnight through Saturday, March 23. On Tuesday, March 26, Alaina Reed, a sturdy, gospel-voiced singer, begins passing around rice pudding, rocking in the chairs in the living-room set onstage, and singing about her childhood in Springfield, Ohio, with the help of her pianist and two male singers. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A warm and serene club (in spite of its tiny size and crowded conditions) with rattan shades on the windows and on the softly colored lanterns that hang in its U-shaped quarters. Ellis Larkins, Al Hall, and all their admirers gather in this amiable setting Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. On Sunday, March 24, the duo will play an all-Frank Loesser concert from four-thirty until seven-thirty, before their usual sets begin. Mondays, Norma Shepherd sings at the piano with bass accompaniment by Johnny Williams.

Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—Spare, modern, and spacious, the new setting for this recently reopened club is quite a contrast to its former home, where musician and listener alike felt cramped. The business at hand, however, remains as it was: nightly devotionals to the great spirit of the guitar. Guitarists Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma perform them Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. On Sundays and Mondays, guitarist Skeeter Best works with bassist Tommy Bryant, and Anita Sheer plays solo flamenco numbers. Dinner.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its sleek, slick midtown home, this club, a rather formal setting for jazz, is currently offering the Modern Jazz Quartet, still substantially unchanged (thank goodness). The M.J.Q. trades sets with pianist Dill Jones through Saturday, March 23. On Monday, March 25, guitar whiz George Benson and his quartet begin working opposite vocalist Betty Carter and her backing trio. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at nine, eleven, and one, and Fridays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward supplies the sounds (along with bassist Lyn Christie on Fridays and Saturdays) every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. From nine-thirty to three. Singer-pianist Dottie Stallworth appears on Sundays from five to eight.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Jimmy McPartland, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke cut loose. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A large, modern, noisy, and crowded restaurant complex that boasts, among other curiosities, a circular bar and a U.P.I. teletype machine. Just outside the **52nd Street Room**, downstairs, hangs a large portrait of that street as it looked in the forties, with neon lights blazing in front of clubs like the Three Deuces, the Onyx, the Famous Door. *Ça change*, all right, but it's nothing like *la même chose*. Inside the big rectangular room, large audiences assemble not for music but for second-rate impressions of second-rate politicians by jester David Frye. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue (updated now and then) called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—This thriving music enterprise, unique on the upper East Side, has come to rival (and occasionally surpass) even Max's Kansas City in its first-rate lineup of entertainers and musicians—blues, folk, rock, and jazz, too—and in the crowds that these performers draw. The back room, where the stage is located, has become a mass of ropes, riggings, masts, and jammed-together tables and chairs; the bar provides a large standing space for the neck-craning youths who can't get a table, and the barroom walls are papered with posters of Robert Redford, Jerry Jeff Walker, and Azuma porn. Jazz vocalist Morgana King has lately been doing numbers by Stevie Wonder, Paul Williams, Kenny Rankin, and other young songwriters. Her interpretations can be heard nightly, starting at nine-thirty. Snacks. Mondays, various other musical types drop in.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—It was once fashionable to be seen here, but it is now all but impossible—the place is just too crowded. Through Monday, March 25, Linda Hopkins devotes herself almost entirely to the music of Bessie Smith. One suspects that not only Bessie Smith but also Linda Hopkins gets lost in these slick, cult-conscious renditions of those forty- and fifty-year-old blues songs. Comedian Ed Begley, Jr., appears opposite Miss Hopkins. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—Wine and cheese and folk and rock in a Village-coffeehouse atmosphere. Bluesman Freddie King shouts and moans through Monday, March 25. On Wednesday, March 27, Mount Airy, an extraordinarily clean-cut bunch whose fans, nevertheless, seem just as devoted as those of the New York Dolls, begins playing toasted-marshmallow rock. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and a bar that aspires to the nineteenth century. Pianist Earl Hines, who assembled his first big band fifty years ago in Pittsburgh, at the ripe age of nineteen, brings in his current group—drummer Ray Mosca, bassist James Leary, and singer Marva Josie. They play from nine-thirty to one. Deadpan clarinettist Woody Allen participates with the Monday-night Dixieland band from nine to twelve. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A thriving upper West Side restaurant that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, director's chairs, and a relaxed atmosphere. Drummer Chico Hamilton energizes his young, talented quintet Thursdays through Saturdays. Music from ten to three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A cabaret intent on forming an up-to-date and liberated show-biz image. Singer and comedienne Marilyn Sokol (whose comic abilities far surpass her vocal ones) alternates with Roy Bailey, who sings at the piano through Saturday, March 23. Singer Linda Hopkins returns to this address on Tuesday, March 26. Shows begin at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Jeremy Stone's keyboard work fills most of the gaps between shows. On Sunday, March 24, at nine and eleven-thirty, singer Leata Galloway takes over the black-and-white-tiled stage. Mondays are showcases for even more new talent. Dining.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Small enough for enjoyable acoustics, these two second-floor rooms of a townhouse evoke a lived-in elegance. Bucky Pizzarelli, the guitarist-in-residence, plays from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper West Side room of simple design. Drummer Al Dreares and his quartet perform on Thursday, March 21. Friday and Saturday, March 22-23, another drummer, Jual Cuitis, pilots a trio. The Sunday-night (March 24) spot is filled by guitarist Gene Bertoncini and his bassist. Kenny Reed, on drums, works with a trio on Thursday, March 28, and flutist Richard Clay and his quartet round out the week, appearing Friday and Saturday, March 29-30. The music is featured from nine-thirty to three (nine to two on Sundays). Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable forty-year-old institution down a steeply staired entrance. Working through Sunday, March 24, is the Keith Jarrett quintet. Jarrett, in his late twenties, is a gifted pianist and vigorous performer (he also plays soprano sax and percussion) who has attracted considerable attention in musical and critical circles for more than ten years. He is abetted by bassist Charlie Haden, drummer Paul Motian, saxophonist Dewey Redman, and percussionist Guillerme Franco. On Tuesday, March 26, saxophonist Joe Farrell and guitarist Joe Beck bring in their quartet. Mondays are given over to the fifteen-piece aggregation of pianist-composer-sage Gil Evans. Evans, looking more like a prematurely gray rock star than the sixty-one-year-old jazz patriarch he is, leads one of the very few up-to-date big bands. In addition to his assortment of tubas, French horns, timpani, several bushels of percussion instruments, and synthesizer, Evans has surrounded himself with some of the best soloists around—most notably, tenor saxophonist Billy Harper, trumpeter Hannibal (Marvin Peterson), and, on the tuba, the very fine Howard Johnson. The music begins at ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt are the instrumentalists Thursdays through Sundays; Kenny Brawner and a bassist perform Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Pianist Brooks Kerr and his ensemble—Sam Woodyard and Paul Quinichette, with the addition of trumpeter Franc Williams—troop across the park from their upper East Side base (Churchill's) to perform here Mondays and Tuesdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, guitarist Tiny Grimes (who recorded with Charlie Parker in the forties) leads a trio. Clarinettist Art Miller leads his swing band, the No Gap Generation Jazz Band, on Sundays. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

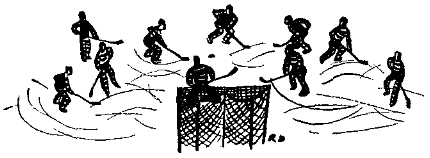
(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX,** the World's Greatest Jazz Band of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart alternates with the Peppi Morreale trio for dancing, from seven-thirty to one-thirty. The room goes on a three-week vacation after Saturday, March 23.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Herb Winner spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the **CAFÉ,** with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Phil Wayne's triad prevails Sundays and Mondays. Additionally, pianist Joseph Murello plays for cocktails Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—These nights, the **PERSIAN ROOM** affords comedian London Lee and singer Rick Daniels. The schedule is Mondays through Thursdays at ten, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Barry Levitt and René Martel are on the bandstand, heading up their crews, for dancing, from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ There is piano-and-violin music by Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen in the **PALM COURT** Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, followed by pianist Ruth Andrews from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to midnight, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Room at the top. Singer Damita Jo and the Ruby Braff-George Barnes quartet descant for dinner and supper. Discothèque music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.



Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan is presenting the piano team of DeMaio and Silver in a musical-comedy repertoire, Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to midnight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Soprano Barbara McNair has the floor in the **MAISONETTE** at dinner and supper. Anthony Terini's orchestra provides the dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE,** a quiet glade, is dispensing accordion and piano music from seven to one. A Russian menu. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ Chris Connor, that determined and detonating troupial, and the Mike Abene trio are in residence in the **ST. REGIS ROOM.** Their hours are Tuesdays through Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. Snacks. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Mimic Rich Little will end his dinner and supper sessions in the **EMPIRE ROOM** on Saturday, March 23. Sergio Franchi will come in, singing his Roman head off, on Tuesday, March 26. Mr. F. will appear only at ten on his first night. Dancing all evening to the Bob Rosengarden orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Fritzie Abadi—Abstract paintings with geometric elements. Through Saturday, March 23. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Horst Antes—Paintings and works on paper of imaginary figures. Through April 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Arp (1887-1966) / **Isamu Noguchi**—Collages and sculptures./Work sheets and sculptures. Through April 13. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Elaine Breiger—Abstract landscapes in acrylic. Through April 17. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ronald Julius Christensen—Abstract landscapes in acrylic on paper. Through Saturday, March 30. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Antoni Clavé—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by a Spanish artist who lives in Southern France. Through April 13. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Dash—Paintings of the artist's surroundings in the Hamptons. Through April 6. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Ronaldo de Juan—Abstract Expressionist paintings by an Argentinian. Through April 13. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dan Flavin—Fluorescent-light works and seven pairs of diagrams with color. Through Saturday, March 23. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Frank Gallo—A series of erotic sculptures, plus graphics. Through April 6. (Circle, 1081 Third Ave., at 64th St. Weekdays, 10 to 10; Sundays, noon to 8.)

Xavier Gonzalez—Paintings of interiors and still-lifes. Through Saturday, March 23. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Pierre Haubensak—Paintings and drawings by a Swiss artist. Through April 4. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Wolf Kahn—Landscapes in oil. Through Thursday, March 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Barbara Londin / Kieff—Pastels of nostalgic, dreamlike memories of childhood. / Abstract bronzes by a Spanish sculptor. Through Saturday, March 30. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Brice Marden—Paintings composed of two or three panels of single colors. Starts Saturday, March 23. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Agnes Martin—Drawings with grids, done between 1960 and 1967. Through April 3. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Perkinson—Surrealistic pencil drawings,

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some with mixed mediums. Through Saturday, March 30. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Milne Ramsey (1846-1915)—Still-lifes, landscapes, and seascapes in oil and watercolor. Through April 5. (Chapellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

Hugo Robus (1885-1964)—Bronze and marble sculptures of figures. Through Friday, March 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Shannon—Large paintings combining social, sexual, racial, and political motifs, plus a self-portrait and small figures. Through Saturday, March 30. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Wade—Hand-colored landscapes on photosensitive canvases. Starts Saturday, March 23. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hannah Wilke—Small terra-cotta representations of female genitalia. Through Saturday, March 30. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Marguerite Zorach (1887-1968)—A show of landscape and figure paintings and drawings that is running concurrently with her exhibit at the Brooklyn Museum. Through April 6. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by Braque, Picasso, Ernst, Ensor, and others. Through Saturday, March 30.... **Alonzo,** 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics by, among others, Argeropolos, Lynne Drexler, and Martin Hurtig. Through Wednesday, March 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **Babcock,** 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Blakelock, Glackens, Maurer, and other twentieth-century American painters. Through Wednesday, March 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **Goldowsky,** 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: De Kooning, Hofmann, Diller, Avery, Bowling, and Ward. Through Saturday, March 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **Hirschl & Adler,** 21 E. 67th St.: "Twenty Years of Post-Impressionism, 1880-1900," a show including works by Bonnard, Gauguin, Lacombe, and Vuillard. Through Saturday, March 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **Nicholls,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings, cartoons, and drawings by Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through Saturday, March 30. (Closed Monday through Friday mornings.)... **Raydon,** 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, graphics, watercolors, and sculptures by School of Paris artists. Through April 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **Solomon,** 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and graphics by Chagall, Gottlieb, Hofmann, Miró, and Picasso. Through April 30. ... **Washburn,** 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Studies for murals, photographs, and sketches by artists who worked for the W.P.A., among them Berenice Abbott, Stuart Davis, and Philip Guston. Through April 13. (Closed Mondays.)... **Weyhe,** 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Sculptors' drawings and prints, by Archipenko, Lehmbruck, Kollwitz, and others. Through Saturday, March 30. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—Small bronzes by Barbara Lekberg, James Kearns, Vincent Glinsky, and others. Through Saturday, March 30. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Cecil C. Bell (1906-70)—Paintings of New York City by an artist who studied with John Sloan. Through Saturday, March 30. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Anthony Caro—Large sculptures made in England and Veduggio, Italy, dating from 1972 to 1974. Through Wednesday, March 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Giorgio Cavallon—Paintings by a veteran New York abstractionist. Through April 4. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tibor Freund—Paintings with a three-dimensional effect. Through Thursday, March 28. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Eliseo Mattiacci—Conceptual sculptures. Through April 13. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Mayhew—Landscape paintings. Through Saturday, March 30. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Elie Nadelman (1882-1946)—Sculptures, prints, and drawings. Through Saturday, March 30. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edgar Negret—Sculptures in painted stainless steel by a Colombian. Through April 6. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ray Parker / Doug Davis—Abstract paintings. / Videotapes and monoprints. Through April 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Cynthia Polsky—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Saturday, March 23. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St.)

Peter Reginato—Welded-steel abstract sculptures. Through Thursday, March 28. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ad Reinhardt (1913-67)—Fifty-four paintings and collages executed between 1937 and 1952, spanning his career up to the period of his monochrome blue, red, and black paintings. Through Saturday, March 23. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Russo—Paintings and prints from the last three years, showing a development from biomorphic themes to a more abstract level. Through Saturday, March 30. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Lucas Samaras—Self-portrait photographs distorted by the artist. Starts Saturday, March 23. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **Frumkin,** 41 E. 57th St.: American paintings executed in 1961, the last year in which Abstract Expressionists dominated the New York stage and the year when Pop and figurative artists began emerging. Through April 5. (Closed Saturday mornings.)... **Janis,** 6 W. 57th St.: "25th Anniversary Exhibition—Part II" brings together loans of American paintings and sculptures from Pollock to Pop, Op, and sharp-focus realism. Through April 13.... **Kennedy,** 20 E. 56th St.: Drawings by Hassam, Hopper, Demuth, and other twentieth-century Americans. Through Saturday, March 23. (Closed Mondays.)... **René,** 6 W. 57th St.: Aubusson tapestries by Albers, Arp, Kandinsky, and others. Through Saturday, March 30. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Calvin Albert—Sculptures in plaster and bronze, as well as charcoal drawings. Through April 4. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Jennifer Bartlett—Paintings on twelve-inch-square steel plates. Through Saturday, March 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Natvar Bhavsar—Color-field paintings. Through Saturday, March 30. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

Edgar Buonagurio / William Canavan Tucker—Abstract paintings. / Small line drawings, etchings, and watercolors depicting mythological landscapes, sometimes with figures. Starts Saturday, March 23. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Daria Dorosh / Maude Boltz—Surrealistic watercolors with faceless people. / Wrappings. Through Wednesday, March 27. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

John Elderfield / Max Gimlett / David Reed—Paintings by a British critic, an artist from New Zealand, and an American. Through Saturday, March 23. (Cunningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Audrey Flack—Photo-Realist paintings. Through Saturday, March 30. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Samuel Gelber—Paintings and drawings of landscapes, still-lifes, and figures. Starts Friday, March 22. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Grace Graupe-Pillard—Paintings resembling Indian blankets. Through April 4. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Nancy Graves—Large shaped canvases in sections. Through April 3. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Diane Karol / Racelle Strick—Canvases, extending from the walls or hanging suspended in combinations of tubular or conical forms. / Abstract paintings, drawings, and etchings. Through Wednesday, March 27. (55 Mercer Street. Closed Mondays.)

Marjorie Kramer—Portraits, landscapes, and genre motifs. Through April 4. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Michael Mau—Paintings of American imagery. Through Saturday, March 23. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

John McNally—Abstract constructions in oak and pine. Through Wednesday, March 27. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Roman Opalka—Seven gray-and-white paintings and ten drawings, all of numbers, by a Polish artist. Through Saturday, March 30. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Posen / Nakagawa / Marilynn Gelfman-Pereira—Realist paintings. / Still-life paintings (no fruit or flowers here). / Abstract wire sculptures. Through Saturday, March 23. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway.)

Celeste Rehm / Agnes Denes—Surrealistic paintings. / Geometrical drawings on grid paper. Through Friday, March 29. (Yu, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Alan Scarritt—Black-and-white abstract paintings and drawings. Starts Saturday, March 23. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Mark Eliot Schwabe / Helen Thomas—Geometric metal sculptures. / Paintings consisting of rows of overlapping ellipses. Through Friday, March 29. (Ward-Nasse, 178 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Keith Sonnier—A radio and a video installation, plus photographs. Through Saturday, March 30. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Eileen Spikol / Elena Borstein—Figures molded out of cotton-rope, reed, fabric, and wood, and coated with latex. / "Mexican Series," paintings and drawings based on architectural structures. Starts Saturday, March 23. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jack Tworkov—Paintings and drawings from 1971 to the present. Through April 10. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Hannah Achtenberg—Landscapes in acrylic. Through Saturday, March 30. (Grenvil, 118 Christopher St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 4 and 6 to 8:30.)

Ruth Gikow—Drawings and watercolors depicting contemporary life in New York. Through Saturday, March 30. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Anne Healy—Sculptures for outdoors, made of a variety of fabrics. Through April 20. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Richard Hunt—Welded-steel sculptures, and graphics. Through April 6. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

Group Shows—At the **African-American Institute,** 833 United Nations Plaza, First Ave. at 47th St.: An exhibition of traditional art and crafts from the Sahelian states of Chad, Mali, Mauritania, Niger, Senegal, and Upper Volta. Through May 3. (Closed Saturdays.)... **Pratt Graphics Center,** 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: Papercuts from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, from all over the world. Through April 20. (Closed Saturday mornings.)... **Union Carbide Building,** 270 Park Ave., at 48th St.: More than a hundred paintings, graphics, and sculptures by contemporary Americans. Through Friday, March 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Libby Freidman—Pictures of unhappy people (they look as if they had been up all night and would still be grimy after a bath) dominate this show, and bring the late Diane Arbus to mind. But Arbus did more than elicit anxious expressions from her subjects, or display their grotesquerie. The power of her pictures comes from their complicated imagery and their surrealistic compositions, from their persistent metaphoric expression of the photographer's chilling pessimism. Freidman, who has talent and a polished printing technique, has a way to go before she approaches

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Arbus's achievement, and there is reason to wonder whether she should not do so in a different direction. The reason is found in some of the non-bleak pictures in the show, among them a dazzling photograph of a woman under a shower, which looks like a shower of white light; it is one of those rare photographs that are supremely and unequivocably themselves, rather than derivations from other photographs. Also noteworthy is a beautiful composition of parts of two nude bodies, derived from Weston to be sure, but with something of its own that goes beyond the stylish graininess of the print. Through March 31. (Midtown "Y" Gallery, 334 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8.)

Horst—This show of photographs of famous writers, movie stars, and rich and fashionable people, taken in the thirties and forties by the well-known *Vogue* photographer, raises an uncomfortable question: With photographers as good as Horst (and Penn and Avedon and Hiro) working today, why doesn't everybody else go home? The tradition that assigns a different and lower position to fashion and other magazine photography than to "art photography" is hard to uphold in the face of such works as Horst's portrait of Gertrude Stein in a long black velvet costume, standing with her arms at her sides in front of a door in her Paris apartment with a dense bunch of freesias in the foreground, or of his rich, dark portrait of Osbert Sitwell with a cane and a case of butterflies, or of the charming picture of a little tot (named Diamente Luling-Buschetti) in a smocked dress sitting on an enormous floor in a palatial room a few feet away from a little dog who looks like the dog on the floor in Carpaccio's "St. Jerome in his Study." Not everything in the exhibition is on this high level. There are preposterous glamour shots of actresses and models, and transparently flattering portraits of celebrities. (Elsa Maxwell in one picture looks almost trim, and Lauritz Melchior in another picture looks like Elsa Maxwell.) And, finally, there is something about such a concentration of money, looks, nice clothes, and fine furniture which makes one yearn for the world of the subway. But this is very, very good work—and there is much that young photographers who want to take pictures in the world of the subway could learn from these pictures taken on the Condé Nast payroll. Through April 3. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Sudek—Small, quiet, mysterious photographs of gardens, parks, window views of streets, and still-lifes by a seventy-seven-year-old Czech photographer who lives in Prague. The gardens and parks and streets are empty of people, and a feeling of sadness and loneliness and resignation wafts from these pictures that one is tempted to find political meanings in. There are affinities between the formal precision of Sudek and that of Kertész, and between Sudek's delicate middle-tone prints and old platinum prints. Sudek became a photographer shortly after the First World War, and several books of his photographs have been published, which, unfortunately, are all out of print. One would like to see more work by this elusive artist. Through Saturday, March 30. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Barrow—Pink-toned silver and Verifax prints. Through Saturday, March 30. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bernd and Hilla Becher—Photographs of framework houses, taken from 1959 to the present. Through Saturday, March 30. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

William Henry Jackson (1843-1942) / **Timothy H. O'Sullivan** (1840-82)—Large prints of Mexico and the West. / Prints from a post-Civil War expedition exploring the Wild West. Through March 30. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Shabtai Tal—Photographs of the Yom Kippur war. Through March 31. (Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

James Van DerZee—Photographs which chronicle black life in America, and in particular Harlem. Through Saturday, March 30. (Elliot, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An elegant exhibition of work by André Kertész (b. Hungary 1894), Laszlo Moholy-Nagy (b. Hungary 1895), and Alexander Rodchenko (b. Russia 1891) done in the twenties and thirties. Through April 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Five photographers. Through Tuesday, March 26. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Byron on the Continent & Lord Byron's Women," a two-part exhibition of letters and books on the first floor here, commemorates the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the poet's death (April 19, 1824) in a pretty lighthearted manner. Among the entertainments in the "Continent" part are some pages from "The Curse of Minerva," which Byron wrote to chastise Lord Elgin for taking the marbles but didn't have the nerve to publish; a letter written jointly by Shelley and Byron intervening on behalf of a thief they had heard about in Lucca who was going to be burned at the stake for sacrilege because he had stolen from a church a silver vessel containing the Host; and a deleted stanza from "Don Juan" about Queen Caroline—"omitted on account of prudery, prudence, or simple good taste," according to the library's caption—which begins:

> This Injured Queen by Chroniclers so coarse
> Has been accused (I doubt not by Conspiracy)
> Of an improper friendship for her Horse.

The "Woman" part of the exhibition (divided into English and Italian sections) includes documents regarding Byron's mother, half sister, wife, the "madcap" Lady Caroline Lamb, the foolish Claire Claremont, and poor little Allegra (all English), as well as various Italian whores, tradesmen's daughters, and ladies of rank ("all whores," Byron called them). And then, finally, there was the Countess Teresa Guiccioli, in the pursuit of whom, as Byron observed, he "sacrificed miscellaneous harlotry for the strictest adultery." The letters are faded, wrinkled, and hard to read, and the captions are typewritten and delightful. . . . ¶ "Other People's Mail: Letters of Men and Women of Letters," an exhibit of letters by fifty Americans and fifty Britons. The writers range from Benjamin Franklin to Clifford Odets and from Jonathan Swift to George Orwell. Through May 11. . . . ¶ Seventy-two original prints, a quarter of them Japanese, on the theme of the weather. Among the artists are Utamaro, Hiroshige, Vallotton, and Hassam. Through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Ninety-seven medieval tapestries, on loan from museums and private collections all over Europe and North America. Among them are the enormous tapestry from the "Apocalypse" series at Angers and the six pieces of the "Lady with the Unicorn" from the Cluny Museum in Paris. Also, of course, the "Hunt of the Unicorn" set from The Cloisters. Through April 21. . . . ¶ "The Tens, The Twenties, The Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of clothes of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through May 31. . . . ¶ A hundred and forty paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and other objects illustrating the legends of fifty saints. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A small and excellent exhibition of Japanese color prints, tucked away on the second floor of the north wing, under the title "Hidden Treasures of Japanese Art." . . . ¶ Ninety-four French drawings ranging from the work of Jacques-Louis David to that of Picasso. Through April 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Woodcuts of the eighteen-nineties by Félix Vallotton depicting all levels of Parisian society. Through April 28. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century portraits by Beckmann, Modigliani, Nolde, and others. Through April 28. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions of paintings and sculptures by Vlaminck, Rouault, Vuillard, and others. Through Sunday, March 24. . . . ¶ Works by Giulio Paolini, a contemporary Italian artist. Through April 14. . . . ¶ Photographs by Ker-

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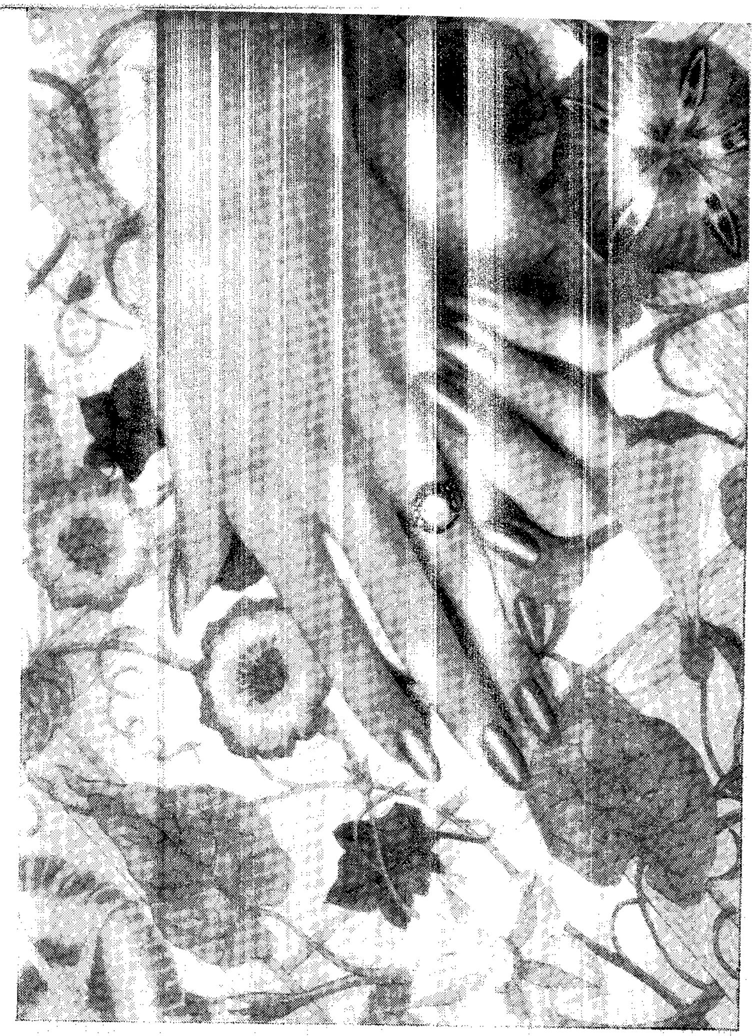

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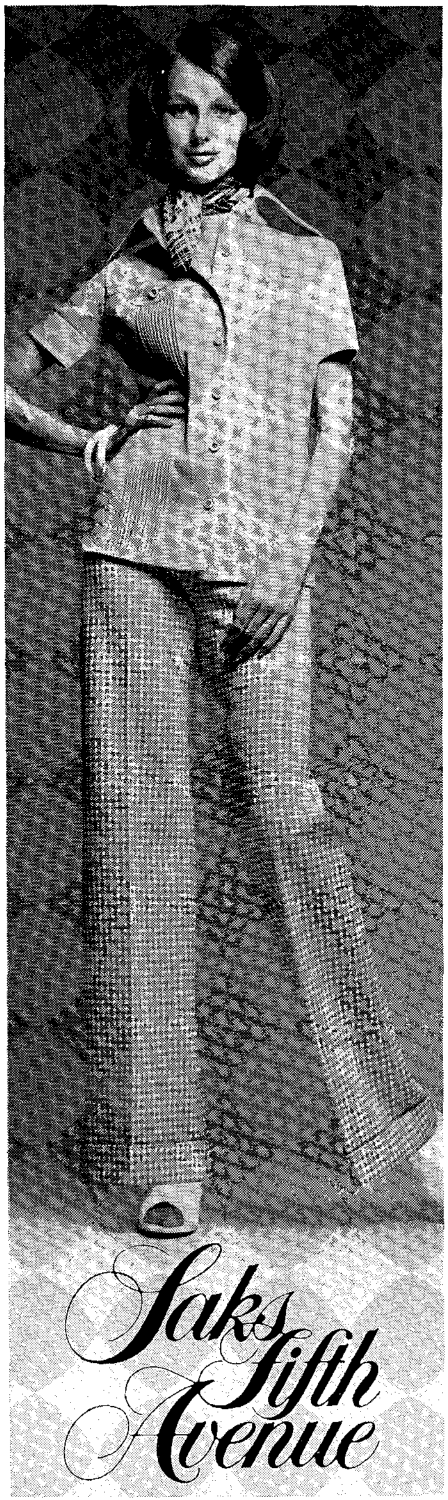

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tész, Moholy-Nagy, and Rodchenko; see *above, under "Photography."* (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Selections from the museum's collection. Through Sunday, March 24. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A loan exhibition of some three hundred works of American folk art from 1776 to 1876. Through Sunday, March 24.... ¶ Works by Ree Morton, an environmental sculptor. Starts Thursday, March 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Landscapes, urban scenes, portraits, and figures. Through April 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Etchings from the seventeenth century to the mid-twentieth, from the museum's collection. Through April 21.... ¶ Early paintings, drawings, and prints by Marguerite Zorach (1887-1968). Through April 21. A complement to this show is her exhibit at the Kraushaar Galleries, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.... ¶ More than fifty collages by Anne Ryan (1889-1954). Through April 21. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display on the subject of curassows and related tropical birds, including mounted specimens, paintings, drawings, maps, and tape recordings. Through Saturday, March 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Lipchitz, Evergood, and four other recently deceased members of the academy. Through April 7.... ¶ A show of the works of twenty-three painters and ten sculptors who are candidates for Academy-Institute awards. Through April 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of bronze and gilt images and tankas which were used in Tantric Buddhist meditations and rituals. Through May 24. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Watercolors by Leonard Baskin, devoted to the ancient Passover story. Through April 21. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Great Acquisitions of Fifty Years: 1924-1974," an apt banner for a breathtaking alignment of medieval and Renaissance manuscripts, Old Master drawings, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts—areas in which the library is outstanding. Through April 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Three small exhibitions (of stone carvings, wooden sculptures, bronzes, ceramic vessels, and other objects) illustrating how art is used to invoke the supernatural in New Guinea, Nigeria, and the pre-Columbian Andes. Through Sept. 8. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Erotic paintings and drawings by William Copley, an American Surrealist. Starts Friday, March 22.... ¶ Forty-two prints by Richard Hamilton, the English Pop artist, covering his entire work in the medium, from 1950 to 1973. Through April 28.... ¶ Metal collage constructions made during the past seven years out of printed tin throwaways and raw-aluminum sheeting by Jim Nichols. Through April 7.... ¶ Drawings of collectors, writers, artists, and actors by Don Bachardy. Through April 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition of photographs of New York City between 1853 and 1901. Through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—"Southern Scenes and City Streets," a show of paintings by Palmer Hayden (1890-1973). Through April 21. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, March 20, at 7: "Les Troyens," with Shirley Verrett, Christa Ludwig, Mignon Dunn, Judith Blegen, William Lewis, Louis Quilico, John Macurdy, Charles Anthony, Kenneth Riegel, and Leo Goeke; conducted by Rafael Kubelik.... ¶ Thursday, March 21, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Judith Blegen, Luciano Pavarotti, John Reardon, and Ezio Flagello; Max Rudolf.... ¶ Friday, March 22, at 8: "La Bohème," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Edda Moser, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, John Macurdy, David Holloway, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; Leif Segerstam.... ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 12:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Birgit Nilsson, Nell Rankin, Mignon Dunn, Lili Chookasian, Helge Brilioth, William Dooley, Bengt Rundgren, and Marius Rintzler; Rafael Kubelik.... ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Nedda Casei, Sándor Kónya, Russell Christopher, and Robert Schmorr; Serge Baudo. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Monday, March 25, at 8: "Otello," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Shirley Love, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, Raymond Gibbs, and Paul Plishka; James Levine.... ¶ Tuesday, March 26, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Judith Blegen, Luciano Pavarotti, John Reardon, and Ezio Flagello; Max Rudolf.... ¶ Wednesday, March 27, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Christa Ludwig, Judith Blegen, Brigitte Fassbaender, Mildred Miller, Manfred Jungwirth, Leo Goeke, and William Dooley; Karl Böhm.... ¶ Thursday, March 28, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Teresa Stratas, Sherrill Milnes, Stuart Burrows, Walter Berry, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; James Levine. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.)... ¶ Friday, March 29, at 6:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Birgit Nilsson, Nell Rankin, Mignon Dunn, Lili Chookasian, Helge Brilioth, William Dooley, Bengt Rundgren, and Marius Rintzler; Rafael Kubelik.... ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Nedda Casei, Sándor Kónya, Russell Christopher, and Robert Schmorr; Serge Baudo.... ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Christa Ludwig, Judith Blegen, Brigitte Fassbaender, Mildred Miller, Manfred Jungwirth, Leo Goeke, and William Dooley; Karl Böhm.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, March 20, at 8: "Medea," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Anna Giancotti, Dean Wilder, and Samuel Ramey; conducted by Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Thursday, March 21, at 8: "I Puritani," with Beverly Sills, Margaret Yauger, Robert Hale, Richard Fredricks, and Jerold Siena; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Friday, March 22, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Doris Jung, Maralin Niska, Ruth Welting, and Thomas Jamerson; Felix Popper.... ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 2: "Medea," with Janice Yoes, Diane Curry, Emily Derr, Irene Kessler, Puli Toro, Samuel Ramey, and Erik Townsend; Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Nancy Shade, Beverly Evans, Herman Malamood, Adib Fazah, and Irwin Densen; Karoly Köpe.... ¶ Sunday, March 24, at 1: "I Puritani," with Beverly Sills, Margaret Yauger, Robert Hale, Richard Fredricks, and Jerold Siena; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Sunday, March 24, at 7: "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Noelle Rogers, Frances Bible, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Richard T. Gill, and Dominic Cossa; John Nelson.... ¶ Tuesday, March 26, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Sandra Walker, Melvyn Poll, Adib Fazah, and Irwin Densen; Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Wednesday, March 27, at 8: "The Consul," with Olivia Stapp, Muriel Greenspon, Barbara Hocher, John Darrenkamp, and Edward Pierson; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 28, at 8: "Carmen," with Gwendolyn Killebrew, Ruth Falcon, Herman Malamood, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, March 29, at 8: "La Bohème," with Noelle Rogers, Luciano Rampaso, Adib Fazah, Richard T. Gill, and William Ledbetter; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 2: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Glenys Fowles, Johanna Meier, Michael Devlin, Edward Pierson, and David Clatworthy; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Olivia Stapp, Muriel Greenspon, Jeanne Piland, Francisco Ortiz, and William Justus, and "Pagliacci," with Patricia Brooks, Herman Malamood, Vasile Martinoiu, Melvin Lowery, and David Holloway; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 28.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Erich Leinsdorf conducting—Thursday, March 21, at 8:30; Friday, March 22, at 2; Saturday, March 23, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 26, at 7:30 (all with Mr. Leinsdorf as narrator, and Stanley Drucker, clarinet); and Thursday, March 28, at 8:30; Friday, March 29, at 2; Saturday, March 30, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 2, at 7:30 (all with Alicia de Larrocha, piano).

Boston Symphony—The final concerts of the season here—Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Maurizio Pollini, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, March 20, and Friday, March 22, at 8:30.). . . ¶ William Steinberg conducting a performance of Bruckner's Symphony No. 7. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 23, at 8.)

National Symphony Orchestra—Antal Dorati conducting an all-Brahms program, with Bruno Leonardo Gelber, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, March 24, at 3.)

Our Bach Concert—Henry Schuman conducting an orchestra and playing the oboe, with Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Fernando Valenti and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; the American Brass Quintet; and others. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, March 23, at midnight.)

Brandenburg Ensemble—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra and playing the violin, with Peter Serkin, piano, and others, in a concert postponed from Nov. 11. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, March 24, at 7:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Kazuyoshi Akiyama directing, with Jerome Hines, bass, and the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 25, at 8.)

Mannes Chamber Orchestra—Carl Schachter conducting, with Richard Goode, piano. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Monday, March 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Handel Society Orchestra and Chorus—Brian Priestman directing Handel's opera "Alcina" in concert form, with Cristina Deutekom and Karan Armstrong, sopranos; Lucia Valentini, mezzo-soprano; Paul Plishka, bass; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 26, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting a program of twentieth-century music, with Susan Belling, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 27, at 8:30.)

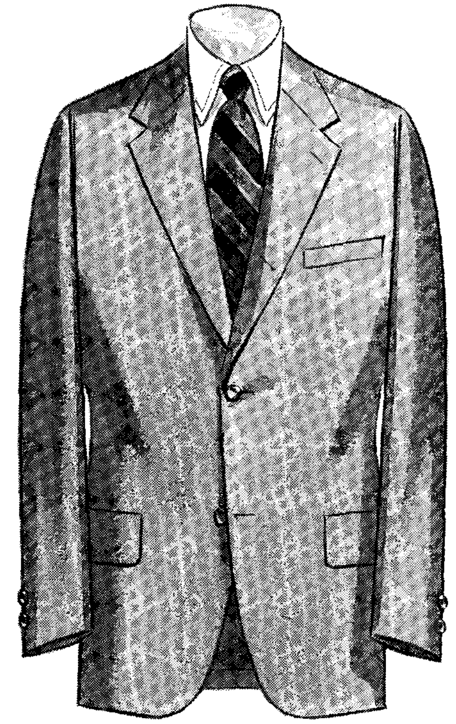
Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directing the third in the "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one a program of music by American composers, with commentary by Aaron Copland. Also with the Juilliard String Quartet; Jesse Levine, viola; and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 30, at 8.)

Bach Aria Group—Russell Stanger directing the final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 20, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing the second of two programs. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 23, at 8.)

Manhattan Chorus and Orchestra—Daniel Paget directing. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, March 26, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Musica Sacra of New York—Richard Westenburg directing the second in a series of four



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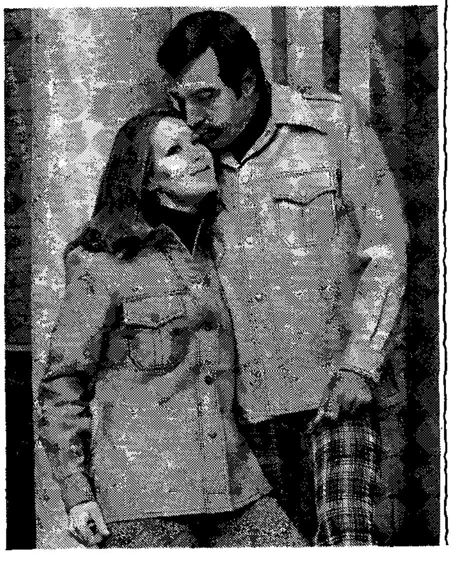


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

concerts of Bach Cantatas, with Benita Valente, soprano; Shirley Love, alto; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 28, at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale—Richard Westenburg directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Israel in Egypt," with soloists and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 29, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing a predominantly Ives program, with Lucy Shelton, soprano; David Smith, tenor; Arthur Burrows, baritone; and Raymond Beegle, piano and organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 30, at 8.)

RECITALS

Rollin Smith—Organ, in an all-Bach recital. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, March 20, at 5:15. No tickets necessary.)

Gina Bachauer—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 20, at 8.)

Bruce Hungerford—In a program of Beethoven piano sonatas. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Thursday, March 21, at 8.)

Ivan Nunez—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 21, at 8.)

Paniagua Duo—Gregorio Paniagua, lute and viola da gamba, and Pablo Cano, harpsichord, in a program of works by fourteenth- to eighteenth-century composers. (Vélez Blanco Patio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 21, at 8.)

Tycho—An ensemble conducted by Peter Leonard, with Myron McPherson, piano, and Christina Asher, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 21, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, March 21, at 8.)

Eileen DiTullio—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 22, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 22, at 8, the last in a series of concerts. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 23, at 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 24, at 3, with Pinchas Zukerman, viola.

Boehm Quintette—The second in a series of three concerts of American music, this one with David Abramovitz, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 22, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Long Island Chamber Ensemble of New York—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 24, at 3.)

Rey de la Torre—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 24, at 8:30.)

Peter Basquin—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 25, at 8.)

Diane Walsh—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, March 25, at 8.)

Zitta Finkelstein—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, March 26, at 8.)

Robert Smith—Harpsichord, in the second of two all-Couperin recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 26, at 8.)

Christoph Eschenbach—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 27, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Jumez—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 28, at 8.)

Luciano Pavarotti—Tenor. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, March 29, at 8.)

Note—Jorge Bolet will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, April 7, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, March 25, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

MISCELLANY

Arnold Schoenberg Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by Lucy Shelton, soprano; Herbert Beattie, bass; Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, piano; the Speculum Musicae Quartet; and the Musica Reservata conducted by Margherita Hastings. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, March 20, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Metropolitan Opera National Finals—Nine singers chosen at the semifinals will appear in the final audition of the 1974 competition sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera National Council. (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. Sunday, March 24, at 2. For information about tickets, call 799-3100, Ext. 301.). . . **Note:** On Thursday, March 28, at noon, the three or four final winners will give a concert at St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St., with the St. Thomas Choir. No tickets necessary.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 20, at 5:45: **Merce Cunningham Dance Company.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 27, at 5:45: **Ronny Whyte and Travis Hudson.**

New York Jazz Repertory Company—The fifth in a series of concerts, this one devoted to the music of Gil Evans, who will conduct his own works. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 21, at 8.)

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Jerry Jeff Walker, and Eric Andersen—Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 22, at 8.

Argent, Redbone, and Kiss—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, March 23, at 8. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Renaissance, Eleventh House (with Larry Coryell), and Soft Machine—Academy of Music. Saturday, March 23, at midnight.

Eddie Barefield Sextet—And a Lindy dance contest. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, March 24, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

John Lee Hooker—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, March 24, at 3.

Stevie Wonder—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, March 25, at 8.

Shawn Phillips—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, March 27, at 8.

Jay & the Americans—Town Hall. Friday, March 29, at 8 and 11.

Anita Sheer—In a benefit concert. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700, Ext. 315. Saturday, March 30, at 2:30.)

Miles Davis—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 30, at 8.

Jimmy Reed, Lightnin' Hopkins, and Black Night Road—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 30, at 8 and 11.

The Sax Section—An exhibit of photographs, art work, memorabilia, and audiotapes of the great jazz saxophonists, among them Sidney Bechet, John Coltrane, Charlie Parker, Coleman Hawkins, Johnny Hodges, and Lester Young. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 7. Optional contributions for admission.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **Madison Square Garden:** Knicks vs. Kansas City-Omaha, Saturday, March 23, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, March 26, at 7:30. . . . **Nassau Coliseum** (all games at 7:35): Nets vs. Memphis, Wednesday, March 20. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Diego, Friday, March 22. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Wednesday, March 27.

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities, Inc. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 22, at 8.)

Fencing—Martini & Rossi Tournament—Friday, March 22, at 9 and 7:30: Men's individual foil. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 9 and 7:30: Women's individual foil and men's individual épée. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 24, at 9 and 5: Men's individual sabre. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 24, at 7: Men's three-weapon team. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, March 20, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Sunday, March 24, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Wednesday, March 27, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, March 23, at 7:35.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 11. The Correction Handicap, Saturday, March 23, and the Westchester Handicap, Saturday, March 30. . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 2; through Monday, May 27.

Tennis—Women's National Indoor Championship: Billie Jean King, Chris Evert, Virginia Wade, Rosemary Casals, Olga Morozova, Françoise Durr, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, March 25-26, at noon and 6; Wednesday through Saturday, March 27-30, at 6; and Sunday, March 31, at noon.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 18.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday and Sunday, March 23-24, at 4. . . . ¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday, March 30, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the **bil baird marionettes:** "Pinocchio." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **blue peacock players:** "A Folktale Hour." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, March 23, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.) . . . **maximillion productions:** "Sam Stiller: Private Eye." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, March 24, at 2.) . . . **meri mini players:** "Pinocchio." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.) . . . **paper bag players:** "My Horse Is Waiting." (P.S. 41, 116 W. 11th St. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3. Tickets at the box office only, on the days of the performances.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "It's About Time." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

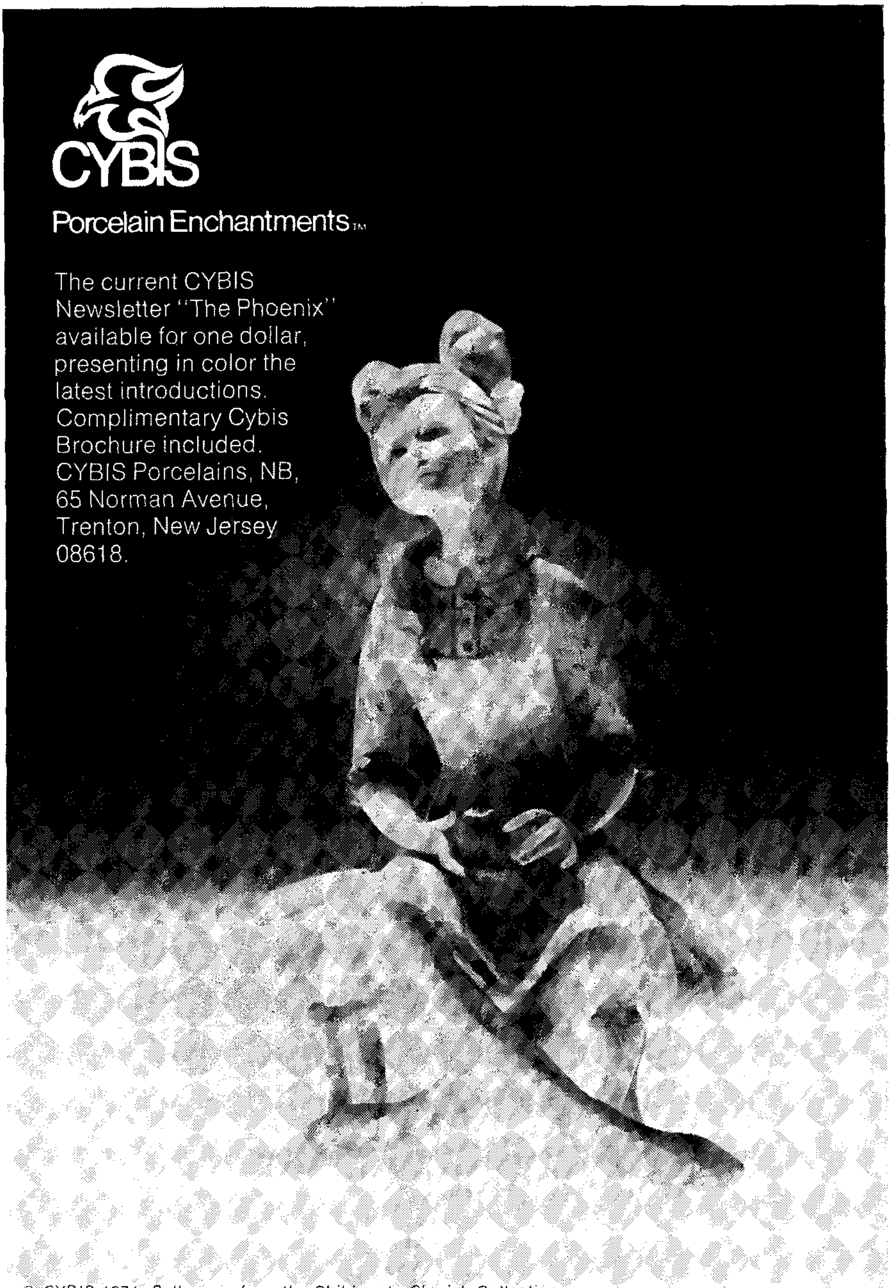
(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Seamus Heaney reading from his own works, plus folk songs by David Hammond. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700, Ext. 315. Wednesday, March 20, at 8.) . . . ¶ David Wagoner and Al Young reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, March 25, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Sterling Brown reading from his own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, March 26, at 8. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Discussions—Jason Robards and Leonard Harris discussing Mr. Robards' work in the theatre. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, March 24, at 8.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, March 21, at 2: Twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 2: English furniture and decorations, from several owners.



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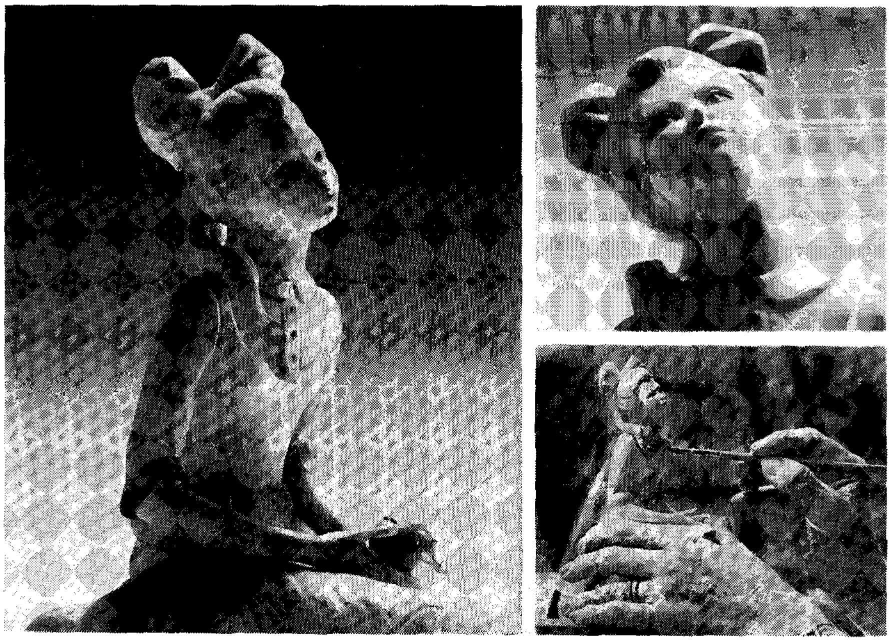

"The American Porcelain Tradition" Exhibit, Cincinnati Art Museum, Cin., Ohio. March 23—April 28.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"In the Name of the Father."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through March 23: "The Sky's the Limit" and "Shall We Dance."
March 24-26: "Red Dust" and "Dance Fools Dance."
From March 27: "Christopher Strong" and "Morning Glory."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through March 26: "The Seven-Ups" and "The Last American Hero."
From March 27: "Last Tango in Paris" and "Women in Love."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Walking Tall."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams." (No evening performances on Monday, March 25.)

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Super Cops."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Sleeper."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Blazing Saddles."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through March 26: "Zardoz."
From March 27: "Conrack."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Pedestrian."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Exorcist."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Serpico."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Last Detail."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
To be announced.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Exorcist."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Cinderella Liberty."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
"Lucia."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Paper Chase."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"American Graffiti."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through March 23: "The Exorcist."
From March 24: "Badlands."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Thieves Like Us."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through March 27: "Man on a Swing."
From March 28: "The Great Gatsby."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 26: "The New Land."
From March 27: To be announced.

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through March 26: "Crazy Joe" and "The Stone Killer."
From March 27 (tentative): "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Papillon."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 26: "Fantastic Planet."
From March 27: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through March 27: "Zardoz."
From March 28: "The Great Gatsby."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through March 26: "The Sting."
From March 27: "Conrack."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Super Cops."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Africa Uncensored."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Busting."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Sleeper."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 21: "The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."
From March 22: "A Touch of Class" and "Paper Moon."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through March 26: "Fantastic Planet."
From March 27: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through March 26: "Zardoz" and "The Effect of Gamma Rays."
From March 27: To be announced.

Quad Cinemas I, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through March 26 at one or another of the theatres: "Don't Look Now" and "Bedazzled"/"Last Tango in Paris" and "The Conformist"/"Man Is Not a Bird" and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie." . . . ¶ Through March 21: "The Public Enemy" and "Strawberry Blonde.". . . ¶ March 22-23: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and "The Fighting 69th.". . . ¶ March 24-25: "White Heat" and "Torrid Zone.". . . ¶ March 26: "The Roaring Twenties" and "Each Dawn I Die."
From March 27: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
March 20: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" and "The Bicycle Thief."
March 21-25: "Valerie and Her Week of Wonders" and "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors."
March 26: "Diary of a Country Priest" and "The Passion of Joan of Arc."
March 27: "Red Desert" and "La Notte."
From March 28: "Valerie and Her Week of Wonders" and "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors."

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through March 26: "Mean Streets" and "Cries and Whispers."
From March 27: "The Laughing Policeman" and another feature, to be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Mame."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Day of the Dolphin."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through March 23: "Day for Night."
From March 24: "The Ragman's Daughter."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through March 26: "Fantastic Planet."
From March 27: "Un Amore Così Fragile e Così Violento."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through March 21: "Sleeper."
From March 22: "The Mother and the Whore."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
March 20: "Picnic on the Grass" and "The Southerner."
March 21: "Death in Venice" and "Fellini Satyricon."
March 22-24: "On the Town" and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers."
March 25: "The World of Apu," "My Universities," and "César."
March 26: "Travels with My Aunt" and "The Bliss of Mrs. Blossom."
March 27: "Borsalino" and "Banana Peel."
March 28: "Falstaff" and "The Immortal Story."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Exorcist."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through March 27: "The Exorcist."
From March 28 at 8: "The Great Gatsby."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Papillon."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through March 21: "Mean Streets" and "Take the Money and Run."
From March 22: "Catch My Soul."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through March 26: "Fantastic Planet."
From March 27: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
A Bruce Lee festival, including "Enter the Dragon," "Fists of Fury," and "The Chinese Connection."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through March 26: "Don't Look Now."
From March 27: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Day for Night."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 26: "The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."
From March 27: "Man on a Swing."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through March 21: To be announced.
From March 22: "A Touch of Class" and "Paper Moon."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 26: "Tupamaros!," "When the People Awake," and "Memories of Underdevelopment."
From March 27: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" and "Ten from Your Show of Shows."

Note—A few specialist film houses: **BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals mostly, and only on weekends. Friday through Sunday, March 22-24: "Words and Music" (1948; June Allyson and Judy Garland) and "On the Town" (1949; Gene Kelly and Frank Sinatra). . . . **FILM FORUM**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*. At 8, Thursdays through Sundays. . . . **PAGODA**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 20 at 5:30: "The True Glory" (1945), directed by Carol Reed and Garson Kanin. . . . ¶ March 21 at 5:30: "Aelita" (1924), a Russian film, directed by Y. Protazanov; no English titles. . . . ¶ March 21 at

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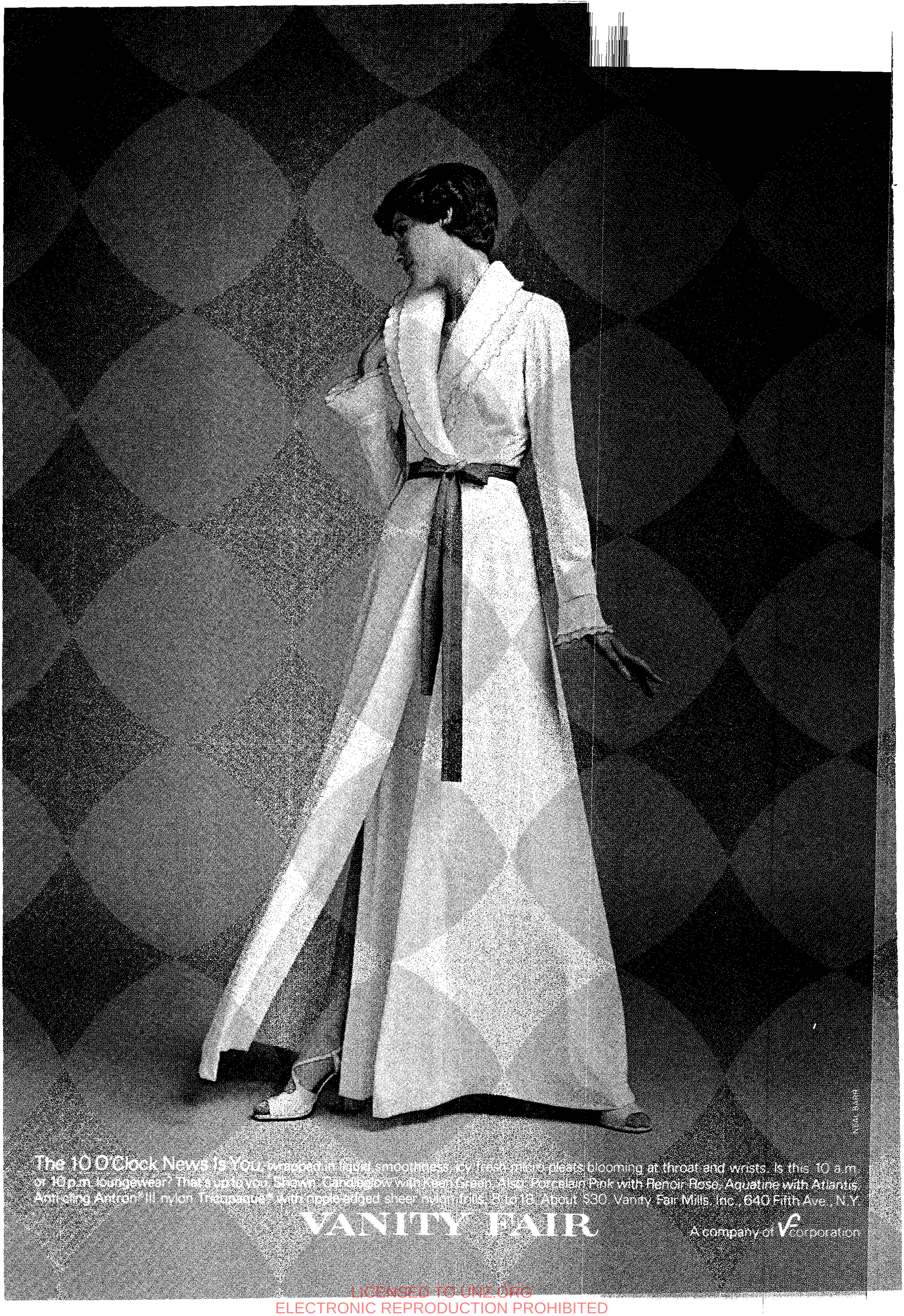NEAL BARR

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VANITY FAIR

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8 and March 22 at 2: "Kino-Pravada No. 21" (1925), a Russian film, directed by Dziga Vertov; and "How Petunka Travelled to Ilyich" (1924), a Russian film, directed by M. Doronin, no English titles. . . . ¶ March 22 at 5:30 and March 23 at noon: A program of four short films. . . . ¶ March 23 at 3: "The Tailor from Torzhuk" (1925), a Russian film, directed by Y. Protazanov; no English titles. . . . ¶ March 23 at 5:30: "Stepan Khalturin" (1925), a Russian film, directed by A. Ivanovsky; no English titles. . . . ¶ March 24 at 2: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Douglas Fairbanks and Anna May Wong. . . . ¶ March 24 at 5:30: "The Tailor from Torzhuk" (1925). . . . ¶ March 25 at 2: "Three Lives" (1924) a Russian film, directed by I. Perestiani; no English titles. . . . ¶ March 25 at 5:30: "The Cigarette Girl from Mosselprom" (1924), a Russian film, directed by Y. Zhelyabuzhsky; no English titles. . . . ¶ March 26 at 2: "True Heart Susie" (1919), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ March 26 at 5:30: "Three Lives" (1924). . . . ¶ March 27 at 5:30 "True Heart Susie" (1919). . . . ¶ March 28 at 5:30: "The Station Master" (1925), a Russian film, directed by Y. Zhelyabuzhsky and I. Moskvin; no English titles. . . . ¶ March 28 at 8: "Red Partisans" (1924), a Russian film, directed by V. Viskovsky; no English titles. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—March 20 at 4 and 6: "Merrill's Marauders" (1962), directed by Samuel Fuller, with Jeff Chandler and Ty Hardin. . . . ¶ March 21 at 3 and 6: "Cheyenne Autumn" (1964), directed by John Ford, with Richard Widmark and Carroll Baker. . . . ¶ March 22 at 5 and 7:30: "Men in War" (1957), directed by Anthony Mann, with Robert Ryan and Aldo Ray. . . . ¶ March 23-24 at 3 and 6: "David Copperfield" (1935), directed by George Cukor, with W. C. Fields and Freddie Bartholomew. . . . ¶ March 27 at 4 and 6: "Reign of Terror" (1949), directed by Anthony Mann, with Robert Cummings and Arlene Dahl. . . . ¶ March 28 at 4 and 6: "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir" (1947), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Gene Tierney and Rex Harrison. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—March 20: "Narrative Cinema Part One," a program of three short films. . . . ¶ March 21-27: "Narrative Cinema Part Two," a program of six short films. . . . ¶ Starting March 28: "Poetic Cinema," a program of eight short films. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (636-4100). Films of the American Film Institute—March 20: A program of prize-winning foreign cartoons. . . . ¶ March 21: A program of experimental cartoons. . . . ¶ March 22: Betty Boop and other cartoons. (Showings at 8.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Africa Uncensored—A documentary film, directed by Angelo Castiglioni and Guido Guerrasio. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

American Graffiti—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Reviewed in these pages 8/13/73.) (Columbia II.)

Un Amore Così Fragile e Così Violento—An Italian film, with no English titles. (Playboy; starting March 27.)

Badlands—Probably we've all seen those convicted killers in prison documentaries on TV who sound uninvolved and mechanical when they talk about their crimes; Terrence Malick's début picture extends that uninvolvement to the whole culture. Set at the end of the fifties, it's about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), whose killing spree starts in South Dakota. In Malick's view, the young lovers are psychologically aberrant and yet just like everybody else; their moral vacuum is spreading over the flat, dead landscape. His thesis is that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless, but his detached tone puts the viewer in the ugly position of feeling culturally superior to the people on the screen, who are shown to be ciphers. The ideas are few and thin, and the surface is all conscious metaphor. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation. It's like a brilliant student's Ph.D. thesis; the picture is so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (3/18/74) (Beekman; starting March 24.)

Banana Peel (1965)—The plot—about two clever swindlers (Jeanne Moreau and Jean-Paul Belmondo)—is perhaps too furiously ingenious, but the performers' pleasure in acting and in each other's company becomes a pleasure to the audience. With Gert Frobe and Claude Brasseur; Marcel Ophuls directed. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 27.)

Bedazzled (1967)—A funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, and Eleanor Bron. (Quad Cinema; through March 26.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—Vittorio De Sica's story of a poor man's search for his stolen bicycle is deceptively simple. At first, there is ironic tenderness: humanity observed with compassion but without illusion. Then the search becomes an odyssey of poverty, and the richness and the enigmas sneak up on the audience. What is the meaning of the seeress's words? How is it that the hero who is searching for the bicycle thief becomes the bicycle thief? This neo-realist classic is on just about everybody's list of the greatest films. Cesare Zavattini wrote the script. In Italian. (Elgin; March 20.)

Blazing Saddles—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem as much as they can, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Sutton.)

The Bliss of Mrs. Blossom (1968)—A stage-bound whimsy about Harriet Blossom (Shirley MacLaine), the wife of a bra manufacturer (Richard Attenborough). Mrs. Blossom keeps a lover (James Booth) in the attic. Joe McGrath directed this frivolous comedy with an uncertain hand; some sequences are wayward and kinky in a way that works, but when the kinkiness doesn't work the picture is just harmlessly stupid. Most of the time you can see that it's meant to be funny, but you don't hear yourself laughing. Based on a play by Alec Coppel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 26.)

Borsalino (1970)—Alain Delon (who looks great in evening clothes) and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseilles of the thirties. A handsome production, but the spoof falters. Jacques Deray directed. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 27.)

Busting—With Elliott Gould and Robert Blake, directed by Peter Hyams. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Catch My Soul—A musical version of "Othello," with Richie Havens. Directed by Patrick McGoohan. (Regency; starting March 22.)

César (1936)—The last film of the Marcel Pagnol trilogy is named for the pivotal character, played by Raimu. After Raimu's death, J. B. Priestley wrote, "We can magically command him to return out of those flat tins of film, and show us again his rich humanity and massive, deliberate art. . . . The French should erect a monument to the memory of this player, who reminded us that France had known a Rabelais, a Molière, a Balzac." In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 25.)

Christopher Strong (1933)—An arch, high-strung, sickeningly noble Katharine Hepburn movie, but one of the rare movies told from a woman's sexual point of view. Directed by Dorothy Arzner from a screenplay by Zoë Akins, it's the story of a record-breaking English aviatrix who falls in love with a distinguished political figure (Colin Clive). As soon as they go to bed together, he insists—late on the very first night—that she not fly in the contest she is entered in. It's the intelligent woman's primal post-coital scene. In movies, this primal scene has never been played out satisfactorily; the woman always gives in, either in the paste-up screwball style that provided the fake resolutions of the forties, or, as in this picture, fatally. (The heroine commits suicide.) The film was a flop, but it's not one that independent-minded women can easily forget. Hepburn is exquisitely gaunt and boyish in her sleek, high-fashion gowns, including one that she says makes her look like a moth. It does; the film is a moth-and-flame story. With Billie Burke, Ralph Forbes, Helen Chandler, and Jack La Rue. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 27.)

Cinderella Liberty—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears, but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience; you feel as if you're wading through it. (1/21/74) (Cinema II.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through March 26.)

Conrack—Jon Voight finally gets a chance to loosen up on the screen, and in a true starring role. He plays a ribald, freewheeling teacher who tries to wake up a bunch of whipped black kids and wakes up the school authorities, who fire him. Based on "The Water Is Wide," by Pat Conroy, a young Southerner's account of what he went through in his year of teaching on an island off the South Carolina mainland, the picture takes its mood from Voight's roller-coaster performance. It has the airy feeling of the teacher's improvising nature, of his impatience and his bursting through restraints. Martin Ritt directed, in a more comic vein than in "Sounder," but with some of the same talent for bringing out black performers. Madge Sinclair plays a black principal who is obstinately strong and more than a match for the hero. The picture is a lively, touching fable about an unrepressed man fighting a slowly dying system of repression; it has a bounding spirit. (3/11/74) (Trans-Lux East, and Loews Ciné; starting March 27.)

Crazy Joe—With Peter Boyle and Paula Prentiss, directed by Carlo Lizzani. (Juliet 1; through March 26.)

Cries and Whispers (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggest-

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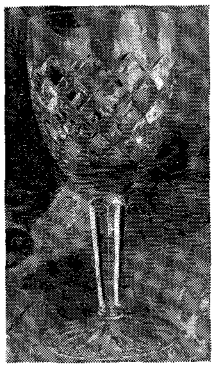

Comeragh

Glengarriff

Photos: Pesin

Kildare

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ing Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. A Swedish film, dubbed in English. (1/6/73) (23rd St. Cinema; through March 26.)

Dance Fools Dance (1931)—Rich playgirl Joan Crawford goes to work as a reporter after her father is wiped out in the stock-market crash; her weak brother (William Bakewell) gets involved with gangsters. Turgid, forgettable melodrama, with heavy-breathing Crawford proving what a great girl she is and winning a millionaire (Lester Vail). Redeeming features: Clark Gable, before his starring days, as a wicked gangland boss, and Cliff Edwards as a reporter. Harry Beaumont directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 24-26.)

Day for Night—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (New Yorker. . . . ¶ Festival; through March 23.)

The Day of the Dolphin—The most expensive Rin Tin Tin picture ever made, with a gimmick the Rin Tin Tin pictures never stooped to: the dolphins here are dubbed with plaintive, childish voices and speak in English. Mike Nichols directed this elaborate anthropomorphic exercise; the wretched plot is about an attempt to assassinate the President by using the dolphins as bomb carriers. George C. Scott is the godlike dolphin trainer. (12/31/73) (Ziegfeld.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 21.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1950)—Robert Bresson's masterly adaptation of the Georges Bernanos novel about the suffering of a young priest (Claude Laydu) whose faith is neither understood nor accepted by his parishioners. A film of great purity and intensity. In French. (Elgin; March 26.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating case. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (11/11/72) (Quad Cinema; through March 26.)

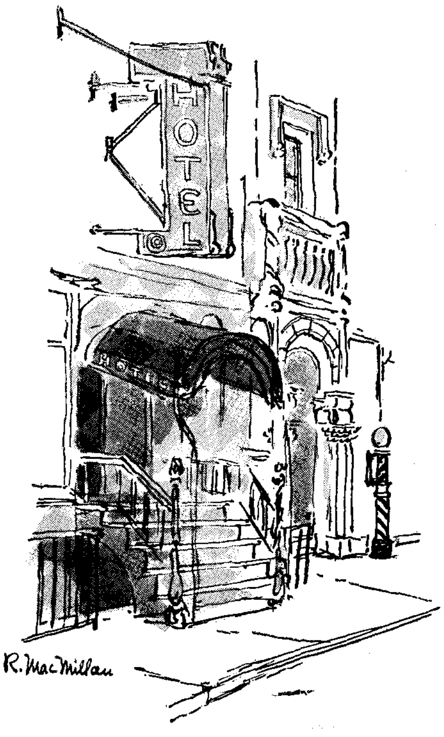
Don't Look Now—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion Gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd St.; through March 26.)

Each Dawn I Die (1939)—The title is superb; this is a prison picture, and convicts have often said that the title describes their feelings exactly. But nothing in the melodrama lives up to it. Toward the end of the thirties, the Warners underworld pictures began to get hazy and high-minded. In this one, James Cagney plays an honest, muckraking newspaper reporter who is framed and sent up by a crooked D.A.; in prison, he meets George Raft (slick and crooked as usual—which is welcome here), who works in the jute mill. Cagney's suffering grows tedious, and the script (full of double crosses and jailbreaks) isn't persuasive. William Keighley directed, and some of the picture is very forceful, but the pre-Second World War spiritual irradiation softens the meanings. With Jane Bryan as Cagney's girl, George Bancroft as the warden, and Slapsy Maxie Rosenbloom as an amiable con. (Quad Cinema; March 26.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays (1972)—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (12/23/72) (Greenwich; through March 26.)

The Exorcist—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Plaza, Cinema I, and Paris. . . . ¶ Beekman; through March 23. . . . ¶ Paramount; through March 27.)

Falstaff (1967)—Orson Welles plays Sir John and stages a battle sequence that rivals the battles of Eisenstein and Kurosawa. One of Welles' best films, though damaged by technical problems resulting from lack of funds. With John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, Margaret Rutherford, and Jeanne Moreau. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 28.)



Fantastic Planet—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux, with original art work by Roland Topor. In dubbed English. (U.A. East, 5th Ave. Cinema, Playboy, and Embassy 72nd St.; through March 26.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a stage panorama set on a treadmill. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 21.)

The Fighting 69th (1940)—James Cagney and the patriotic gamut. He plays a First World War coward—a mean, loudmouth runt from Brooklyn who turns yellow in his first charge over the top, screaming in panic and drawing the fire of the Germans upon his regiment. He reforms, of course (the picture was made during the Second World War), and becomes a hero of the Argonne, losing his life willingly. Cagney is an expert in the jangled rotten-nerves department, but one has to be doggedly devoted to him to voluntarily go to a picture like this. One really has to be a masochist, considering that the humor is of the sentimental, fighting-Irish variety, and that Pat O'Brien plays a priest and Jeffrey Lynn is Joyce Kilmer dreaming up "Trees." It's sometimes forgotten that Warners was just as high on patriotic nobility in the forties as it was on social protest in the thirties. With George Brent, Frank McHugh, and Dick Foran; directed by William Keighley. (Quad Cinema; March 22-23.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Elgin; March 20.)

The Great Gatsby—With Robert Redford and Mia Farrow, directed by Jack Clayton. (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum; starting March 28. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting March 28 at 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Immortal Story (1968)—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's story about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 28.)

In the Name of the Father—Directed by Marco Bellocchio. In Italian. (Art.)

The Last American Hero—Jeff Bridges stars in Lamont Johnson's fine, scrupulous film based on Tom Wolfe's article about Junior Johnson, the moonshiner's son who learned to drive by running his daddy's whiskey on backroads at night, and, as a racer, beat the expensive cars sponsored by Detroit. The casting, the acting, and the milieu seem effortlessly, inexplicably right. This movie transcends its genre; it isn't just about stock-car racing, any more than "The Hustler" was only about shooting pool. With Art Lund, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Gary Busey. (10/1/73) (St. Marks Cinema; through March 26.)

The Last Detail—About three seamen. Dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson and Otis Young are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. The movie is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (Coronet.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—A movie that people

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (10/28/72) (Quad Cinema; through March 26. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting March 27.)

The Laughing Policeman—Standard, gory imitation of "Dirty Harry," "The French Connection," and "Bullitt." There isn't much acting honor to be had from it, but Walter Matthau, playing a black-haired police detective, loses what little there is to Bruce Dern, who plays his partner. Matthau does the ancient obvious, but Dern's contentious, muffled manner is the latest in fey one-upmanship. The choppy film makes practically no sense; Stuart Rosenberg's direction features massacres, cadavers, and close inspection of wounds. (1/21/74) (23rd St. Cinema; starting March 27.)

Lucia—A Cuban film, directed by Humberto Solas. In Spanish. (First Avenue Screening Room.)

Mame—A slapstick musical so terrible it isn't boring; you can get fixated staring at it and wondering why Lucille Ball thought she had to do it and what exactly she thought she was doing. About ten minutes of the film, featuring Beatrice Arthur as Vera Charles, are genuinely satirical; in context they turn into a put-down of the rest of "Mame." Gene Saks directed; Onna White choreographed. (3/11/74) (Music Hall.)

Man Is Not a Bird (1966)—A Yugoslav film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (Quad Cinema; through March 26.)

Man on a Swing—Frank Perry's movies are all bad in different ways. This pseudo-documentary murder mystery attempts to build suspense through a series of realistic vignettes that are about as "natural" as those TV commercials with actors simulating ordinary, warty people. The movie is based on the unsolved crime that an Ohio reporter, William A. Clark, wrote about in "The Girl on the Volkswagen Floor"—a crime that became complicated when a man who claimed to be clairvoyant got involved in solving it. If the movie had stuck with the facts, it might have worked; if the scripter, David Zelag Goodman, had fictionalized the case and given it a solution, that might also have worked. But the movie is a jumble of both (with lifts from "Laura" besides), and in changing the central character, the reporter, to a chief of police (Cliff Robertson), Goodman failed to restructure the reporter's activities. So one keeps wondering who's running the police department while Robertson wanders off investigating parapsychology. Robertson's acting is far from inspired; his eyes are so bright and alert that he's staring even when he isn't, and his mouth is fixed in a semi-sneer. The picture, however, has a creepy, volatile performance by Joel Grey, as the man who says he's clairvoyant, and it's pure gold. Grey proves that he's an actor and a star; you can't take your eyes off him, and you don't want to. (Loews Tower East; through March 27. . . . ¶ Symphony; starting March 27.)

Mean Streets—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (Regency; through March 21. . . . ¶ 23rd St. Cinema; through March 26.)

Memories of Underdevelopment—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counterrevolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (5/26/73) (Olympia; through March 26.)

Morning Glory (1933)—Katharine Hepburn got her first Academy Award for her performance as "Eva Lovelace"—the name taken by a girl who comes to New York obsessively determined to become a great actress. It's a strange, ambivalent study of that lying-cheating kind of determination, taken from a play by Zoë Akins and directed by Lowell Sherman. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou. The picture was remade in the late fifties as "Stage Struck," starring Susan Strasberg. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 27.)

The Mother and the Whore—This controversial three-hour-and-thirty-five-minute film, produced, written, and directed by Jean Eustache, is about the aging young of the Left Bank, who live in an atmosphere of apocalyptic narcissism. It is about the disaffection of those who are stranded in a confusion of personal freedom and social hopelessness. Eustache's method resembles the static randomness of the Warhol-Morrissey pictures, but the randomness here is not a matter of indifference; it's a conscious goal. The actors—Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun—were not allowed to deviate from the script, yet Eustache wants the look of chance. He tries to push viewers beyond patience—to rub our noses in his view of reality. Implicitly, he is saying, "I'm going to show you more of the tormented soul than anybody has ever shown you." The soul of the picture is that of a poor young nurse named Veronika, and the picture stands or falls on the viewer's attitude toward her recital of her sexual humiliations and her loathing of sex-without-love. In French. (3/4/74) (Little Carnegie; starting March 22.)

My Universities (1940)—In this third film of the Mark Donskoi trilogy, based on the memoirs of Maxim Gorky, the young hero, Alexei (now played by Y. Valbert), meets the boatmen of the Volga, mingles with workers, revolutionaries, and intellectuals, and becomes, at last, the writer we know as Maxim Gorky. This lyric, epic group of films is the only work in movie history that is closely comparable to Satyajit Ray's Apu trilogy. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 25.)

The New Land—At the end of "The Emigrants," the viewer wanted to go on and discover if the survivors of the mid-nineteenth-century emigration from Sweden found what they had hoped for. In this second half, the master director Jan Troell shows what happened to them in Minnesota. Together, the two halves offer the pleasures of a rich, overflowing epic novel. Troell has a ravening appetite; it almost seems as if he loves nature so much that he wants to plunder it all; the viewer is the beneficiary. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann have never been better—that's saying a lot. With Eddie Axberg and Monica Zetterlund. A Swedish film, dubbed in English. (10/15/73) (72nd Street East; through March 26.)

La Notte (1962)—In Antonioni's earlier "L'Avventura," which was also about the moral and spiritual poverty of the rich, his architectural sense was integral to the theme and characters; here, the abstract elements take over, and the drama becomes glacial. And his conception is distasteful: his characters seem to find glamour in their own desolation and emptiness, and the audience, too, can find the boredom and weariness exquisitely decadent. The characters are cardboard intellectuals—a sort of international café society—and their lassitude seems an empty pose. Mastroianni plays a blank-faced famous novelist; as his wife, Jeanne Moreau walks endlessly, with the camera fixated on her rear; and Monica Vitta is a brunette with money up to her ears and nothing to do. In Italian. (Elgin; March 27.)

On the Town (1949)—Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera-Ellen, Florence Bates, and Alice Pearce in the Comden and Green musical, with the Bernstein score. Not as good as all that may make it sound. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 22-24.)

The Paper Chase—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (10/29/73) (Columbia I.)

Paper Moon—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (5/26/73) (8th St. Playhouse, and Thalia; starting March 22.)

Papillon—A pointlessly gruelling movie, in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (12/24/73) (Juliet 2, and Cinema Studio.)

The Passion of Joan of Arc (1927)—One of the few truly great films. Carl Dreyer based the script on the trial records and, keeping the camera close to the fleshly faces of Joan and her persecutors, subtly—and shockingly—links eroticism and religious persecution. Maria Falconetti's Joan may be the finest performance ever recorded on film. With Antonin Artaud. (Elgin; March 26.)

The Pedestrian—Directed by Maximilian Schell. In German. (Fine Arts.)

Picnic on the Grass (1959)—Jean Renoir, but at neither his best nor even his second-best. His themes are reduced to crotchets in this story about a scientist (Paul Meurisse) who preaches artificial insemination until he catches sight of Catherine Rouvel bathing nude. Some sequences were filmed at Les Collettes, the home where Auguste Renoir spent his last years. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 20.)

The Public Enemy (1931)—William Wellman's gangster classic, with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, and Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke as the girl who gets the grapefruit shoved in her kisser. A good picture, even if the theme music *is* "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." (Quad Cinema; through March 21.)

The Ragman's Daughter—From Alan Sillitoe's novel, with Simon Rouse, directed by Harold Becker. (Festival; starting March 24.)

Red Desert (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's hazy illustration of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the pollution so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Elgin; March 27.)

Red Dust (1932)—A sexy jungle melodrama, with Jean Harlow as a funny, tough girl who has been around, and an unshaven Clark Gable who thinks he prefers ladylike Mary Astor. It was remade in 1953 as "Mogambo"—with Ava Gardner in the Harlow role and Grace Kelly as the lady, but by then Gable, still manfully holding down his old role, didn't bring much heat to it. Harlow is immensely likable. Victor Fleming directed, from a script by John Lee Mahin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 24-26.)

The Roaring Twenties (1939)—James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart grow up together, come back from the First World War, and get into the rackets. Too mechanical a view of character; the whole thing is a little simpleminded. Raoul Walsh directed. (Quad Cinema; March 26.)

Serpico—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Baronet.)

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers (1954)—Stanley Donen directed this big, M-G-M musical, which is marred by a holiday family-picture heartiness (the Americana gets rather thick), but which is, nevertheless, spirited. Howard Keel is the lead, with Jane Powell opposite him; the picture is unusual in featuring male dancers (Jacques d'Amboise, Tommy Rall, and Marc Platt, as well as Russ Tamblyn), who are most memorable in the "Lonesome

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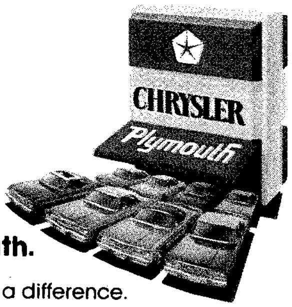

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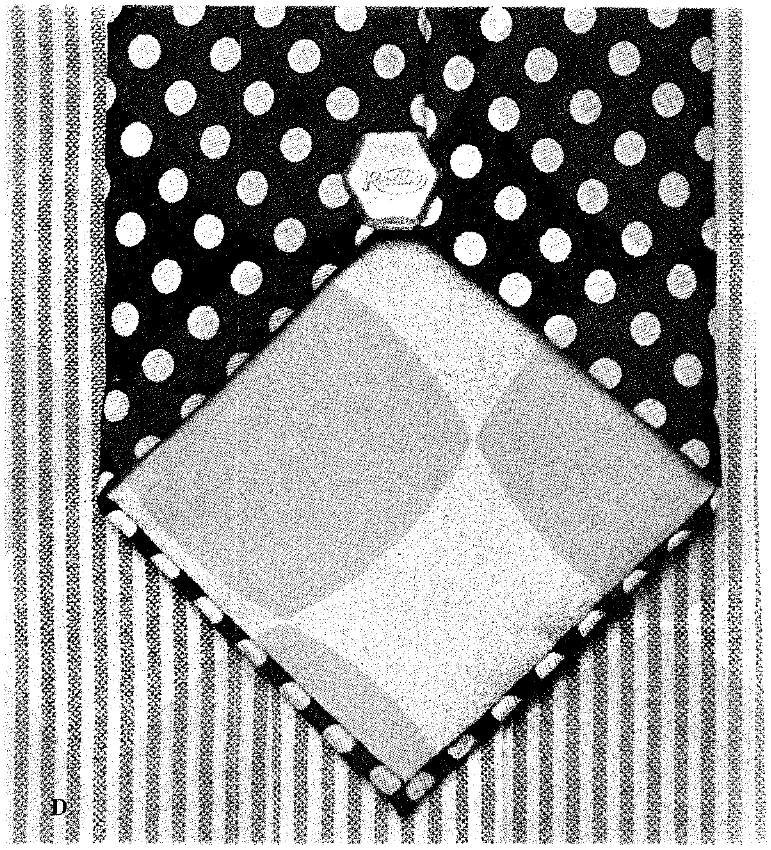

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28		

Polecat" ballet in the snow. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 22-24.)

The Seven-Ups—With Roy Scheider, directed by Philip D'Antoni. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 26.)

Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors (1964)—A Ukrainian film, directed by Sergei Paradjanov. Also known as "Wild Horses of Fire." (Elgin; March 21-25 and March 28.)

Shall We Dance (1937)—The script wobbles, but this seventh Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers film has some beautiful dances and a great score by the Gershwins ("Slap That Bass," "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off," "They Can't Take That Away from Me," "They All Laughed"). With Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore. Directed by Mark Sandrich. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 23.)

The Sky's the Limit (1943)—Dreary R.K.O. musical, with Fred Astaire cast, unfortunately, opposite the wholesome Joan Leslie, with her girl-next-door big smiles. But Astaire does some beautiful solo work, including the memorable "One for My Baby (and One More for the Road)." With Robert Benchley; Edward H. Griffith directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 23.)

Sleeper—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, and with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (12/31/73) (Eastside Cinema, and Waverly. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; through March 21.)

The Southerner (1945)—Jean Renoir's poetic account of a year in the life of a poor, white Texas family—a chronicle of seasons and conflicts, adapted from the book "Hold Autumn in Your Hand," by George Sessions Perry. Zachary Scott, who usually played lounge lizards, is almost unrecognizable as a young tenant farmer; it was the performance of his career. Betty Fields plays his wife, and his relatives and neighbors include Percy Kilbride, Blanche Yurka, J. Carroll Naish, Norman Lloyd, and, regrettably, Beulah Bondi, who is more than a bit much as Granny. The picture has beautiful, evocative moments, mysteriously solemn. Having made this uneven but affecting picture, United Artists tried to sell it by the usual methods. ("She was his woman . . . and he was her man! That's all they had to fight with—against the world, the flesh, and the devil!") (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 20.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people will probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; through March 26.)

The Stone Killer—With Charles Bronson and Martin Balsam, directed by Michael Winner. (Juliet 1; through March 26.)

Strawberry Blonde (1941)—Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney in a screen version of "One Sunday Afternoon," a play about life at the turn of the century. Cagney is an unnervingly energetic dentist who is crazy about Rita Hayworth but who goes and marries de Havilland. Directed by Raoul Walsh. (Quad Cinema; through March 21.)

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams—Dun-colored earnestness about a middle-aged Manhattan housewife's coldness and unfulfillment and regrets; Joanne Woodward is less lively than in her other suffering-women roles. The screenwriter, Stewart Stern, following the structure of "Wild Strawberries," tries to equate the American woman's supposed incapacity for love with the whole American screwup of recent years but never shows the connection. Gilbert Cates directed. (12/10/73) (East 59th Street I, East 59th Street II, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Guild. . . . ¶ Gramercy. No evening performances on Monday, March 25. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through March 21. . . . ¶ Symphony; through March 26.)

The Super Cops—With Ron Leibman and David Selby, directed by Gordon Parks. (34th St. East, and 86th St. East.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Regency; through March 21.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (9/3/73) (5th Ave. Cinema, Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia; starting March 27. . . . ¶ Juliet 1; starting March 27, tentative.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows (1973)—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (3/3/73) (Olympia; starting March 27.)

Thieves Like Us—From the first, pearly-green long shot, Robert Altman finds a sureness of tone and never loses it. This story of young lovers in the thirties is the closest to flawless of his films—a masterpiece. Made in Mississippi, "Thieves Like Us" is so sensuous and lucid that it is as if William Faulkner and the young Jean Renoir had collaborated. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Torrid Zone (1940)—Steamy hot and very funny. This tropical comedy-adventure, set in a Warners mockup of a plantation in Honduras, has James Cagney, Ann Sheridan, and Pat O'Brien shouting double-entendres at breakneck speed. Sheridan is sultry and rowdy as a vagrant night-club entertainer wandering through the jungle night-club circuit and taking the natives' minds off banana picking. O'Brien plays the tough plantation owner, and Cagney, with a mustache, is the breezy, belligerent foreman who deals with a crisis a minute, including George Tobias as a revolutionary, Andy Devine as a hopelessly incompetent No. 1 Boy, and cucumber-cool Helen Vinson, always a troublemaker. The picture borders on satirical farce; the target is the typical Hollywood treatment of South American bandits and tropical passions. William Keighley directed, from a script by Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald. (Quad Cinema; March 24-25.)

A Touch of Class—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (7/9/73) (8th St. Playhouse, and Thalia; starting March 22.)

Travels with My Aunt (1972)—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (1/13/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 26.)

Tupamaros!—A documentary inside view of Latin America's urban-guerrilla movement. (Olympia; through March 26.)

Valerie and Her Week of Wonders—A Czech film, directed by Jaromil Jires. (Elgin; March 21-25 and March 28.)

Walking Tall—A rabble-rousing movie that appeals to a deep-seated belief in simple, swift, Biblical justice; the visceral impact of the film makes one know how crowds must feel when they're being swayed by demagogues. Joe Don Baker gives a powerful performance as the crusading Tennessee sheriff Buford Pusser; there *is* a Buford Pusser and he's out promoting the movie, but it's a tall tale—a fiction derived from early Westerns. The director, Phil Karlson, is brutally effective; he makes the battle of virtuous force against organized evil seem primordial. With Elizabeth Hartman as Mrs. Pusser. (2/25/74) (Cinema Village.)

The Way We Were—Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time, and Barbra Streisand is a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Redford and Streisand turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (10/15/73) (East 59th Street I, East 59th Street II, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Guild. . . . ¶ Gramercy. No evening performances on Monday, March 25. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through March 21. . . . ¶ Symphony; through March 26.)

When the People Awake—A documentary on recent political events in Chile and their historical background, through early 1973. (Olympia; through March 26.)

White Heat (1949)—This Freudian gangster picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, is reputed to be a masterpiece that was not sufficiently appreciated in its time; actually, its naïveté and obviousness were rather too glaring at the time. The picture is so primitive and outrageous in its flamboyance that it seems much older than it is. Tough-guy James Cagney sits on the lap of his mother (Margaret Wycherly), and goes berserk in prison when he learns of her death. This is Cagney's most operatic performance, and he has his wildest death scene: he literally explodes. With Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, Steve Cochran, and Fred Clark. (Quad Cinema; March 24-25.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (St. Marks Cinema; starting March 27.)

The World of Apu (1959)—Satyajit Ray's protagonist, Apu, whose consciousness developed from the village life of "Pather Panchali" and the university in "Aparajito," marries the exquisite Sharmila Tagore and grows beyond self-consciousness. Rich and contemplative, and a great, convincing affirmation. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 25.)

Yankee Doodle Dandy (1942)—The astonishingly versatile James Cagney as George M. Cohan in a big, enjoyable musical well directed by Michael Curtiz. With Walter Huston. (Quad Cinema; March 22-23.)

Zardoz—Sean Connery in a loincloth as the only virile man in an élitist commune of the future, dominated by hyper-intellectual immortal women. John Boorman, who wrote, produced, and directed this lushly photographed piece of twaddle, appears to be worried about mankind's losing its fighting strength. With ideas skimmed off the top of various systems of thought, "Zardoz" is a glittering cultural trash pile, and probably the most gloriously fatuous movie since "The Oscar"—though the passages between laughs droop. With Charlotte Rampling, whose gimlet eyes and sensual hauteur inspire Connery to found a new race. (2/18/74) (Trans-Lux East, and Greenwich; through March 26. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through March 27.)

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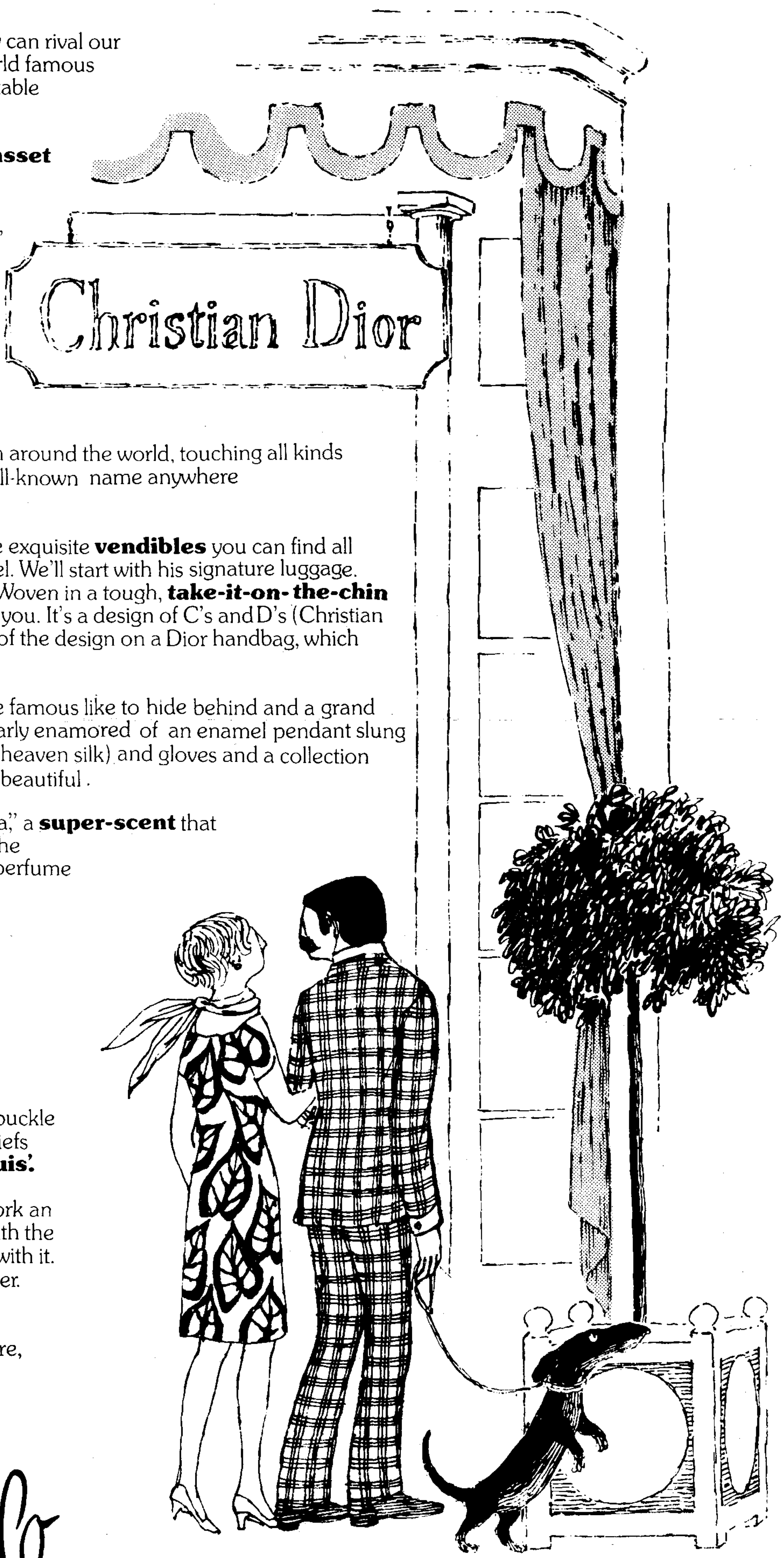

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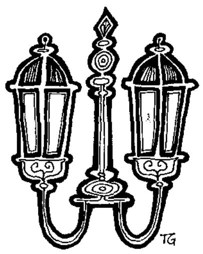
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

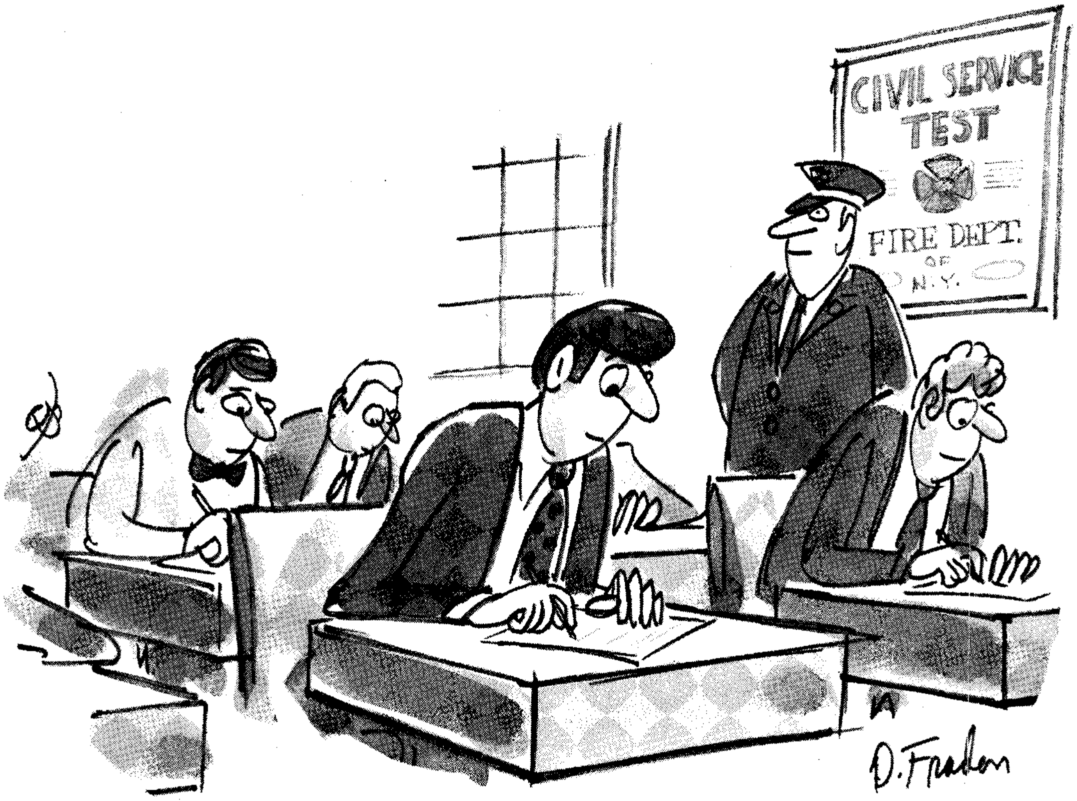
JAMES D. ST. CLAIR, the new man at the White House, says that he is a counsellor to "the office of the Presidency," not a counsellor to the President. The title has a high-sounding ring to it. It puts a distance between St. Clair and such matters as the eighteen-and-a-half-minute gap and the "milk money." And it fits in with the President's description of his own role in the case. He is another defender of the Presidency. In fact, listening to both of them, one gets the distinct impression that the office has no occupant. This impression of an elusive Chief Executive is enhanced when one hears Richard Nixon talking about "the President" in the third person, as though he—the man speaking to us—were only a very illustrious press secretary. But if St. Clair is a counsellor to the Presidency, then the President needs a lawyer. After all, it was not the Presidency that talked over the various "options" that might be exercised in dealing with the Watergate defendants, or took questionable tax deductions, or brought the country's Constitutional system to the edge of ruin. In our opinion, the best way for Mr. St. Clair to defend the Presidency would be for him to work for the President's impeachment. Certainly it would not be for him to write letters to the House Judiciary Committee advising it to restrict its inquiry to matters he thinks are relevant and telling it what evidence it can and can't have. (We are particularly bemused by the suggestion that the large quantity of material already promised—"nineteen recorded Presidential conversations and more than seven hundred documents"—relieves the White House of the obligation to give up any more. In an investigation, of course, if the suspect has the power to withhold even one document the whole proceeding is rendered meaningless.) The real threat to the Presidency—and, what is more important, to the Constitution—comes from the President. If the "defense" of the Presidency put up by the President and St. Clair were to succeed, the office would be permanently damaged. It would be associated forever with the Watergate crimes. What that high office needs now is not a defense but respect. The Presidency doesn't need a lawyer. It needs a President.

IN response to a request from Congress in late 1970, a committee of the National Academy of Sciences (a permanent and independent scientific group chartered by Congress to advise the government on science and technology) has now presented to the Senate Armed Services Committee a report of a three-year study it made of the environmental effects of the nine years of herbicidal warfare waged by the United States military in South Vietnam. A number of scientists familiar with the report have criticized it on the grounds that it is less than adequate and that certain of the committee's estimates of the herbicidal damage are too low. Even so, its conclusions have come as something of a blow to the people at the Defense Department who, at the direction of Congress, negotiated the contract with N.A.S. for the study, because it seems they had expected a report supporting the position of the military that any ill effects of herbicidal warfare in Vietnam were transient and not serious. The scientific committee has set forth, if not the full extent of the horror inflicted on the land and people of South Vietnam by American herbicidal warfare, at least some of the terrible facts.



During the Vietnam war, more than eleven million gallons of the defoliant Agent Orange, containing the herbicide 2,4,5-T and its dioxin contaminant TCDD, which is one of the most toxic substances known to man, was sprayed on the South Vietnamese countryside and people. One result, according to the report, is that thirty-six per cent of the South Vietnamese mangrove forests—a prime spawning site and food source for fish and shellfish in Vietnamese waters—has been destroyed. And, the committee found, "under present conditions of use and natural regrowth, it may take well over a hundred years for the mangrove area to be reforested." (Given a vast reforestation program, this period might be shortened to twenty years, the scientists added.) As for the inland forest areas of South Vietnam, the committee found the total damage there to be "undoubtedly extensive and serious."

Concerning the effects of defoliant chemicals on animals and people in South Vietnam, the committee's findings are rather inconclusive—partly, it seems, because the very chaos created among the civilian population by the huge herbicidal operations made it extremely difficult to pin down precise cause-and-effect relations. Now, years after the spraying of millions of acres of the South Vietnamese countryside caused the crops of countless villagers to wither before their eyes and the villagers themselves to be driven from their ancestral grounds as hungry and desperate refugees, who can tell whether the stillborn baby of a particular woman refugee was a victim of its mother's malnutrition or of shock or of the fetus-deforming potential of the dioxin contaminant of the 2,4,5-T herbicide? The N.A.S. report touches only glancingly on some highly significant findings by another scientific team, headed by the molecular biologist Matthew S. Meselson and the chemist Robert Baughman, both of Harvard; namely, that dioxin contaminants from American defoliation operations have become established at high levels in the aquatic food chains of South Vietnam. The N.A.S. report does note that people in



Why does a fireman wear red suspenders?

A. ☐ *The red goes well with the blue uniform.*
B. ☐ *They can be used to repair a leaky hose.*
C. ☐ *To hold up his pants.*

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South Vietnamese communities entered by its own investigators said that "domestic animals and humans became ill or died after exposure to herbicide sprays, or after eating herbicide-treated plants or drinking contaminated water." One of the most ominous sections of the report deals with Montagnards in the South Vietnamese Highlands. The committee did not send its own investigators into this area, but its report contains the information that Montagnards who were interviewed after herbicidal operations in their villages gave consistent accounts of pervasive illness—including fever, vomiting, abdominal pains, and abnormal respiratory symptoms—among people living in sprayed areas. And some Montagnards gave accounts of "unusually high numbers of deaths, particularly among children, following the spraying."

One omission in the tens of thousands of words in the N.A.S. report is striking: the authors, as responsible members of the scientific community, have nothing whatever to say about the folly committed by sections of the American scientific establishment in helping to make these horrors possible in the first place. One explanation of this omission may be that the National Academy, in contracting with the Defense Department for this study, apparently agreed to exclude from it any criticisms of policy. In any event, the fact is that the military and civilian scientists who devised and formulated the 2,4,5-T compound and recommended its use as harmless to people and animals and only temporarily and selectively disabling to plant life had never taken the trouble to investigate its effects on the unborn offspring of even a laboratory mouse. It appears that those who brought about the herbicidal destruction in South Vietnam consider themselves beyond accountability for their acts. The use of 2,4,5-T in South Vietnam was suspended in 1970 by the force of public protest, thanks to the work of a few courageous independent scientists, and to an investigation by a Senate subcommittee under the chairmanship of Senator Philip A. Hart, of Michigan—all this carried out in opposition to the will and power of the military and of the Administration's scientific establishment. Even so, the principle of herbicidal warfare itself lives on. In the military-appropriations requests for the fiscal year 1974, one item concerned the financing of research into ways of making existing military herbicides even faster-acting than they are at present. During the appropriations hearings on Capitol Hill last year, a Department of Defense representative put it in terms as innocent-sounding as possible: "We are continuing investigations in the area of vegetation control in an effort to significantly improve our current capability."

Outside of the vast reforestation program that might alleviate the situation slightly over the years, there seems little that can be done to repair the damage inflicted on South Vietnam and its people by a decade of United States herbicidal warfare. But something can unquestionably be done about herbicidal warfare itself, and, indeed, herbicidal warfare needs to be withered and destroyed, root and branch. Although the Geneva Protocol of 1925, a treaty to outlaw the use of poison gas and bacteriological warfare, was drawn up before the invention of present herbicidal agents and does not specifically prohibit herbicidal warfare, the authors of the Protocol drafted it in language broad enough to include such agents. The United States was one of the signatories to the original treaty, yet it has never ratified the Geneva Protocol, which was first submitted to the Senate in 1926, and languished there. In 1969, a resolution declaring that the Geneva Protocol did prohibit herbicidal warfare was approved in the United Nations General Assembly's Political Committee by a vote of fifty-eight to three, with the United States—then itself engaged in a full-scale herbicidal campaign—voting against it. In 1970, President Nixon resubmitted the Protocol to the Senate, but with the suggestion that the Administration considered neither herbicidal warfare nor the use of tear gas to be prohibited by the treaty. In April, 1971, Senator J. William Fulbright, the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, which had held hearings to begin a ratification process, wrote to President Nixon asking him to reconsider the Administration's position on herbicidal warfare in relation to the Protocol. No answer has yet been received. But it now appears that Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, who has ordered an intensive review of existing policy, may be reconsidering the question. If he can succeed in altering the Administration's present position on herbicidal warfare, the move will surely constitute what Senator Fulbright, writing in 1972 about the possibility of such a policy change, called "the single greatest contribution which our nation could make now to the creation of truly effective and universal barriers against one of the most repugnant of all forms of warfare."

Two Gatherings

WE have been to two gatherings involving music. First, we went with our sassy black friend Jamaica Kincaid to a concert by Barry White and Love Unlimited, at the Felt Forum. Barry White, in case you don't know, is the new Isaac Hayes. At least, that's what Jamaica says. Jamaica says that Barry White has the voice you love to hear. But she has reservations. "In some respects, you see, Barry White falls short of being the new Isaac Hayes," Jamaica said as we went into the Felt Forum. "Barry White does not wear chains, for instance, or take his shirt off. The fact of the matter is Barry White has the voice you love to hear, but he does not, like Isaac, have the face you love to see." We asked Jamaica how she managed to split her affection between Isaac and Barry. "Well, of *course* I'm most loyal to Isaac, because Isaac is actually talented, but Barry White and Love Unlimited have four albums on the charts, at twelve, sixteen, twenty-six, and fifty-five, and Isaac has only one album on the charts, at sixty-five and *falling*, and, well, what's a girl to do?"

We arrived in time to see Love Unlimited—a trio of young women under Barry White's supervision—sing their hit "Walkin' in the Rain with the One I Love." Jamaica talked excitedly throughout their performance, pointing out things for us to notice. "Don't you see how sensational it is?" Jamaica asked. "See? The classic rhythm-and-blues movements. See how the one on the right handles her microphone cord? Now look at the band." We looked. The Love Unlimited orchestra, we saw, consisted of over twenty pieces, manned, principally, by middle-aged white men in dinner jackets. We thought we heard a harp.

"Is that a harp?" we asked.

"Of course it's a harp," Jamaica said.

Halfway through "Walkin' in the Rain," the voice of Barry White himself was heard, and caused considerable excitement in the audience. "He gives them the voice first, before he actually comes out," Jamaica said. "Barry knows his strong points." Barry White said, "Hello, baby," and then "I love you, too," in what was indeed a low, sexy voice. Shortly thereafter, he appeared onstage. Barry White is a very large man, and he was wearing a very large green velvet jacket and had his hair arranged in very large waves. "Here he comes—the Big Dipper," said Jamaica.

"Is that what he's called—the Big Dipper?" we asked.

"No. That's what *I* call him," said Jamaica.

Barry White sang several of his slow, sexy songs in his low, sexy voice. Barry White has, apparently, the hands you love to touch, because clumps of people gathered around the stage to reach for one of his hands when it came close to them. Barry White engaged in something very close to a blessing ritual. People handed him handkerchiefs and other small bits of clothing; he kept them in his hand for a moment, and then he allowed someone else in the audience to take them. He resisted successfully, however, when people in the crowd around the stage reached for his own handkerchief, with which, from time to time, he mopped his brow. At the end of the show, Barry White addressed the audience. He said that people sitting in the back of the audience—people who had not touched his hand, for instance—were not to feel neglected, because he was aware of every living soul in the room.

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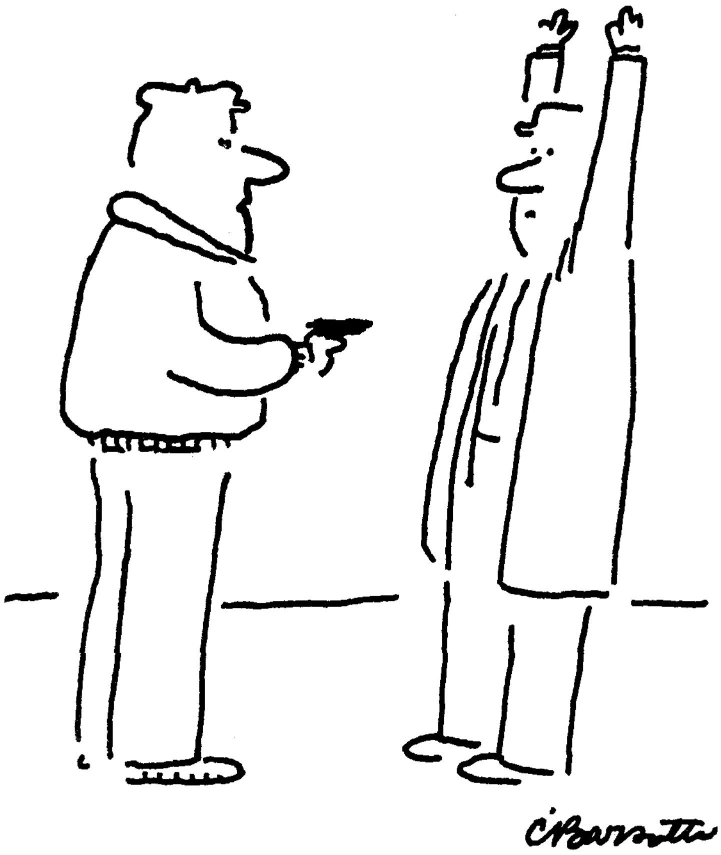
LATER that night, we went to see Aretha Franklin at the Apollo Theatre, on 125th Street. Aretha Franklin has been for many people, since she came to Atlantic Records and recorded "I Never Loved a Man (the Way I Love You)," the most important singer in the country. Perhaps because she was very young when she became for many people the most important singer in the country, perhaps because in the recent past black artists of real eminence have sometimes felt burdened by eminence and threatened by the conflicting expectations that have surfaced in their audiences, Aretha has never been completely at ease as an entertainer. Whereas a performer like Barry White depends heavily on his ability to translate every available morsel of talent into an effective manner, Aretha has, over the years, had practically no manner at all—only an enormous, energetic talent, which seemed at times to threaten the existence of the young woman who possessed it, and which, in any case, seemed too great to be contained in any useful stage persona. At the Apollo, within five minutes of her appearance onstage, Aretha showed, first of all, that the enormous talent is, if anything, greater than it has ever been; secondly, that the woman who possesses the talent is no longer overwhelmed by the force of her own energy and is now marvellously self-confident; and, thirdly, that this woman, now at ease with herself and her talent, can create an effective stage presence anytime she thinks it useful to do so.

Aretha came onstage at the Apollo in a spangled lavender costume and a



"This is not a stickup."

lavender top hat. She sang "Rock-a-Bye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody"—surely the first time that song had been sung at the Apollo in a number of years. There is around now—among black entertainers as well as white—a fairly intense interest in all those styles, low and high, which were thought to be subversive during the sixties. It is not, among entertainers, a passive nostalgic interest so much as it is an attempt to overcome a self-consciousness that had become stifling, and an attempt to recover the resonance that certain older styles provided. It is also an attempt to give legitimacy to the idea of entertainment as entertainment. That night at the Apollo, there was something just slightly defiant about Aretha's manner; she seemed to be announcing that her poise (as well as her talent) is here to stay, and that she reserves the right to do anything she wants with it. This is not a new position for an artist to take, but it is a position that has been in disfavor recently. The important thing, of course, was that the style and the resonance that Aretha achieved in singing "Rock-a-Bye Your Baby" stayed with her as she sang her own songs. Her second song was "Rock Steady," which moved the house. Her third was "Gonna Find Me an Angel," and when, with incredible ease, she reached the high notes in that song she got the most satisfying sort of applause—the applause that comes when no silent space has been allotted for it, and comes because the audience feels it necessary to express a helpless pleasure.

Sullen Gold

Governments of the world have long found it convenient to bury their gold in Manhattan. The site, we happen to know, is five thousand three hundred and twenty paces due south of our office, on West Forty-third Street, then two thousand two hundred and eighty paces due west, and it is betokened by the topographical configuration of an old and now obscured stream bed in Maiden Lane, whence the route proceeds straight down into the earth until, fifty-five feet below sea level, one enters a grotto jackhammered out of solid metamorphic rock and there finds the gold. The hoard has become, as far as is known, the largest quantity of gold that has been accumulated in one place ever. It is a sixth of all the gold that has been mined during the history of the world.

The limestone palazzo overhead is the Federal Reserve Bank. The Fed, as it is almost universally called, serves as custodian of the gold, although the United States' share of the total is under a hundred million dollars' worth—around half of one per cent. Every twenty years or so, we have felt certain lodestone vibrations from Maiden Lane, and, in one or another countenance, have been drawn to the deepest cavern under the Fed, there to commune with the gold. Our cycle has been such a long one because it takes at least two decades to recover from the sight and touch of all that wealth. After noticing headlines of late—"GOLD FRENZY," "GOLD SOARS," "GOLD DIPS"—we found ourself wondering how the gold down at the Fed was getting along in relation to the rampaging gold of the free market, and then we began to get that old feeling, a certain stir in the lower coin, for it had been two and twenty years, and we were overdue. Sepulchral was the response of the Fed when we called to arrange the visit. "This may be the last time ever," we were told. "In another twenty years, there may be no gold down here at all."

The Fed, with its neo-Florentine demeanor, resembles a men's club with unusually high dues. Wood fires burn discreetly. Art from the Metropolitan is hung in the galleried corridors. Washrooms are full of combs, brushes, clothesbrushes, dental towels, doctors' scales. One instinctively spruces up before being ushered into the presence of the gold. We stopped first in an upstairs office to see our friend Thomas O. Waage, senior vice-president, whose Cash Custody Department has physical responsibility for money of all kinds within the building, including bullion. He told us we were going to find things very quiet down at bedrock, because gold was not, except in a more or less religious sense, backing anybody's currency anymore. There might be more gold than ever down there, but it was doing less. As a base of currency, it no longer had any practical meaning. In the old days, when gold was gold, the gold deep under the Fed was literally moved about in support of the currencies of nations. Suppose Denmark owed a large sum of money to France. A coded cable would arrive from Copenhagen and another from Paris, with matching instructions from each country. Then, down in the gold bins, professional stackers—men with forefingers the size of bananas from the handling of bars of gold—would go into Denmark's compartment and take out what was owed to France. They would wheel it to the French compartment and stack it inside. That sort of thing went on all the time. If, say, Argentina paid a debt to Britain, or Indonesia paid one to Kuwait, gold was lugged from one stack to another deep under Manhattan, which is why so many nations—about sixty in all—wanted to keep gold in one place. The work was so exhausting that the stackers functioned in units, like lacrosse or hockey lines, going in and out of action every few minutes. They wore magnesium covers over their shoes. A bar of gold was only seven inches long, but it weighed four hundred troy ounces.

The price of gold traded on the free market had long since come unstuck from the official price agreed upon in international monetary circles, and between the two prices a gap had grown that had widened beyond the point of absurdity. The official price now, the "official" value of gold as the underpinning of currencies, was forty-two dollars and twenty-two cents an ounce. The price of gold on the free market—jewelry gold, industrial gold, gold of private hoarders—was approaching two hundred dollars an ounce. This difference had paralyzed the great treasures below us. At the official price, no one, obviously, was going to use gold to pay a debt, nor were many nations psychologically prepared to fling their gold into the free market, receiving paper—even huge amounts of paper—in return. Forces of atavism, mysticism, primitivism still apparently combined in the human soul to give spiritual status to this metal. So now it sat in limbo—fourteen thousand tons of it, anyway—deep in a man-made cave.

The mouth of the cave—its only entrance—is plugged with a steel cylinder that weighs ninety tons. When the cylinder is turned, it presents an opening large enough to walk through. A whole team must go in if anyone goes at all. We, for example, when we left Mr. Waage, were taken down to the bedrock level by Richard Hoenig, an assistant vice-president of the bank, and we were met at the steel cylinder by Edward Hood, of Cash Custody; by Albert Nyland, of the Vault Division; and by Sam Ludman, an auditor. No one ever goes into the presence of the gold unaccompanied by a trio from the Auditing, Vault, and Cash Custody Divisions, who, among other things, supervise the gold stackers. On any number of doors, including the hundred and twenty-two doors of the gold-storage compartments, there are three locks, the keys or combinations of which are separately held in the pockets or memories of people from the three divisions. To avoid collusion, assignments are rotated, so that no threesome works consistently together. "It's

my gold," Hood said, by way of explanation. "I keep it in Al's house, and Sam handles it." Among them, these three had worked in the bank ninety-four years. "You eventually come down to this job," said Sam.

"We go down the ladder instead of up," said Al.

"The next step is to be buried," said Ed.

We stepped through the steel and into the cavern. The predominant color in there was dull yellow. The architectural ambience was early cellblock. The place might have been a county jail. Visible through the steel mesh and the steel dowels in the doors of the cells were stacks and stacks of sullen, imprisoned gold. A thousand bars or so were lying around on pallets outside the cells, evidence that all activity had not stopped. Switzerland, for example, has a law that a certain ratio must be kept constant between amounts of paper money and amounts of gold on hand in Switzerland, so the Swiss occasionally call for gold from their bin in New York. We reached for a bar of gold and picked it up. It was a bit smaller than an ordinary construction brick. It weighed twenty-eight pounds. It lacked lustre—in fact, appeared to be a lead brick borrowed from a radiation lab and painted with gold dope. Its markings indicated that it was 99.94 per cent pure. It was worth, officially, about seventeen thousand dollars and could bring perhaps seventy-five thousand in the free market. We felt a tendon preparing to snap in our shoulder, and we put the gold down.

"Be sure to call it a bar, not a brick," Mr. Hoenig said. "Everyone who works down here is sensitive and touchy about having them called bricks."

National identities were secret. We peered into various numbered cells, wondering whose gold was sulking there. We saw a bar that was marked with a hammer and sickle, but that could have been anyone's by now; it had been cast in the Soviet Union in 1937. (We did learn, though, that at least one Soviet-bloc country keeps a binful of gold at the Fed.) The value of the contents of each compartment was written on a tag on the door. No. 3, for example, contained fourteen thousand five hundred and sixty-eight bars, worth, officially, two hundred and forty-eight million six hundred and ten thousand six hundred and thirty dollars and forty-two cents—the hoard of a modest client. Accounts might range from under a hundred thousand dollars to five or six billion dollars, Hoenig said. Each compartment represented all or part of an individual account, for the gold of different customers was never commingled.

The stacks had been put together with both the care and the pattern that masons would employ in the making of a dry wall—level courses, shimmed (with wood), interlocking. In one large compartment there was well over half as much gold as there is in Fort Knox. It was in three separate stacks. Two were about fifteen feet high and included a hundred thousand bars apiece, while the third had been built with fifty thousand bars. Stackers—sweating, working like the slaves of pharaohs—could handle a maximum of twelve hundred bars a day, so the construction of these three stacks alone had taken nearly a working year.

Suddenly, the composite foolishness of all this shivered through history and fell on us like a ton of gold. We thanked everybody and split for sunlight. Suffering from acute duodenal auriphobia, we staggered into the street. It was nothing serious, really. We'd be all right in twenty years. And then, inevitably, we would go back to the caverns of the Fed, if the gold was still there.

GODS MUST YIELD

IN accordance with the very best medical advice available, Melanie had been painfully cupped for a cold and, for what was diagnosed as malaria, I had been put on a diet of yogurt. We survived—my wife and I—both the ailments and the cures, and we were properly grateful to be allowed to continue life on our Greek island. But we were nonetheless grateful, too, for the advent of an English doctor on the island; from the start we did our utmost to make him welcome.

It was at the post office that we first saw him. We introduced ourselves, and learned he was a doctor and that his name was Lewis; we took him home for drinks. There we learned that Lewis didn't drink. Undismayed, we took him to our favorite *kaffeneion* to see our favorite dancer—to learn more about Lewis, and to plan entertainments on his behalf.

Lewis was both doctor and amateur archeologist. He admired ancient Greece rather than modern; because he had been often to Athens he spoke fluent modern Greek. This visit was his first so remote from the capital, and it was possible only because he was on leave after being in the hospital with hepatitis. He was feeling feeble, and irked by the stricture against alcohol.

The first entertainment we offered him was a failure. That first night at the *kaffeneion* (it was Lewis who named it the Palais de Danse), we watched soldiers dancing with soldiers, and sailors dancing with sailors, shimmying their way together through another evening without dates. Lewis said the dances were about as Greek as his cup of coffee *tourkiko*.

Ptoloméos, the postman's son, danced without a partner. He's a showoff but much admired. His friends skimmed plates onto the floor for him. He would jump over a plate, and back; he would land close, land astride, and land square on it—crockery sprayed around the small room.

Nikos was there, too, downing glass after glass of *retsina* and looking every moment less eligible for our description of him as the best dancer on the island. He was as yellow as an icon.

"You have jaundice, my child," said Lewis, the doctor—a liverish patient, too.

Nikos startled us all by admitting it. "I know it, my children," he said.

"You shouldn't be drinking wine," said Lewis in a tone of rectitude that echoed less of the ward than of the nursery. "Go see a doctor, my child." His Greek was more than fluent; it was authoritative.

"I'm going." Nikos poured a fresh glass of *retsina*. "Tomorrow." And drank. Lewis, we thought, was longing to do the same. Instead, reprovingly, he sipped his coffee.

Ptoloméos finished his exhibition and stood at our table to catch his breath and gulp some wine. "Nikos," he said without sympathy, "you look terrible, my child."

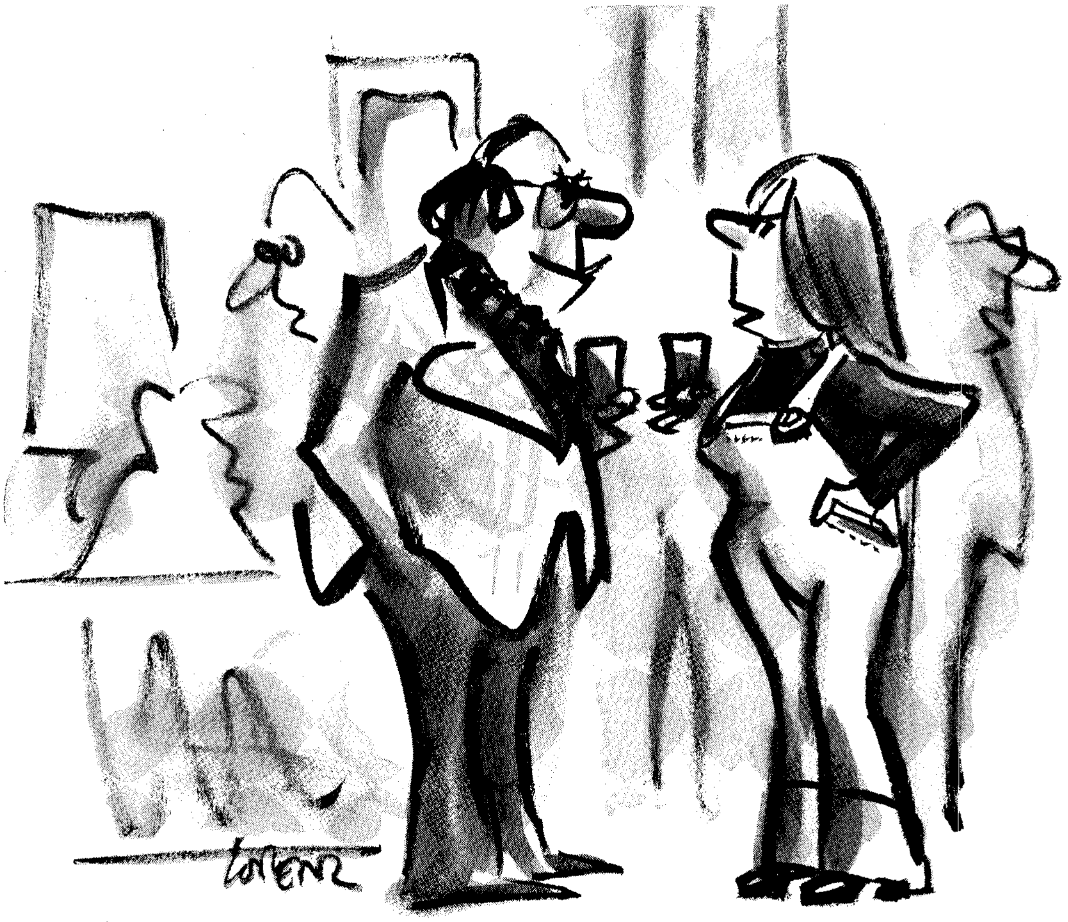
"He's got jaundice," Melanie and I said, symphonically. By now, we knew the word for jaundice in Greek.

Still unmoved, Ptoloméos filled Nikos's glass and his own. They drank a ritual health. "I can cure it," said Ptoloméos offhandedly.

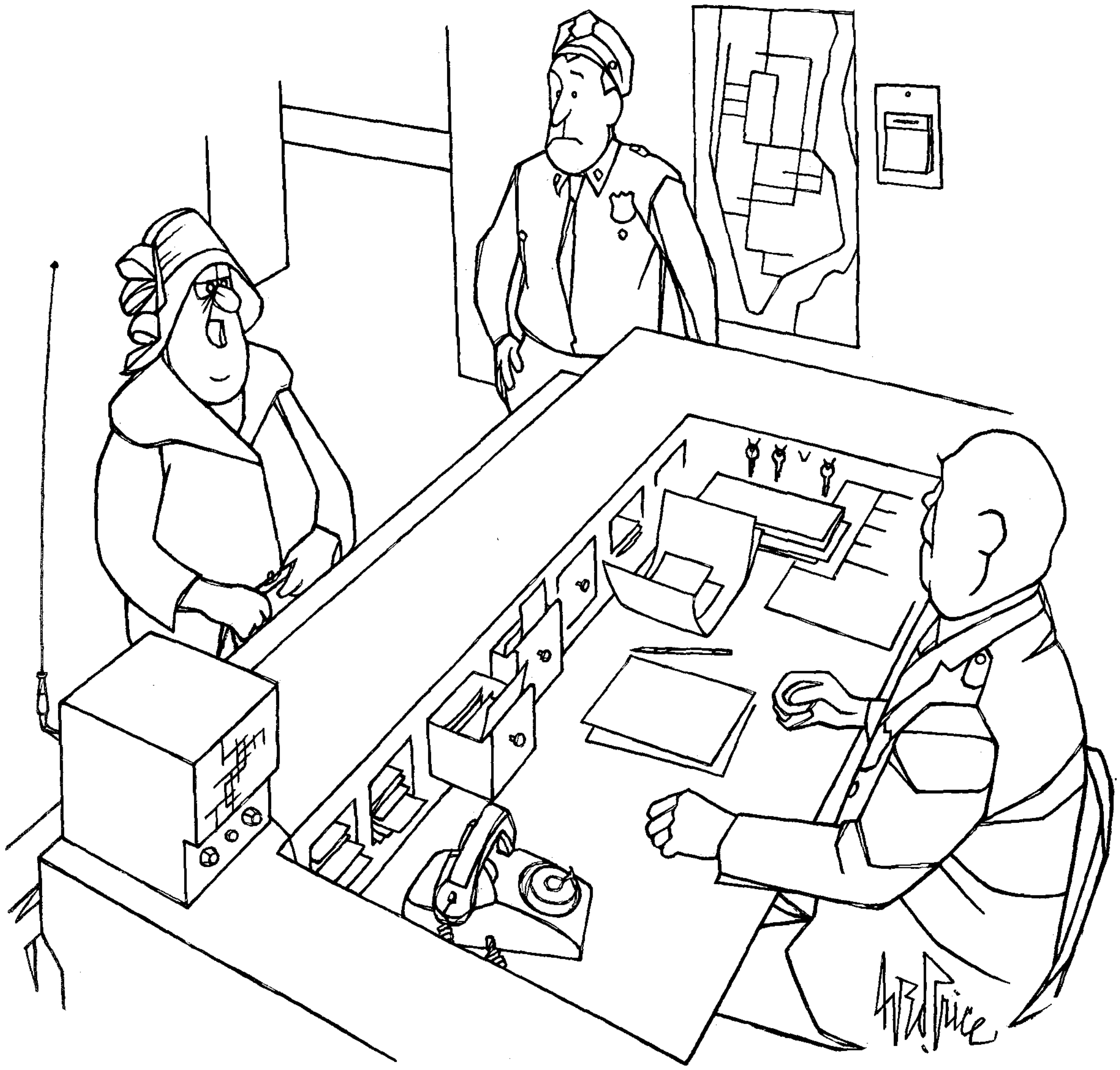
Lewis looked skeptical; Nikos looked indifferent. Ptoloméos gave his prescription. "You take a gold ring. Tonight, when you go to bed, you drop it into a glass of wine and you say some words over it—I'll teach them to you—and then in the morning you drink the wine and rub your finger with the ring. When you pass the wine, the disease will pass."

Poor Lewis was taken aback. While he hesitated, deciding whether to prescribe for Nikos or proscribe against Ptoloméos, Melanie succeeded in diverting his professional attention to the curious practice of cupping. He was alternately amused and outraged by her detailed description of the cups being pried loose from her back with a pop, and our Greeks lost interest. Nikos departed, looking surly and sick, and Ptoloméos got swept off in a vortical dance in which he performed with his usual athleticism, so different from the elegant deportment of our favorite. However, it was clear that Nikos wasn't going to be dancing that evening, or for some time to come, so we apologized for the star's indisposition and walked Lewis to his hotel, promising to pick him up early the next morning.

AS a doctor, Lewis might have liked to visit our local leper colony, I don't know; as an amateur arche-



"Well, if they do everything so much better in Oregon, why don't you flee *to Oregon?"*



"A skinny little runt with a naked dome but heavy on the chin whiskers. Anyway, we're playing footsie in the Automat. First thing I know, he's gone, and so's my peach cobbler."

ologist, certainly he would want to see the famous ruins of the temple to Hera, Queen of Heaven. Melanie proposed neither.

Her suggestion involved a sacrifice on her part and an equal one on mine, for she was just as determined to locate a rumored tenth-century Byzantine church as I was to pursue the rumored El Greco fresco. (Kyriakos Theotokopoulos was said to have visited the island briefly.) Instead—putting Lewis's interests first, she claimed—we would use a day to try to track down a third unlikely rumor, a wild tale she'd picked up about a grotto where schoolchildren left garlands of flowers each spring at the site of an antique cult.

If I demurred, it was for no selfish reason but out of consideration for Lewis's health. "It will do him good," Melanie said seriously and altogether confidently, and Lewis was interested enough when we told him the plan.

From the island's port we had to drive north the length of its deep harbor, then westward along the coast. There were buses every day, taking mail to the fishing villages and farm folk back from their marketing. Our bus was loaded inside and out, with baskets and bags, schoolgirls and priests, live fowl, dead sheep, and fish about halfway between.

The young conductor was handsome. His name was Adonis, and he enjoyed his godlike authority over us. While collecting our tickets, Adonis had worn a hat. With his duty done, he removed the hat and stored it carefully under the driver's seat. For several kilometres, then, he combed his hair in the driver's mirror. When he presented himself again, he smiled down on us paternally and lit a cigarette, though the sign said "No Smoking" in plain Greek. He was pleased with us, we felt, and we all relaxed.

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As we were hurtled through a landscape of obvious antiquity, Lewis found reasons to disparage the live epigones of the heroes and gods. Adonis, for example, was not what he seemed. The bus lurched and leaned, so Lewis couldn't write, but, by careful enunciation, he illustrated that the conductor's name in its modern spelling was, in fact, Antonios—vocative case, Antony.

I objected. I wanted his name to be Adonis; he was Greek, he was handsome. Melanie told us not to argue, it didn't make any difference what he was called, but I continued to refer to him as Adonis. And Lewis, perversely, called him Tony. There is nothing left of ancient Greece, as far as Lewis was concerned, except the ruins and the view, now much altered.

The road was new and smooth, but the landscape was bumpy and we swerved around in it a lot. On top of every bump there sat a smaller bump—the squat, domed shape of a Greek Orthodox church. There was a church on every rearing promontory along the shore, and on the hills above us, capping the highest peaks. The sight of a church requires a devout Greek to cross himself three times for each member of the Trinity—nine times in a row. As we passed chapels to St. Nicholas, St. Michael, St. George, the old women inside the bus were kept busy fanning themselves with their devotions—St. Dimitrios (nine times), St. Athanassos (nine times), St. Luke, St. John the Precursor, St. Theodore, St. Paul . . .

We made unexpected stops. A jug was dropped by the roadside, and we drove on; a rural policeman stepped off and headed reluctantly for the lonely hills, and we drove on. A huge and obviously heavy basket was manhandled by a child, with our conductor's Olympian assistance, up to the roof of the bus. Once, a frantic girl, waving both arms and jumping up and down on the road, brought us to a stop in order to present the driver with a bouquet of flowers—and us with a proud smile. The driver changed the faded for the fresh in the vase stuck to his windshield. He thanked his admirer, and, all smiling, we drove on.

When Adonis put his official hat on again, it was to tell us the next stop was ours. The bus would return at five, he cautioned. Beneath his shirt he was wearing a sweater of undyed wool, and Lewis wanted to ask where he could get one like it for himself, but it was too late. The bus drove on with a hatless conductor. He was reverently combing his hair in the rearview mirror.

With Melanie leading, we turned away from the shore—where chickens approached the waves with insouciance, where boat shapes were raised on trestles and two cats sat in a boat's shade measuring the distance between chickens and sea; black cats, white chickens, blue sea, and boats the hot orange of a prime coat—and walked inland past a ruined mill till we found a stream.

Following the stream upward was strenuous child's play, and the convalescent Lewis was in frequent need of a hand. Hopping from one bank to the other, we tangled with overhanging branches and landed in brambles. We slipped on boulders and fell over logs. If we pursued a path, it would run away from the stream and disappear capriciously, but the sound of the water always found us and led us back. Twice more we passed derelict mills, the wood of their flumes rotting, the iron of their pistons rusty.

Fresh paint, in that desolate valley, was hardly what we expected—fresh paint on trees, at that. Pale, silvery gray shone in stripes, diagonals, and checks on the trunks of three cypress trees growing close together—so close that their limbs converged on high in one exclamatory cypress shape. "A trinity," Melanie said, and in the shade of the trinity, on a whitewashed shelf hanging over the stream, stood a minikin church. Inside, the floor was whitewashed, too, and freshly swept.

The traditional icons, in this meagre church without pews, were printed reproductions out of calendars and magazines. I pointed to a young man, curly-headed and robed in brown, alone in a curly gold landscape. "Who's he?" I asked.

"St. Pandeleímon," replied Melanie, an admirer of tradition, a student of icons.

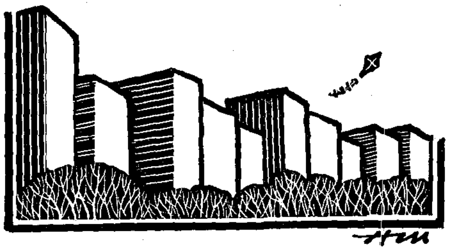
"Who's he?" Lewis repeated the question.

Melanie was scanning the icons. "This must be a church to St. Pandeleímon. There's one in town, right beside the hospital. That's usual, I think; he's a healing saint."

Lewis persisted. "Who was he?"

"I wonder what a church to St. Pandeleímon is doing way out here?" Melanie went on before answering him.

She was well informed. Pandeleímon was a physician, she said, at the time of Diocletian's persecutions. He was an apostate, and therefore safe, but he reconverted to Christianity. When he then refused to re-apostatize, he was arrested. In defiance, he miraculously cured a paralytic and was condemned to death. They tried six different ways to execute the saint: fire, water, liquid lead, wild beasts, the wheel, and the sword. Pandeleímon eventually submitted to decapitation.



Lewis was smiling over the little tin plaques pinned (or tied, some with new ribbon) across the iconostasis. There were *repoussé* images of an arm, a leg, an ear, a heart, a love knot, an abdomen, an infant, a mother, a breast . . .

"Now he's one of the Holy Helpers and the Holy Moneyless Ones because he treated the sick without fees," Melanie said, concluding her hagiology. "We should have brought a liver."

Lewis was unfamiliar with Mela-

COMING HOME

As usual, I was desperate.
I went through your house as if I owned it.
I said, "I need This, This, and This."
But, contrary to all I know of you,
you did not answer, only looked after me.

I've never seen the house so empty, Mother.
Even the rugs felt it, how little
they covered. And what have you done
with the plants? How thankfully
we thought their green replaced us!

You were keeping something like a light.
I had seen it before, a place you'd never been
or never came back from. It was a special way
your eyes looked out over the water. Whitecaps
lifted the bay and you said, "He should be here
by now."

How he always came back!—his drinking,
the fishing at night, all
the ruthless ships he unloaded.
That was the miracle of our lives. Even now
he won't stay out of what I have
to say to you.

But they worry me, those boxes
of clothes I left in your basement. Sometimes
I think of home as a storehouse; the more
I leave behind, the less
you say. The last time
I couldn't take anything.

So I'm always coming back, like tonight,
in a temper, brushing the azaleas
on the doorstep. What did you mean
by it, this tenderness
that is a whip, a longing?

—TESS GALLAGHER

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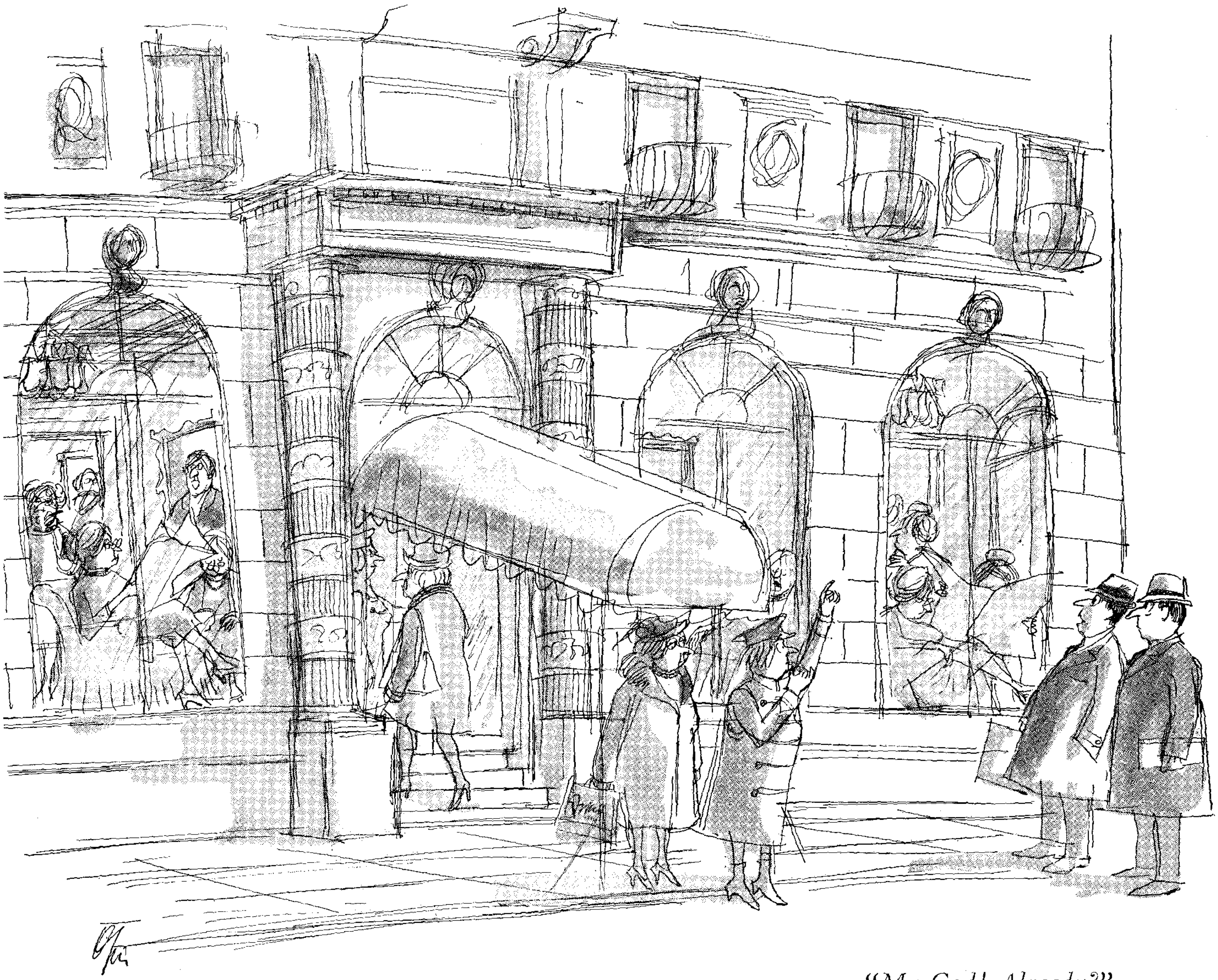


"My God! Already?"

• •

nie's subterraneous logic. "I thought what you were recovering from was a cold," he said.

"Not my liver," she answered reasonably. "Nikos's liver. If we'd known about this place, we could have brought a tin liver for Nikos's jaundice. But who could expect to find a church to St. Pandeleimon so far from a hospital?" Then Melanie lit a candle for Nikos. She looked around the bare church briefly, and gave a full sigh of satisfaction. Then, with no hint of mockery in her voice, she asked, "Shall I light one for you, Lewis?"

"If you could find me a pew so I could sit down for a minute, it would do me a lot more good," Lewis answered, and glared about him. His gaze quickly returned to Melanie, and, in a voice rich with sarcasm, he added, "Pandeleímon, you know, means 'all-compassionate.' " With that, he stalked outside.

Melanie had no reaction to his outburst. She smiled—rather fondly, I thought—at the skinny beeswax candle she had lit and propped in the sand basin that served as a candelabra. It leaned at a disconsolate angle. "I wish we'd brought a liver," Melanie said again. And then she was ready to join Lewis.

Outside the church, spread over a hedge, a laundry was drying—all feminine, it would belong to the priest's wife. Melanie's direction pointed through this informal garden. Just beyond, we reached our goal, where the valley was stopped by the foot of Carbuncle Mountain. Part of the stream, the noisy part, came from above, chuting down the escarpment; part came from a generous spring that rose at this spot. The spring isn't the source entirely, but it is called Mana—"Mother"—just the same.

Lewis forgot his peevishness and fatigue in his wonderment. We found everything as the rumor described, except for the garlands: the stream, washing out all other sounds; a sheer cliff backing it and in the cliff a cave, its ceiling felted with spiderwebs and its still air stinking of goat; below the cave a patch of grass richly panoplied by the netted branches of three great plane trees; two stone shafts, broken but upright, where a temple might have stood.

Abode of gods, whose shrines no
  longer burn.
Even gods must yield—religions
  take their turn

wrote Byron, unhappily, about Greece. Indeed, since Melanie and Lewis had been showing off their antiquarian knowledge all day, I spoke my quotation aloud. And that wasn't my sole contribution. While the others went exploring—Lewis into the cave, Melanie in search of flowers to plant in our own garden—I went to work. The tributary source was choked by a winter's worth of fallen leaves and branches, so that the water from the spring could not drop freely into the main channel. I set myself the chore of clearing away the dam.

Attracted perhaps by an activity so boyish, Lewis presently joined me. When together we tugged the last branch free from the boulders, we were soaked and weary, the sun had passed behind the high cliff, and the valley was filled with shadows. But the water could now cascade down a staircase with rock-to-rock carpeting of bright-green moss, and the new sound was cheerful.

Lewis had to shout over it, "Have we been making a pagan sacrifice?," but I could pretend I hadn't heard. He sank gratefully onto the rocky bank while Melanie opened a thermos of tea. The first cup, for Lewis, spilled a little as she passed it.

"It's good luck," I reminded him. Even modern Greeks make this libation to the ancient gods, or consider a glass spilled accidentally to be a good omen.

"There is only one temple on the island mentioned by the earliest historian, Herodotus, in the fifth century—the temple to Hera," said Lewis.

"We'll take you there tomorrow," I promised. "By taxi."

"Strabo adds a temple to Poseidon," Lewis went on, "but that would be by the sea." I wondered that Lewis should offer Strabo as a reliable source, for it was he who had found the island "so blest . . . it produces even birds' milk."

But Lewis had many sources. "In the second century A.D., Pausanias does say there was a temple to Apollo. I think we must have found it."

It was my opinion that this temple wasn't grand enough or rich enough for Apollo. It might have been a temple to some mild god. Not a powerful or power-loving god who excited cities (I couldn't see Athena and Poseidon squabbling over this grove as they had over Athens). It would be a divinity mortals sought out. A god of mysteries, a beneficent god. A compassionate god, but I didn't know who.

WAITING for the bus to return, we were treated to a pastoral concert. On a hill above the old mill, silhouetted by the sunset, we could see a dotted line of goats. The boy in charge was singing to them, and I wondered how Lewis could think that things had changed so much in Greece.

When the bus arrived, Adonis treated us like old friends, and he offered us cigarettes, but he had never heard of a Temple at Mana. "St. Pandeleímon, the healer," he said—and his sweater had been knit by an aunt.

The bus rounded a turn, and a fresh view set the old ladies on board into renewed flurries of piety: St. Constantine, St. Basil, St. Gregory Theologus, St. Gregory Thaumaturgus . . . Melanie seemed not to be aware of the scenery, yet she mused, "There must be as many saints now as there used to be gods." And Lewis absently concurred.

When we got back to town, the Athens boat was late and the tourist office still open. Before any questions could be entertained, Lewis had to hear, from the Alexandrian refugee who was the agent, how wrong the British had been to abandon Suez to Nasser in 1956. Indignation persisted in his voice when he finally answered us. He knew English, but he didn't know Greece. "No ruins," he snorted. "St. Pandeleímon," he growled. "The healer."

"But why there," asked Melanie, "why way out there?," and was answered with a shrug.

We stopped by for a drink and found the Palais de Danse quiet—quiet save for the sporadic firing of backgammon dice, the chatter of checkers triumphantly taking the board, and the sharp explosion made by card-players as they slammed down their tricks knuckles first. There was no music, but there was Ptoloméos showing off in the center of the floor, moving in slow, contemplative circles to the measure of his own snapping fingers. Not the best dancer on the island—but he was stepping sternly, his arms held straight out from his sides, his head bent to watch what his deliberate feet were doing. Occasionally, he would raise his face in a private sorrowful ecstasy to find solace in the mirror. Till he saw us.

Melanie says the Greek face in repose is the saddest in the world, and the smile the most unexpected, most radiant.

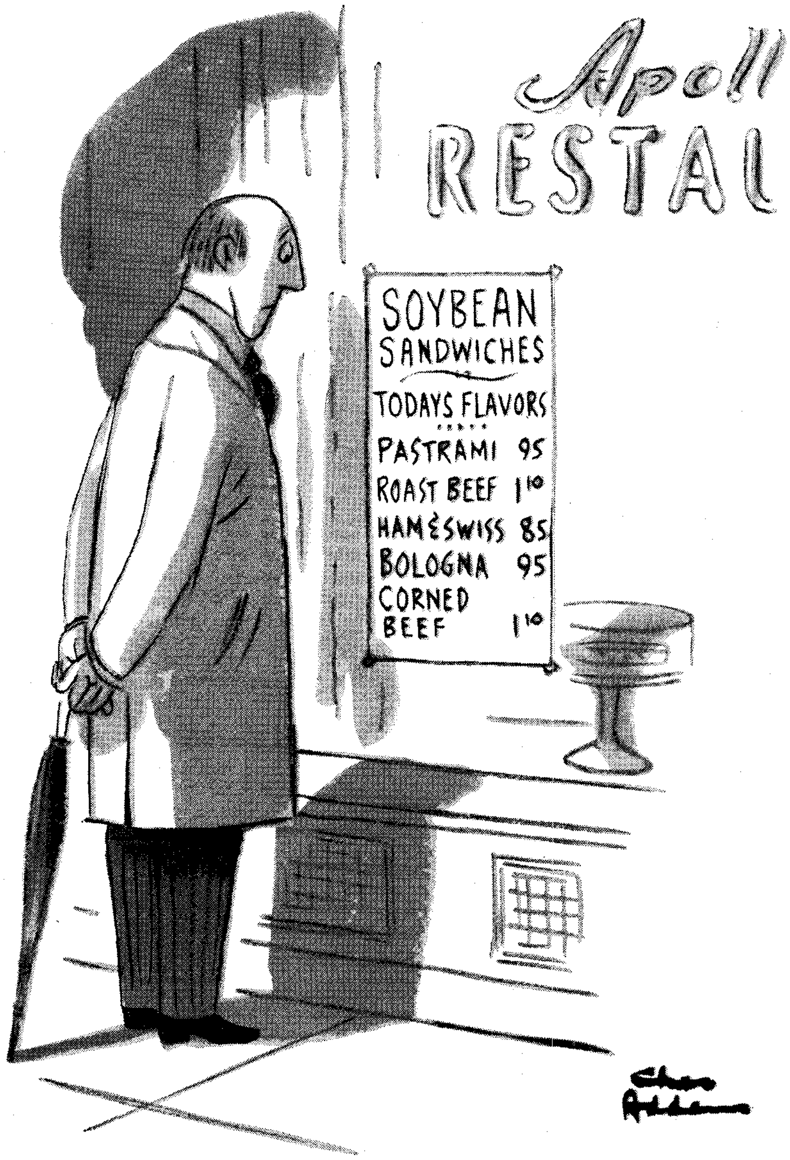
"Have you seen Nikos?" he asked, and called for wine for all of us. Lewis ordered a coffee. "Nikos is cured," said Ptoloméos. "Have you seen him? All better."

"That's impossible," Lewis stated firmly.

"But it's true," answered Ptoloméos, and drank to our health. "I haven't seen him, but everyone says so. Everyone says he's cured."

"Quite impossible. He has jaundice."

"Ptoloméos?" Melanie interrupted cautiously. "You know the

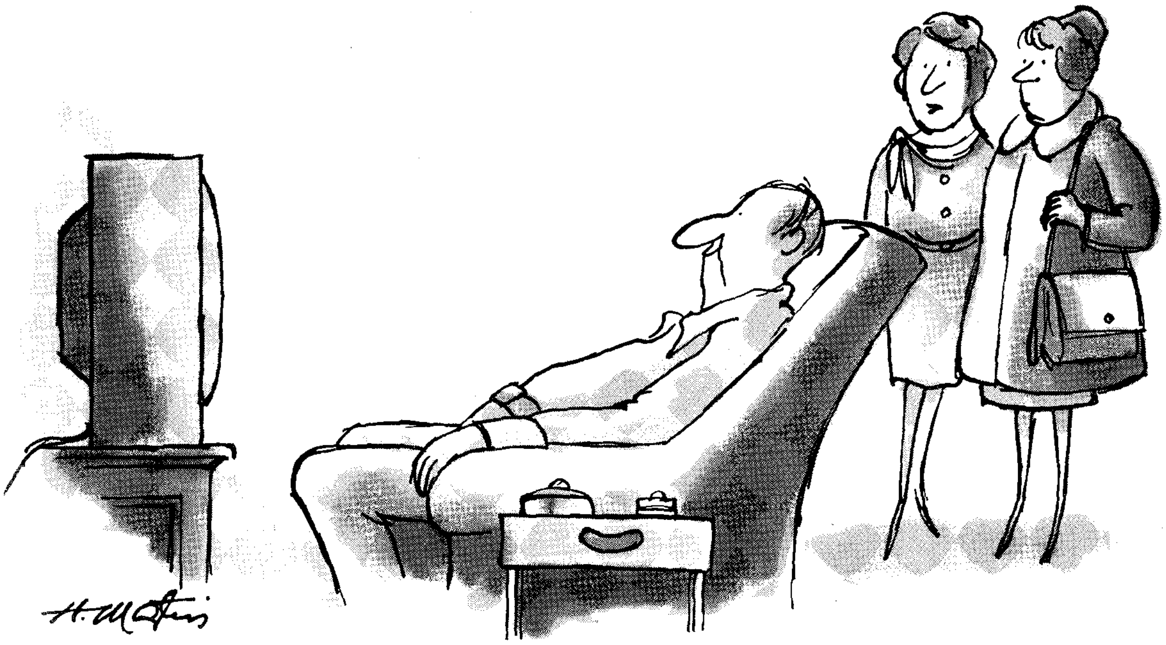


little church to St. Pandeleímon, the healer?" She described our perilous route.

"Of course I know it. Your health."

"Your health. Well, can you tell me what it's doing out there? Shouldn't it be close to a hospital?"

"Oh, but it is!" Ptoloméos spoke with surprise. Lewis was quite unaware of what was coming, but it was clear to me that Melanie had guessed at something on the bus coming home, and knew where her questions were taking her. "You should have gone farther," Ptoloméos went on. "Farther, at a spot called Mana, there are the ruins of a little temple. Just two little columns left."



"Harvey lives in a little world all his own—Channel 5."

• •

"Oh, we saw it," Lewis said confidently. "It's a temple to Apollo, isn't it? We thought it must be. Pausanias says . . ."

"Apollo? No, not Apollo. Why Apollo? It's a temple to Aesculapius."

Lewis suddenly had the look of consternation of someone who has chewed something and cannot with delicacy spit it out—and will not swallow.

Melanie asked her next question of Ptoloméos and looked at Lewis. "Why? Who was Aesculapius?"

"A god," said Ptoloméos.

"An all-compassionate god?" asked Melanie.

Lewis swallowed. "The god who was worshipped by Hippocrates," he informed us ruefully. "His famous temples were at Cos and Epidaurus. They were more than temples, in fact; they were the first hospitals."

A little maliciously, Melanie persisted. "Aesculapius, the healer, you mean?"

"Aesculapius, the healer," Lewis admitted.

"The patron of doctors," Ptoloméos added.

Melanie finally laughed. "Oh, Lewis, you've been practicing without a license. Your sacrifices! They were answered." She laughed some more.

I tried to cheer him up. "At least the patient got better."

"Impossible. He has jaundice," said Lewis with a frown that could have been either nervous or cross. But when Nikos arrived there was no doubt about his health. The English doctor stared at the clear Greek eyes and the clear Greek skin. Nikos seemed completely well, though a bit battered. He insisted we have a drink with him—Lewis, too. Lewis declined. Nikos scoffed.

Lewis couldn't wait to begin his iatric defense. "Did you go to the doctor, my child?"

"I went to the doctor, Doctor."

"Didn't you have jaundice?"

"Yes, I had jaundice."

"Well?"

"Well? He sent me to the pharmacy."

"Well?" Lewis let out a long sigh and began to breathe easily.

"Instead, I went to the old woman."

Ptoloméos broke up the antiphon. "What old woman, my child?"

"She's a friend of my mother's, my child."

"She's a witch," screeched Ptoloméos, "and you are a superstitious, ignorant cuckold. Why didn't you try my remedy? I was going to teach you the words."

We interrupted, less impressed with Ptoloméos's outrage than with the old woman's medical breakthrough. "What did the old woman do? Nikos?"

"She cut me," Nikos said defiantly. "Here," and he rolled back his upper lip and showed us the bleeding tendon. "Here," and he pointed to the little blood clot between his eyes that had given him the battered appearance. "And here." He bowed his head forlornly, and in the matted hair were two gashes in the form of a cross.

"Now," said Nikos, dropping his piteous manner, "we'll all drink a health." He was patently his normal, ebullient self again, and we looked forward to some brilliant dancing. "You, too, Lewis," he said.

Lewis stirred his coffee unhappily.

"At least, Lewis, you don't have to credit my candle to St. Pandeleímon."

"Yes, there's that," Lewis answered Melanie gloomily.

"And at least," I offered, "you don't have to blame the pilgrimage to Aesculapius's temple, and the offering of your labors."

"Yes. There's that," he allowed.

"I'm glad that Nikos never tried your gold-ring cure, though, Ptoloméos," Melanie said.

"Why not?" blazed out the indignant Ptoloméos. "It would have worked."

"Of course it would," said Melanie.

But Lewis now had a theory, too. His manner suddenly brightened. "In Turkey," he said, "if a man has jaundice, everyone in the village chases him with a pitchfork. They throw him on the ground and threaten him with pitchforks. It works. He's cured. It frightens the liver out of him." Lewis smiled. "I expect it's the shock," he said. "The shock could do it."

"Yes, Lewis," said Melanie, "there's that."

—STROWAN ROBERTSON

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Perhaps the mayor, Walter E. Washington, said it best when he declared, "You never appreciate something until ball team. So many, in fact, that if all you lose it."—*Washington Post.*

Perhaps. But there's room to wonder.

CERTAIN HARD PLACES

THIS story is about something that happened in New York City shortly after abortion had become legal but before the President went to China. There were those two facts, and I should remember.

I'd just returned from several years abroad when I called Danny. He was no stranger. We were students at the New School, where we had many discussions in the cafeteria. He was advanced then, already on his doctorate in sociology. I went to classes at night, and in the daytime worked at Bellevue on the hospital newspaper, which gave me topics for sociology and money for rent. He liked me a lot then. I could tell. Still, I steered clear. He was a big guy, usually decked out in plaid wool shirts and large corduroys—he was too wide for jeans. He had shortish arms and legs, enormous hands, and a powerful chest. I felt attraction, sympathy—he was so amiable, and willing—but there was something about him that left me uneasy. Even while I was thinking how likable he was, I'd notice how his fingernails were bitten down to the quick, how he swayed his whole body slowly as he talked. His complexion was blotchy, and since he'd stay up at night reading, his eyes were often red. But what bothered me most was the dispersion of everything, *the sense of diffusion, of, well, help*lessness in the way his large features seemed to float across his face, how his head of curly hair haplessly frizzed out around the edges. I must have been unsure of myself then, too.

We were both deeply interested in sociology, though I knew my commitment was not worth as much as his. I was saving from my salary to go to Europe. When I told Danny I was going, that I wanted to go to Florence and see the museums, he said he was surprised I'd choose such a classical pastime, and warned me about becoming irrelevant. Though of course I'd still exist.

I stayed three years in Europe, mostly Italy, and meanwhile heard in letters that Danny had been taken on as an instructor at a city college. I, too, made headway; I found a job teaching English with Berlitz, learned to speak good Italian, and sold two articles to American magazines. It was on the plane back that I decided to call him. I was flying home to see my parents, line up assignments, find an agent. I was enjoying the flight. Who knows, I thought, but that in these still formative years Danny, too, had pulled himself together? I was curious, and I thought something would happen.

So I called him. We arranged to meet at five in the lobby of the expanded New School, on Fifth Avenue, in the building I remembered as Lane's Department Store. I waited inside and saw him approaching the glass doors. He had on a brown shaggy sweater and dark-brown pants. He was bulky as ever, but he'd grown a beard. That and the dark clothes gave him a certain solidity. He came plunging through the revolving door. We were really glad to see each other.

In honor of our common past, we went to Ratner's, where the waiter gave us the bread basket the minute we sat down.

"Well, Margo," Danny said, looking at me from across the table and three years of absence, "I guess Europe must have fed only healthy things into you."

"Oh, right," I said, patting my thigh. "Three years of spaghetti."

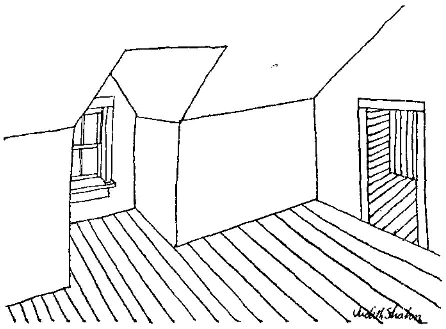
"No," he said gravely. "I mean, you look more—put together, more in touch with yourself."

One thing I learned in Europe was to avoid abstractions, and to talk in anecdotes; struggling in a foreign language, I had to be concrete. So I told him a story I'd picked up somewhere. "Once in Greece," I said, "at the *Academy, there was a certain door* with a plaque over it inscribed 'Only Those Who Know the Secret May Enter.' Everyone looked at it, and thought about it, and knew *they* didn't know the secret, and the door stayed closed. Until one day somebody just went up to it and opened the door and walked through—that was the secret."

"That's what you learned in Greece?" Danny looked a little blank.

"No. Yes!" I really liked that story. "I learned it by, well, travelling, living in different countries, one, then another, but surviving in each of them. Self-reliance, the bird in the hand, *right? You can do anything, but* you've got to do."

His face cleared. He smiled. "Why, Margo," he said, "that's wonderful!"



His smile kept on spreading. We both flushed, higher and higher, clasping our steamy glasses of tea. My warm friend, I thought, oh my old pal, my kinsman. I remembered his ardor for me three years ago, and I considered the moral of the story I had just finished telling.

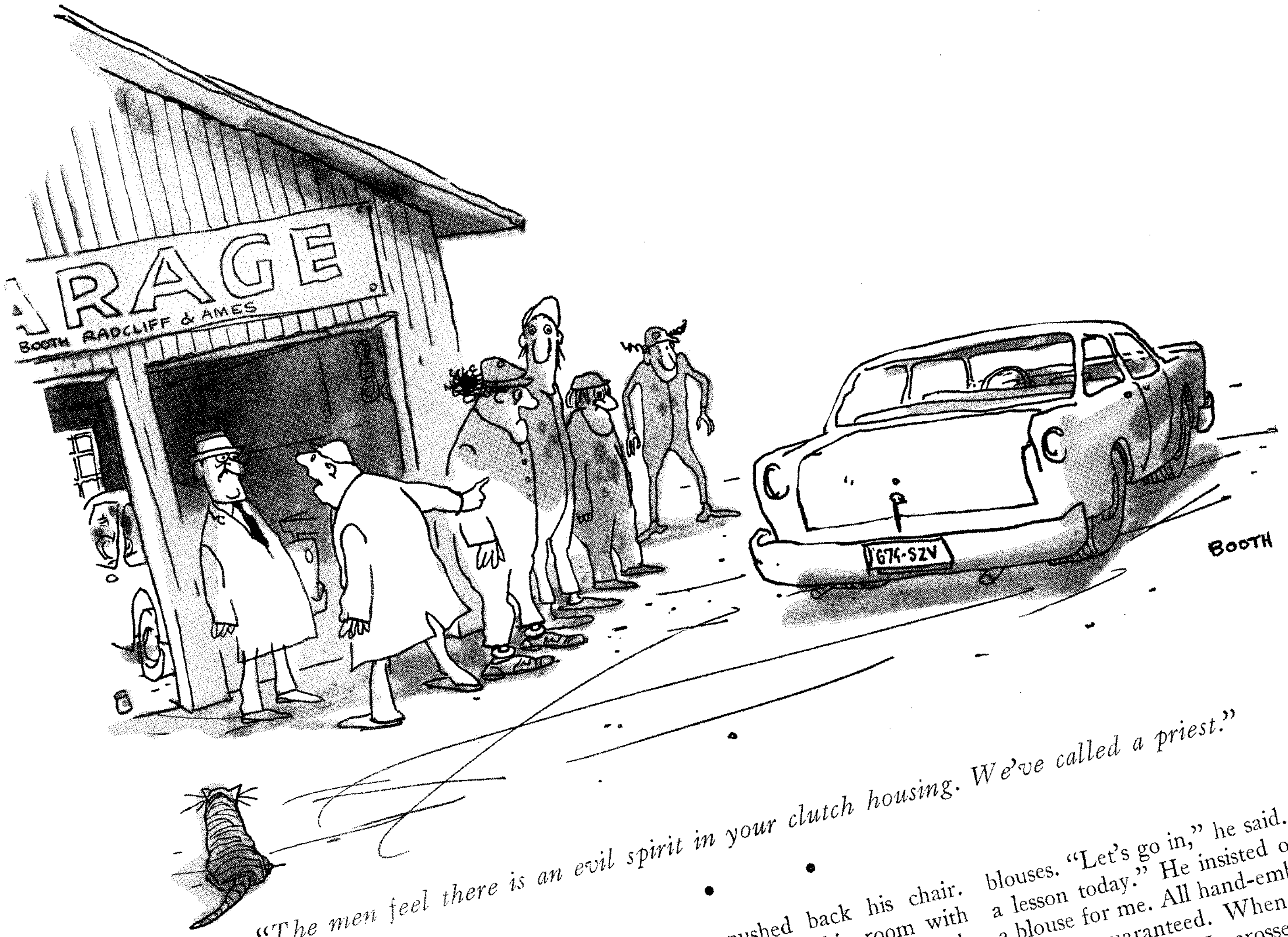
So I suggested it. "Danny," I said, laying my hand lightly on his sleeve. "Dear, why don't we walk later to your place?"

His face went to pieces. He turned pale. He plunged forward as though his head, his big shoulders, could fall apart into my lap. He said, in a whisper, "Nothing's . . . been easy for me lately."

He'd quit the New School in protest before finishing his Ph.D., and lost the college teaching post for ridiculing the curriculum. With friends, all Ph.D. candidates, he'd formed a political consciousness-raising group, whose technique was to enroll themselves back at the city college, as freshmen, but in the sociology courses they had already taught. I said that from the outside this seemed like a dead end, but he said no, because his role in class now was to interrupt with questions exposing the professor's bias, thereby alerting the students. But still he felt stymied. His students were middle-class and easily bored, and he was ambivalent, too, about the other group members, who, he felt, were politically conscious but *not personally warm.*

He lived by giving math lessons—I knew he had that bent—and though he now rejected social sciences for their reliance on statistics, he found he could easily make a living tutoring New Yorkers in Boolean algebra for computers. So from one executive he could count on five hours a week, and three more teaching the new math to the six-year-old son of a psychiatrist in Queens. "For three weeks running," he said, "I'm ushered right out afterward; but the end of the month, when they pay me, they bring out fancy candy and liquor. I'm like the mailman at Christmas; they're so condescending."

He had given up the airy apartment I'd known near the New School and moved crosstown to a railroad flat on Avenue B. "Ethnically I know it's shot," he admitted, "but it's still a community. They still have real family." He got this apartment from a fellow-student, a history candidate who moved uptown when he transferred his credits to Columbia, and charged Dan four hundred and fifty dollars for his exposed-brick walls and built-in cabinets. This flat was ten feet across, forty long, and overrun with roaches, he



"The men feel there is an evil spirit in your clutch housing. We've called a priest."

said. He saw them the night he moved in, but he had found he could control them by spreading boric-acid powder around and by leaving the lights on.

At this point, Dan must have thought he'd told me more than he had, because he paused, waiting, with his head down, expecting me to speak, and when I didn't say anything he blurted out, "Look. All I want is to live so I feel close to people. Is that so inconceivable? Margo? But I feel so blockaded, it's stifling, a suffocation. I can't reach out; my whole environment cramps me." He lowered his eyes again and began to talk about the political group. "We're all trying to be warmer," he said. "Maybe we'll buy some land together."

An elderly waiter in a yellow jacket came over and took away our bread basket. "That's not our waiter," Danny said. "He wants to pick over our best onion rolls for that family at his own table. The poor old *pischer*—oh, Christ, let him go; seventy years old, stealing bread for his tips. That's what Yiddishness has come to on Second Avenue. To think this place was built in the days of our Socialist grandfathers." He pushed back his chair. "C'mon, let's go. This big room with its hanging mirrors is like Nebuchadnezzar's palace."

Actually, I'd always liked Ratner's and the other big Jewish restaurants—the uptown cafeterias that reminded me of ocean liners, with long curving chrome counters and fifty kinds of cold salads. Still, I knew what Danny meant. The place could make you feel alien; besides, I didn't like the prices.

Sunset reddened the storefronts on Second Avenue. I hadn't remembered it was cobbled. We crossed the street and, arm in arm, walked along, past ashcans, pushcarts, laundry hanging, past pots and frying pans on the sidewalk, baby carriages filled with groceries and babies. As in Europe, where it's poorer there is more out in the open. When we got to First, we stopped at a fruit stand blocking the corner. While Dan was buying a bag of apples, I looked at the bins of fruit. In Italy, in the marketplace, reading and pronouncing every label, I learned to spell, and to talk.

In the window of a Polish dress shop Dan spotted some embroidered blouses. "Let's go in," he said. "I gave a lesson today." He insisted on buying a blouse for me. All hand-embroidered, the lady guaranteed. When we came out, it was dark. We crossed the next street, Avenue A, and, leisurely, confiding—I told him about the language school, he told me about a boy from Georgia who lived in the flat above his—started down the block of the old immigrant flats, with rusty fire escapes all the way up the brick fronts and with families from the tenements sitting on the stoops.

"Danny," I said, "*why* do you feel so bad about your life? I mean, what's wrong, say, with that family in Queens?"

"Well," he said, "they're funny, and they all like each other, but that whole . . . *class* is so insensitive. Even as parents. I mean, when they want to yell at the kid, they pull him over to them by his hair. So long and blond, the most beautiful thing that child has, and they pull on it. It's so humiliating."

"It also hurts."

"Well, anyway."

Danny left me in front of a building on the far side of Avenue B and went

Wm Hamilton

"What do you suppose it means, Nedsy, when everything that's going on consists of stuff that's coming back?"

• •

upstairs to make a telephone call—either about a math lesson or the political group, I forget. And I walked ahead a little, looking in the lighted windows of the Puerto Rican stores. I wondered how long it would take me to learn Spanish. Boys passed by and made remarks, like the teen-agers in Rome, who come up to you with shoe-shine on their hair and say "Nice Forum—you like?" Danny caught up with me and said, "Did you have any trouble, guys looking at you? You know why? They can see how you're dressed, how you're not from the neighborhood."

"Oh," I said. "In Italy they look just because I'm a woman."

We came to his building, which had a grey slate stoop and a black iron railing. I remarked that the hand-carved pediment over the door looked as if it was done by an Italian.

"All right," he said, pausing on the stairs. "Before, you wanted an example. Here's this skinny kid upstairs, from Georgia, only now he's so cramped, so depressed he's immobilized—the city's bleeding him white. Doesn't eat, couldn't find work, so he sold his guitar, right? I mean, it's obscene enough that he arrives in New York without any money. Now the lousy kid can't have music, either. I gave him my radio."

We went up another flight and down a narrow hallway, past walls of patterned tin, and stopped at his door. He put his key in, lifted and pushed, and the iron bar of a police lock scraped on the wooden floor inside. The electric light was on—I'd forgotten about the bugs when we were walking over here—and, leaning around his shoulder, I looked in. I expected exposed brick, but what I saw instead everywhere was books. All over. Books stretching up to the ceiling—paperbacks, hardcovers, packed in tight, crammed on shelves against the walls, and even boarding up the window. The floor was buried ankle-deep in magazines, pamphlets, catalogues, typed term papers, stacks of newspapers waiting to be read. A leather armchair for reading stood in the middle of the room, with a hassock and a side table holding a record-player. Beyond one bookcase was a strip of brick wall. A lumberjacket hung from a nail.

The place was a dump, but I walked in, sort of padding over the papers, and took off my coat.

I asked Dan to make some tea, to make us feel at home, and while he boiled water on the hot plate I walked around the front room, looking at book titles, then around the middle room, and then through to the back. "Very nice woodwork here, Dan," I called out. "But tell me, why is this bed built two feet from the ceiling?"

"Lower East Side split-level, ha, ha," he called back. "It's to make closet space underneath. I never hung the curtain."

When I returned to the front room, he'd put a record on—Heifetz, I think—and was sitting on the hassock. I sat down in the armchair. "Here's your tea," he said, handing it to me, and while I was sitting there with the glass in both my hands he leaned down and slipped my shoes off and, cupping his hands under my heels in their nylons, he gently brought both my feet up to lie across his lap. "Lean back, sip your tea," he said. "Slowly. It's hot." We listened for an hour, and then I said, "Dan," when the record-changer clicked itself off.

Looking down, he stroked my ankles. "I guess you'll need your shoes on, for walking back to the bed." Still he sat there, looking vague and unfocussed. His face began to blur to me, as though I saw him underwater, and with one thick arm dangling he reached down toward the floor. He brought up my left shoe, sniffed at the inside, and, closing his eyes, brought his face forward to sniff my outstretched foot.

My mouth fell open, but no words came out.

Shaking his head, he put the shoe down and brought up the other shoe, sniffed around inside it, and smiled, surprised and pleased, as if stirring, dreaming, in his sleep. He slipped it on my foot. "With you," he said, "I can't tell my right from my left."

"You clown," I said. "How can you stand to smell people's feet?"

He shrugged. "Yeah, well, basically I'm a homebody." He nuzzled my head as we walked together through the papers, past the walls of books. Through the ceiling I heard country-and-Western and thought, Dan's radio yet. Later, drifting off to sleep, with the ceiling one foot above me, I remember thinking, For God's sake, who wouldn't be cramped by such an environment?

I PROBABLY haven't made Danny sound too attractive. I'm sure I couldn't have explained it to any of the girls I knew, and certainly not, on the above basis, to Jane, who was married, and my most trusted friend of all, and whose Riverside Drive apartment I'd apparently deserted. Each night when I'd phone and tell her not to expect me, I'd say only that I had called an old friend and it was a four-day date. What I felt in Dan's presence wasn't a thing I could have explained on the phone. He could still give off intimations of diffuseness, yet what I felt in him now was a solid core—schmalz and humor, sure, but more; he seemed to have a basic bulk of humanity that, combined with his physical bigness, did not leave me unmoved.

"YOU know what I liked about you back in school?" he said. We were sitting in his car, which he never removed from its parking space on Second Avenue. We'd bought scallions from the vegetable stand to dip in a container of sour cream and eat with rolls left over from breakfast at Ratner's. "You'd give such earnest reports in sociology seminar, then once you told me you were so scared you'd stayed up all night rehearsing but, before taking the elevator up to class, for luck you'd stopped in the lobby, to find Hannah Arendt's name in the phone book." He looked out through the windshield. "That was so vulnerable, I loved it." Then down at the open container of sour cream. "People are so much more human than they admit. You think Marx is all economics, but it's human relationships—people involved, participating, people belonging." Aroused, he sat up. "Marx's test of social activity, his whole ethical theory, was that people are happy when they feel close, when they feel they're helping each other. But that depends on society, and when the relationships are competitive you can't have community. You can't care for others if class means every step you take is at someone else's expense, if even your success comes from someone else's failure. Can such a man be your brother? I mean, *beyond* the family."

I was taken by his seriousness and shifted to face him.

"Look at this city," he went on. "You must have done some of those second-semester papers—capitalism and alienation, mass man and anomie. . . . Look at these ghetto streets. No wonder they're the only ones left with any life, with real neighborhood. You know why I moved over here from the West Side? I was cramped, all those high-rises going up around me. I'd rather live in the ghetto than be sealed inside a cubicle. Even here on Second Avenue, more high-rises going up. What's happening is so classic I could teach it backward and forward." He spread his hands. "That's why I was fired."

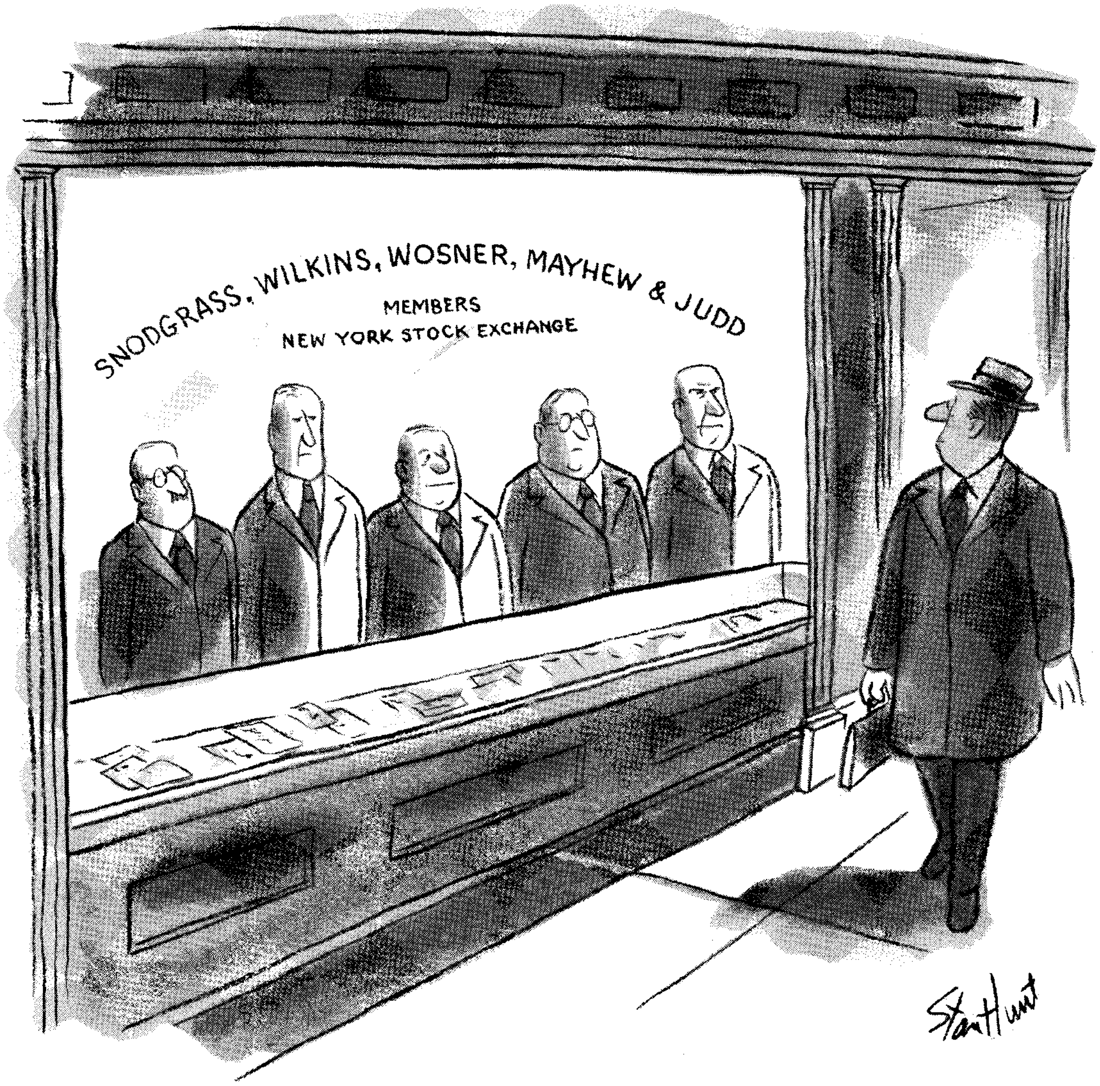
I wanted to hear what Danny wanted so much to say, and encouraged him to talk, and he did talk at length to me during those days—about life in the city, mass alienation, middle-class depression, isolation, disconnectedness.

Meanwhile, we were sitting inside a parked car. This fact does not escape me, but where else in the city can adults have proximity to the street while sitting to talk together about things that go on? You can't do it in restaurants; it gets too expensive. And, while Nedick's was cheaper than Ratner's, we'd have had to stand. But here in the car we could sit close by the curb, with lunch on our laps, from right on the corner, and only a glass windshield separating us from what was visible, immediate, on the street. I like to think it was because it *was* so visible that Dan found much to say, and was so moved by what he saw.

And we saw so much, so much that could be eased if only, Dan pointed out, people could know one another's pain. "I mean, doctors, right? They're the first who should care. Their whole job is to cure illness. Yet even doctors in our society learn to compete, to think of profit . . . as if patients with less money were more expendable. It's so ugly, such a corruption."

Another time, he said, looking more pained than angry, "Isn't it insane? Babies are born and lined up in identical bassinets, and if one set of parents instead of another takes you home and they happen to have thinner wallets in their pockets you will get inferior health care for the rest of your life."

He stretched across me to the glove compartment, to pull out a paperback book. A wad of parking tickets fell onto my feet. "You should read this," he said. "It's by a British surgeon in China. Radical Socialist medicine—



THE ARENA

You can't decide whether or not
to leave your wife. She is not beautiful
to you. She is boring, she has devoted
herself to the A & P, to Friday night
pizza. She is so boring you think
she has gone crazy. You are not crazy.
You always knew you never loved her.

As soon as I saw that squalor
you live in, I knew it wasn't
going to be possible for you
to pry yourself loose.
You imagine you can, however.
You are studying the matter, giving it
grave and serious study. You are even
examining your life
from the point of view of several philosophies.

Now you have gone to the trouble
of hiring an arena, and have ordered costumes.
This is the way you want it,
the whole works, a full orchestra
and original music for the occasion.
The staff of experts alone is costing you
a fortune. Everyone must be paid Equity wages.
You've had the entire place draped
in bunting. I think the color you have chosen
is bad but I don't say anything.

I didn't realize you were so keen
on pomp. Your life is so perfectly ordinary,
cornflakes and sliced banana for breakfast,
then the commuter bus. To stimulate
your imagination, the New York *Times*
and the *Wall Street Journal.* I suppose
I might have known there was something
more dramatic behind your hooded eyes.

This is it then. It's to be the arena.
You will arrive alone, your robe
embroidered and flowing, in your sedan chair.

Your wife doesn't need to be persuaded;
she feels this drama even more sharply
than you do. She can't wait for the spectacle
in the costumes you have chosen for us.
She wants to tear my eyes out.
She wants to shoot me
with the gun you have given her.

The great day is approaching.
Already your friends are hawking tickets
in the streets. I see there are posters
stuck up in windows of laundries
and drugstores. Such a bad job.
My name isn't even spelled right.

I've just heard something else.
You have ordered ten thousand oversize
thumbs which will be given out
to the spectators. And not only that;
you have bought five or six lions
and you are not feeding them.
My poor darling, they will turn on you.
You will be reported to the humane society.
Besides, you will be paying for this
forever. They will garnishee
your income tax deductions.

All this is beside the point.
The point is, I have never even met
your wife. And she is a woman like me
with her own sorrows.
I am handicapped already.

If I can somehow get to her
before the day of the arena
maybe we can work out something
together. No. It is hopeless. She knows
things will never be the same again.
Even the cornflakes will taste
of sawdust and disaster.

—NAOMI LAZARD

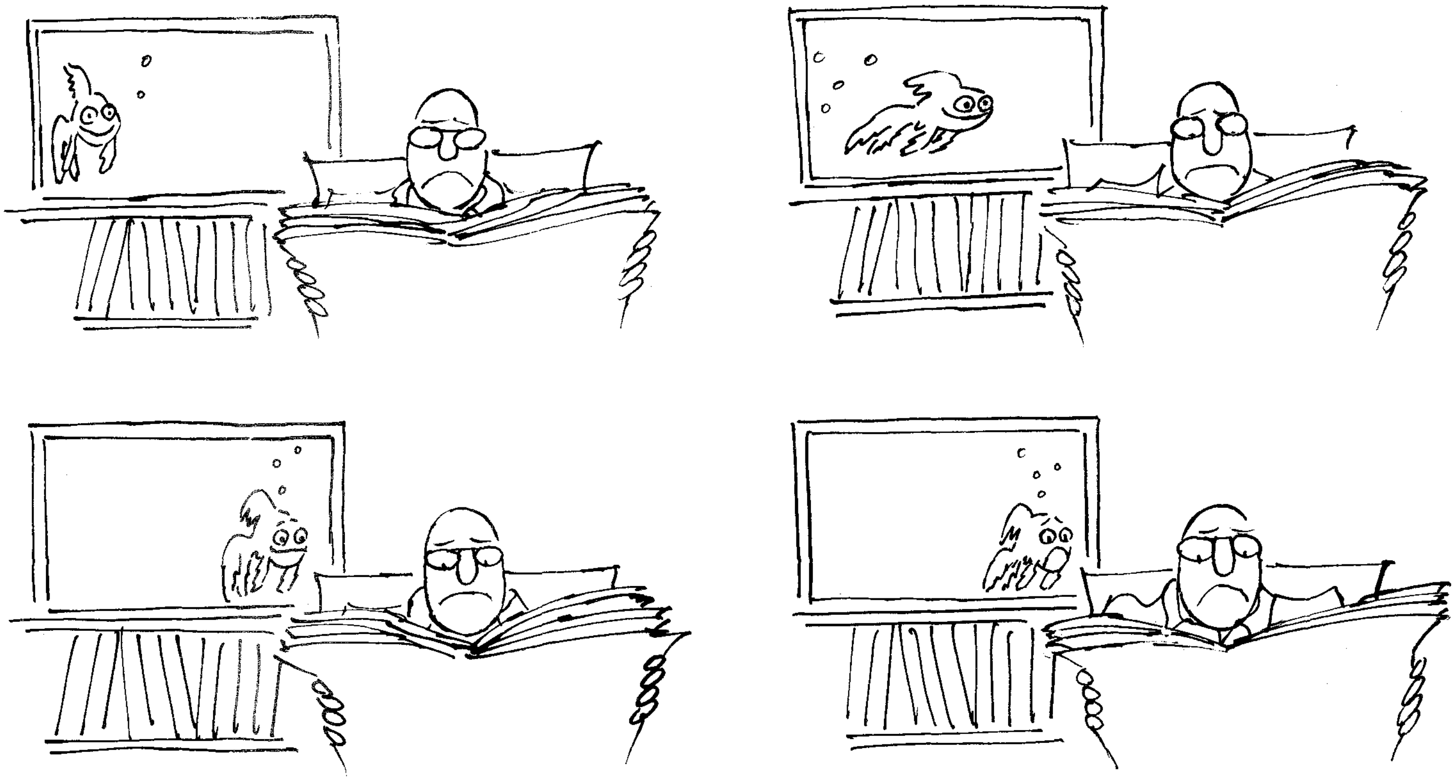
• •

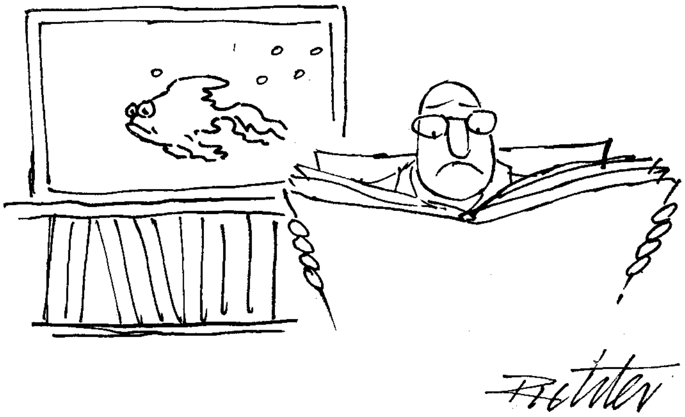
how they respect you, they've such concern." He leafed through the pages. "God, imagine discussing medicine in terms of human relationships! And they can do that there, that's how they think, because the goal beyond medicine is to bring people closer. They made a community in this hospital, Marg, like a family." He showed me parts he'd underlined. "Collective decision-making; nurses, relatives, even orderlies make suggestions. Sometimes patients can help map their own treatment. They have question periods. Here are fellow-patients making ward rounds with the doctor. Everyone works together, everyone's learning. You're not just a dumb animal that gets an injection. It says acupuncture was revived during the Cultural Revolution. Well, know why, I think? Because it's a Socialist value that people should participate, be active and alert, comprehend their experience—in this case, the patient his operation. Whereas here, for Chrissake, you're supposed to sleep through it like through everything else. Just be passive, don't ask questions, don't bother the doctor. God, anesthesia's another form of alienation."

"Well," I said, "I know I've been away. I see your idea, but—I'm not sure about doctors. I'm not sure it *is* political. I'm not even sure it's so different in China, because—" I had to shift my legs, it was so cramped in his car.

"You're wrong," he said, leafing through the book and sighing. "We see *them* as regimented. If they saw Second Avenue, they'd think we were monsters. Look at that crazy old wino there, lying on the sidewalk. Y'know what that comes from? Treating each other like pieces of merchandise. Even someone's illness becomes another's source of profit. Except that slob can't pay, so his illness is irrelevant."

The book slid from his lap, and he leaned down and extracted it from the parking tickets on the floor. "The other day I was in Ratner's, arguing about recognition for China, and the waiter—a *worker*—said, 'Eight hundred million. Imagine if everyone buys one Bayer aspirin.' And all I said was 'That's nice. We're not even friends yet and already we're wishing them





headaches.' ” He placed the book on my lap. “Read it, *Ketzele*. My whole point is, if your doctor has to make a profit, he can't afford to treat you as one of the family.” He looked out the window. “But how could you know? You've never had that experience.”

Sitting and talking with Dan in the parked car those days was like the way Europeans talk with close friends in cafés. Cued usually by things we saw right there on the street, his observations, his comments followed no real pattern, and I find I can remember only isolated fragments. I also find I can't forget them. For example, his theory of compassion.

“I guess,” he said once, “I have this theory of compassion. People think it's competition that makes you resourceful; they're wrong. It's caring. *That's* when you try harder, when you put yourself, passionately, in the other person's place; you identify so much you're desperate to help. When Che Guevara heard his mother had cancer, he was so desperate he tried to find a cure at home in the basement. In China they'll operate on paralytics. Their barefoot doctors cross mountains to reach peasants. Our doctors won't even make house calls in the city. But the Chinese, they'll move heaven and earth to help; they're Socialists, and they identify.”

One afternoon, he said, “When I taught at college, I ate in the faculty dining room, and while all the food was bought for bottom prices by the city, ours was somehow nicer, better than in the students' cafeteria. And I'd sit there watching the head of my department, this élitist that already makes fifteen thousand and could afford to eat out, come in and eat better food than his own students and then go in to lecture about the Urban Poor—you know, the Puerto Rican, the black waiters who were washing his dishes. He was so odious.” Dan winced. “I felt such revulsion.”

Another time, he said, “My freshman year at Yale, they kept telling us how great we were, how many other guys we'd kept out. That was supposed to make us feel good. And I was so impressed by the place—not just by the library. I was even impressed by the bathrooms, how clean they kept them for us. I thought, Gee, that's so nice, they really care about their students. . . . Only they cared about us at everyone else's expense.”

And: “Never mind why, but when I was eighteen my father and I were arguing a lot, and he had me placed for a month in a psychiatric hospital. He was a doctor, he could do it. Still, it wasn't so bad: I could talk with the patients and orderlies, I worked on math problems. The worst part was I had to talk to a psychiatrist. Even so, I wanted to be honest with him, confide, and I told him how ever since I was little I'd felt, I don't know, *instinctively* that there was something beautiful, sublime, high that men envision and yearn for. And he said, ‘How long have you had these feelings?’ Do you see? They make everything pathological, every emotion's a symptom. They can't just relax and say, ‘That's a given in human nature—people want naturally to be open, trusting, cooperative.’ That's how it was for years—even social science at Yale. I'd say ‘beauty,’ ‘courage,’ and they said I was being metaphysical. Or I'd say most people are exploited, and they'd tell me I was paranoid. I felt in a desert. Reading on my own, I found the only writers who spoke unashamedly of courage, resilience, joy, who insisted *every* man's life had all these potentialities. They weren't psychiatrists, sociologists. They were Marxists. You're lucky, really; you still have that ahead of you. Read Mao, too, now that you're back—how he describes the New Man, the hope he holds out to us. In these books there's such a sense of family, community, that you and I, Margo, are just missing out on.”

He said, “I'm not paranoid, you understand, but what can I think? Racism, sexism, rampant divorce, the generation gap—these divisions go together. Any Socialist knows that.”

He said, “So they fired me from the college—said I'd alienated the professors. How could I do that? They were alienated to begin with. They'll always teach their own side. Their interests are so self-serving, so puny. That whole middle class—you've seen them uptown, how confused they look, how anxious about style. ‘Life style’—hey, that's a new one since you left. As if the terms on which you live and die were only questions of style. Of course, the middle class is completely despiritualized; they have no values. Values? That's what you get at Macy's.... It's wearying, Margo. The Chinese are so far ahead. They must feel so sorry for us.”

And: “We can't even conceive what human personality could be. Look at our mothers, expressing themselves through their furniture.”

And: “Still, *people*. Oh Marg, look at them out there! Part of my deal for getting out of the psychiatric hospital was to work one summer in a nursing home, and I saw, hot afternoons, all these old, these old ladies, they, well, they lie on their beds masturbating, alone, off in corners. And I had seen them downstairs, in the dining room, right, their leathery faces, how mean and nasty they could be. But even old and decrepit, there's such basic self-love; they don't question that they deserve pleasure. Human beings, it's encouraging.”

And: “Marg, I can't stand it. I've so much bottled up inside me. I hear music and I want to weep; my emotions are unbearable. I can't even travel. Say I took a ship: every place it docked would have been, at one time, a colonial port. You can't ignore what went on then—the despair, the shame, the mass sense of impotence.... And the massive humiliation, even here, right on the street. How do the poor keep their morale up? I *don't* understand.”

“Now, if you don't mind answering a few questions, the wife and I are conducting a little poll ourselves.”

I BELIEVED Danny's anguish then. I still do. Talking in the car those days, he opened a new world to me. I didn't always see things as he did, but I was grateful to learn from him, and it wasn't entirely theorizing. For I learned that since moving to this side of town he had gradually lent over two thousand dollars to families in the neighborhood. Whatever else, you have to admit you don't find people like that very often.

I say “whatever else” because I also came to feel that he'd been in the city too long—that twelve years without a break was too much. For example, I am subject to spells of yawning, and when I'd yawn and then apologize he'd say, “But it's so organic.” Or, once we were buying pizza from a place near Second Avenue where the pizza man was Puerto Rican, and Danny said as we left the counter, “You're lucky to live in Italy with real Italians.”

“There are plenty of Italians here,” I said. “More than in Naples.”

“They aren't real Italians.”

“They look real to me,” I said.

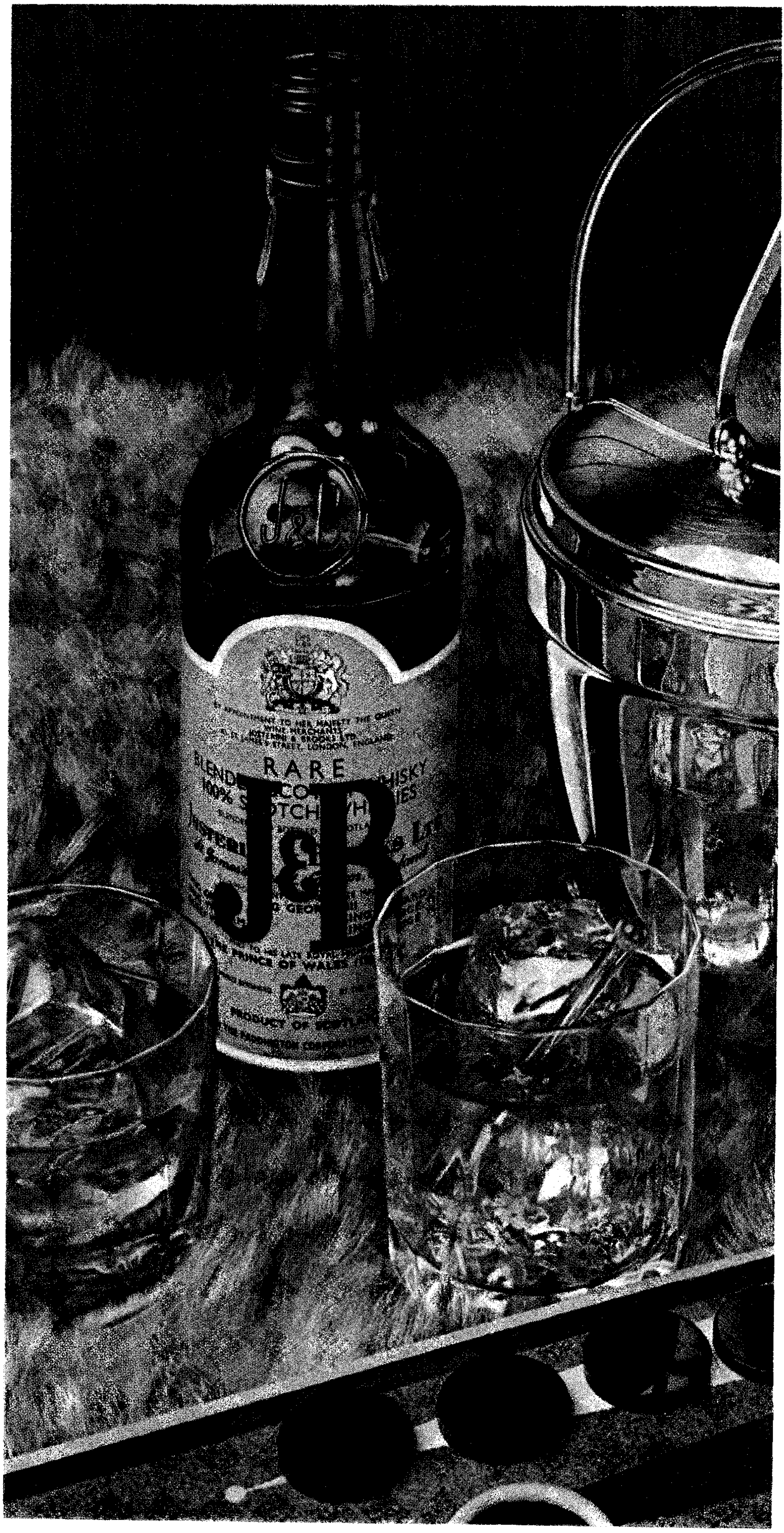
Another time, after telling me that he hadn't spoken to his father for years, he said, “Maybe I don't need a father anyway. Trees grow all the time and they don't have fathers.” I thought that was insane; how could a man confuse himself with a tree?

Dan's not the only person in New York who talks like that.

There was something else I had misgivings about: shoplifting. At first I didn't understand, because he limited it to bookstores, and when someone speaking of a book said “ripped off” I thought they meant the covers. I couldn't imagine him stealing three years ago.

Anyway, when he told me that more and more lately he had been wanting seriously to buy some land in the country, I said why not move the car and drive upstate this weekend, find an agent. I also said that expecting to be a farmer overnight was wrong, but to live idly in the city was not good, either.

So we drove upstate together. By



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Sunday night he'd made a few contacts, and all the way back was wondering aloud about A-frames, tool kits, and abutting acreage. I told him it didn't matter if he didn't know what he was getting into, because whatever it was, he'd learn step by step; he had to. "That's like Learning from Tachai," he said, and went on to describe the Chinese farming village in Shensi Province that had become a model for problem-solving and self-reliance. He had a book about it.

A few days later, we had to say goodbye. I took the train to Baltimore to see my parents, and then on to Washington to meet a magazine editor. Then New Haven and Boston and back to New York. After that I flew to Arizona to visit my brother and his wife. I remember calling Jane from Kennedy. "Well, yes," I said, "I'm definitely interested in Dan, but after Arizona I have to go back to Italy. I have an assignment. I even have an advance. . . . Sure, I really like him—only not for right now; I think he still has to pull himself together. I'm curious to see how he is, say, in a year."

EXCEPT that I was pregnant. I'd been pregnant three weeks. I didn't know it, though; I didn't even realize it the whole week in Arizona until the last day, when I remarked to my sister-in-law, "Strange, I'm so *tired* out here in Arizona"—meaning my two-hour afternoon naps. "Maybe it's the air." I'd also been napping every morning.

"That doesn't sound natural," she said, looking at her watch—she had to leave for work. "Maybe you're anemic. I mean, the only other people who sleep so much are women who are pregnant."

"What?" I asked, and she said it again.

"In that case," I exclaimed, "how could you tell? I mean, if it could be either, I suppose you'd have to have a blood test—"

"God, a smart girl with her eyes open would just see," she said. "Your breasts, for example, would've swelled within a week. Not to mention a skipped period." She stood up and smoothed her skirt. "And that's aside from the sleeping. Oh, don't worry. There'd be lots of signs."

There were. I just hadn't put them all together.

When she left, I moved from the sofa bed over to the ladder-back chair. I sat there, looking down at my fingers.

I lay down on the sofa bed some more to think it over. But what was there to think about? I got up and walked around, I looked in the mirror. That night I called Jane, from the wall phone in the kitchen, and what she said was "Oh baby, then you want an abortion."

Well, sure. If it was clear that I was pregnant, I was clear about that, too. Having a baby was out of the question. I didn't even need to think about it. She reminded me that abortion had been legal in New York for a year. And I was going back there anyway before Europe. I had a week, and I had the money. Finally we said good night and hung up, and I stood beside the phone in the kitchen, in the dark.

There didn't seem to be any more questions.

I went into the bathroom and turned on the faucet, and when I saw myself in the mirror, straight on like that and exposed under the lights, I realized I'd never openly pictured myself pregnant. And I thought, Now you can see, you can visualize, you can fill in the rest. More there, some more here. It's clear how it would have gone.

But it's not your last chance.

Now I knew, and that was knowledge for the future. I'd bank on it someday, and it would be as firm in my grip as this bright chrome faucet. I thought, If it already looks so lovely after only three weeks, think what it'll be like when you'll be free to enjoy the whole thing. Wait. Choose. You needn't grab at pieces. Picture the future. At least you've had a glimpse.

I knew I had to look at the situation straight on.

Because, God, it was amazing! Riding the plane East, I was awed all over again, I was openmouthed just thinking of it—carrying extra weight, and yet I felt so buoyant. With one day's knowledge I'd grown into the part. When I'd made this trip before, in the opposite direction, I was, unknowingly and effortlessly, escorting this condition to which I was party through the skies above my country—three thousand miles—greeting, seeing, meeting, busily presiding yet oblivious of the privilege, accompanying this presentation with its own insulation over which my chatter, before and after, could only roll like water off a duck's back. For all the time, every minute there . . . I thought of all the topics, the issues discussed; I counted up hotels, and editors' offices; I thought of entire cities I'd been pregnant in.

And this plane. Streaking straight through space, five hundred miles an hour, temperature-controlled. What an invention. I sat above the wing, so wide out there, and watched its slim tip catch the sun as we turned wide on our axis and the light bathed all the metal. Before us stretched the sky, that broad avenue, inviting.

I leaned back. I felt poised, I felt classic. I felt like a queen in my plush seat.

So on and on we flew, through the sunset, toward evening. A distant star came out, tiny reading lamps went on in the cabin. Outside, a rosy glow.

And time passed. And I turned my eyes in now, away from the window, and as night drew about the cabin I liked it even more than the vastness and brilliance of the sky. It was more intimate, offered more to look at. I let my eyes rest on the

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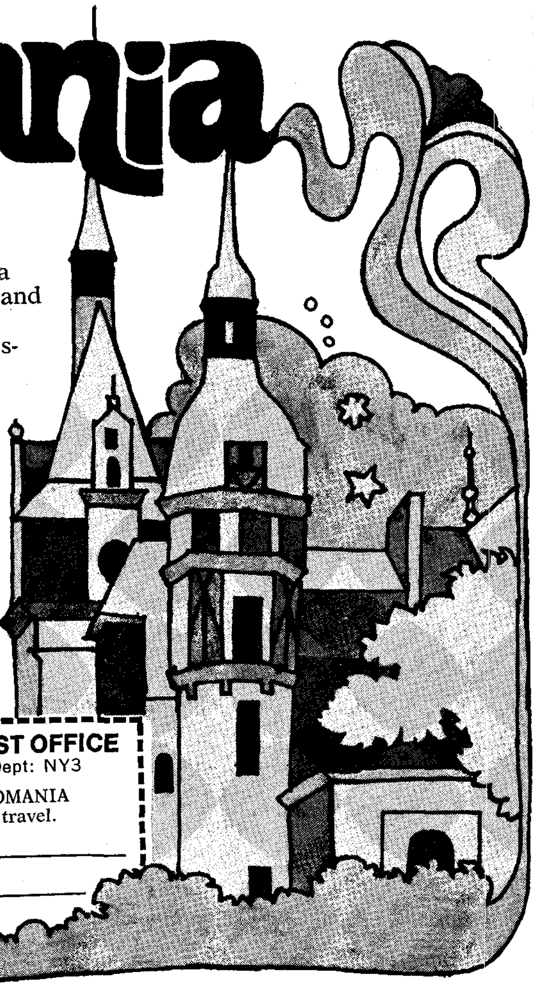

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seat there in front of me and thought of the Italian for "tray" and "pouch" and "brochure" and "map."

And now it was dark out. And I could no longer see the wing tip. I felt I could ride up here forever, seeing things with inexhaustible curiosity and feeling. My hands folded in my lap, I turned my head to one side. The plush pricked my cheek, but that was O.K. So many customers, such variety of people. Many slept. I gazed at their faces, picturing their lives. A hostess came down the aisle with a kosher tray for the old woman by my side. I smiled, half asleep. Kosher meals on super jet planes. I was glad for the old woman. I was glad for us all. Maybe when I called Danny from Arizona and asked if he could meet me at the airport I should have told him. He'd have wanted to clean the apartment, have it ready, waiting for me.

WHEN I saw him standing in the crowd, immense and gentle, with his great hands empty at his sides, he looked to me as if he was, well, waiting for news. He took my overnight bag from me and we sort of stood around. "How was your lesson?" I asked, knowing that he'd driven straight to the airport from Queens.

"What? Oh, right. That Muzak has me addled," he said, shaking his head. "They've got the whole airport wired." We started walking down the corridor. "Yeah, well, the kid." He sighed. "Yeah, he's pretty good for six; the kid's a satisfaction. But they paid me tonight. God, it's so boring, I just cannot empathize. Plus, they gave me a twenty." He paused. "I couldn't use the toilet."

"What?"

"I had this twenty-dollar *bill.* Sure, this flaming airport. Richest country in the world, only it doesn't think it can afford to give people free toilets."

I couldn't tell whether he was in a serious mood or joking, until he raised his arm like an orator warming up and pitched his voice higher. "I mean, talk about exploiting the human body for profit. And here, *messieurs,* we show you the ultimate in capitalism—private ownership even of the means of defecation. Which in Socialist societies is a minimal public service, one of man's basic needs when he leaves the house in the morning. Welcome to America! Finally I panhandled a dime. And the guy looked at me like I might save it up for heroin. I wanted to say, 'Mister, look, we're more alike than you think.' "

I'd forgotten how antic he could be. It was so good to walk along beside him, with him in a good mood,

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and I felt closer to him than I ever had before. We picked up my suitcase at the luggage chute, and then started off toward the parking lots.

"Oh wow," he said. "This air's so great I'll forget it's polluted. The Muzak got me so depressed"—he put his arm around me—"and then you came from the plane smiling at me, and now I feel—great. Oh, Margo, I can't wait to tell you—I just found out. I'm leaving the city."

I looked at him.

"I'm finally buying *land*. That's why I'm so cheerful."

We walked past row after row of parked cars in the dark. Again I wished I had told him I was pregnant when I called him. Then I remembered how we did most of our talking inside the car anyway. Dan unlocked the doors of his car and we got in, and before he turned the key in the ignition I told him.

He just sat, like the car with the motor off.

And finally I said the one thing I could think of. "I'm arranging it through Jane. But just stay with me till the abortion—all right? Because I've never been through that. I can't know what I'm heading into."

He sort of heaved around. "Well, of course I'll stick with you—my God, what did you think? That's the least . . ." I thought he was going to put his arms around me, and instead he placed his hands on the steering wheel. "Listen," he said wearily, his face toward the windshield. "Let's go get some Chinese food."

"God, sure, Dan, of course," I said. "If you're hungry."

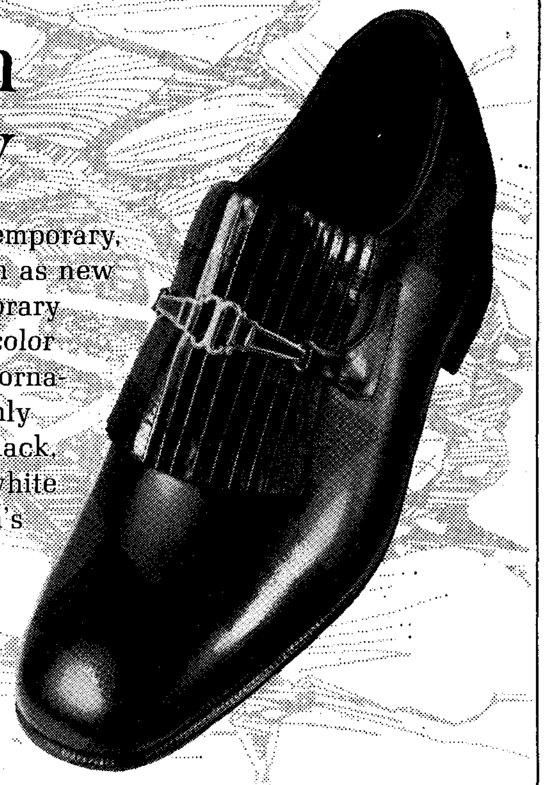
HE parked half on the sidewalk on Mott Street, and I followed him down a flight of metal stairs from the street level. At the bottom, he pushed a door, its address stencilled in red across the glass, and we squeezed into a vestibule facing a single room—square, low-ceilinged, with dark-green plaster walls.

I said, "Are you sure this is it, Dan?"

"I've been eating here two years." He ducked his head to enter. "Night dishwashers eat here, so it's open late, for workers. Look, I met the cook's son two years ago, when I researched ethnic gangs, O.K.?"

Why was he impatient?

On the way to a table he stopped to fill a glass of water at the cooler. The table was next to the wall, and narrow and long, made to be shared, with no tablecloth. Two men, speaking Chinese, sat at one end. Dan



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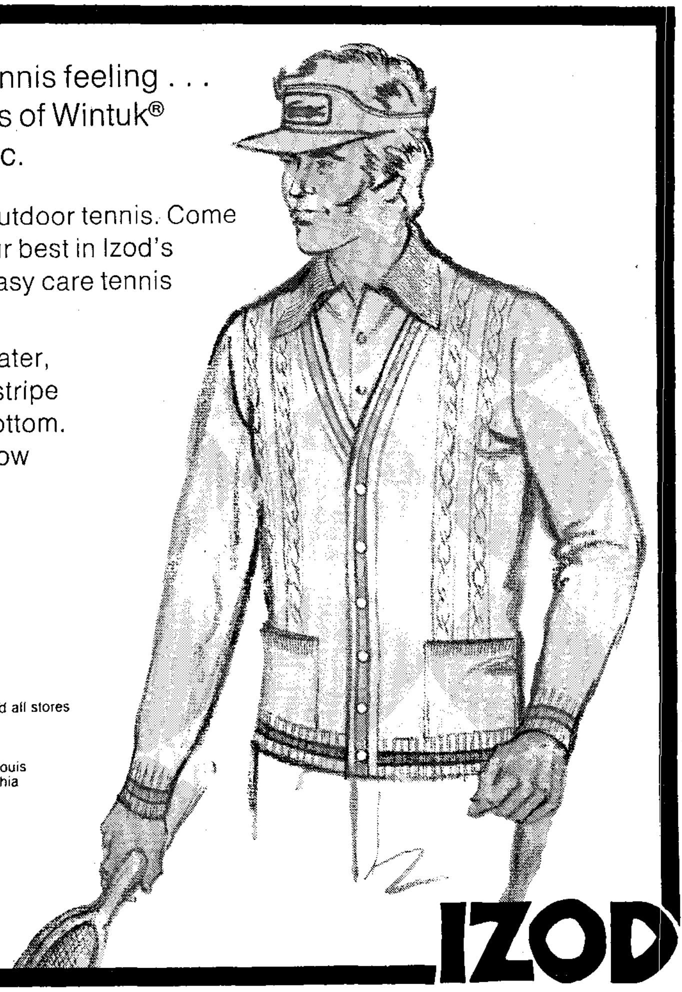

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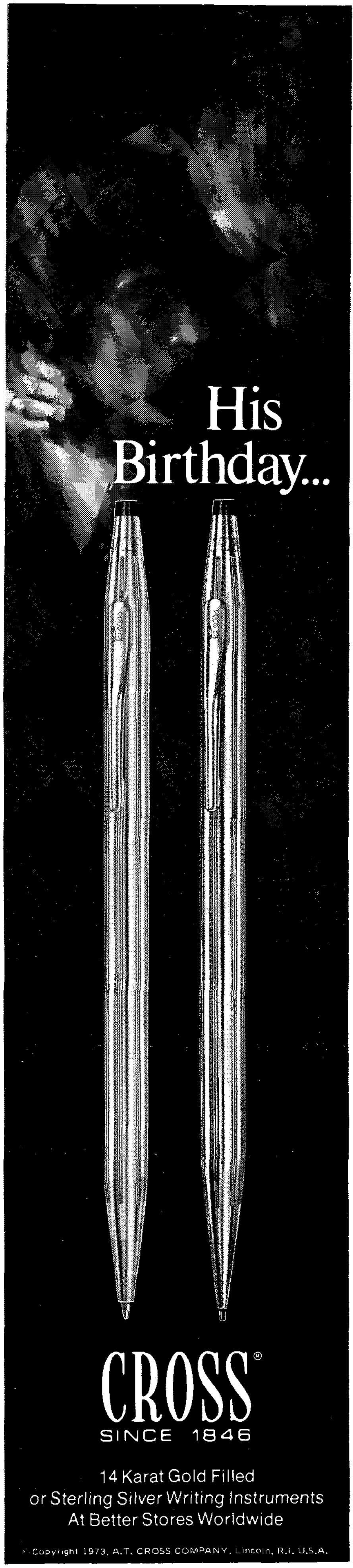

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nodded as we sat down, and they nodded back.

The waiter brought two glasses of tea, and chopsticks. I asked for a fork. While Dan ordered, I sat leaning back, watching him. The waiter left and I lifted my glass of hot tea and smiled across at Dan, but he was looking past me, into empty space.

"Do you remember Tachai?" he asked suddenly.

"Oh, right—that village; self-reliance. Are you still reading about it?"

"Well, no, I was just thinking . . . about my land. Remember?"

At that moment the food came.

He ate with chopsticks, his face close to the dish, and kept his eyelids lowered. His eyes looked tired. I glanced up at the wall clock. That he didn't say anything bothered me. Three hours ahead. For people here it was the middle of the night, for me only evening; that was why he was tired.

I looked around. I wondered if they had *tried* to make this place look gloomy; probably not. Only, originally it was a cellar, no escaping that. I let my eyes wander around the dark-green walls with gold-leaf-cutout zigzag running around the top like the border of my horrible desk blotter at college. I heard laughter in the kitchen. I wondered if Dan knew the cook.

When our dishes had been cleared away, he said, "It's rotten, you having to go to a hospital. In a Socialist country it's nothing; it's like getting a tooth pulled. Those women—their own clinics; they walk in by themselves, walk out on their own. . . . How much is your abortion going to cost you?"

I took out my wallet. "I'm looking for a dime," I said. If it was really so late, I had to call Jane.

"That's O.K. They'll let you call. I'm a customer here."

"Oh, right, Marg," Jane said when I got her on the phone. "My gynecologist will see you tomorrow morning early, but stop up here first. You'll need the address on Madison . . . Uh, look, I have a question."

"What?"

"Well, I know I haven't met him or anything, I'm just curious—has he discussed finances yet?"

I walked back to the table. Dan was standing up. "Your chow mein's two-fifty," he said.

He turned away to lift my coat from the rack. Hanging from the same hook, by a string, was a pink Chinese back scratcher. He spoke toward the wall: "You know what Chinese women use these for?"

I thought he was being funny. "What?" I said.

"The same thing American women use coat hangers for."

I clutched at his sleeve—I couldn't believe it was happening. I was also afraid of him for the first time; maybe he of me, too. It took us a while to get our coats on, buttoned straight. Then heavily, side by side, we climbed the steps up to the street. Walking toward the car, we passed a Chinese grocery. Dan looked in the window. "It's wonderful how they still have these homemade cookies," he said. We got into the car and drove uptown. Walking up the stairs and down the narrow hallway to his apartment, I did what you do when you are straining to identify: I matched my steps to his, so that we moved together. Later, I undressed and climbed the ladder steps to the loft and thought, In five months I couldn't even squeeze in here. I stretched out flat on my half. He climbed up and stretched himself out on his half, five inches to my right. I looked at the ceiling and knew we'd wait separately for sleep. Lying there, staring in the dark, I wandered in my mind to other people's apartments, places I'd stayed, *thinking* about the way they were arranged and where I might fit in, trying to position myself mentally—my brother's out West, Jane's apartment on the upper West Side, and so on. . . . But the only place I could see myself sleeping was here beside *the man I was pregnant* by. It made so much sense.

IN the morning I wanted to go straight uptown to Janie's, but Dan wanted breakfast at Ratner's first. "There's time," he said. "I'll drive. You won't have to go by subway."

He let me off at the restaurant and drove on, looking for a parking space. Ratner's is the same in the morning as at any other time, except that this morning it was emptier than usual. The waiters stood around like aged unemployed.

He came in, some minutes later, carrying a book. "I *offered* this, but you just ignored it. You left it in the car." He sat down and we gave our order. "Look," he began. "I was thinking all night about it—how I can help; how you ought to approach your abortion. I realize what you lack is, well, you have no framework, Marg, no context. Do you remember this book? This one about China? If you'd been reading things like this, you'd have a model, for comparison; you'd have vision and understanding. You could grasp your situation."

I looked at him.

"You can't even conceive of the treatment you'd be entitled to, how

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Sipping his coffee, Dan said, "The fact is, you're a victim. You don't know you are exploited. Try identifying yourself as one of the oppressed. Some people take advantage. You must become aware of this."

My face must have changed. "Say," he said, "you're tired. You just sit here. I'll go get some newspapers from women's liberation. From the radical bookshop, around the corner on St. Marks. They're smart about abortion, what the issues are. Maybe they've got addresses. Sure, women's lib—you missed out on that in Europe, too."

I was wrong when I said Ratner's doesn't change in the morning; under the right conditions, it can give an impression of nightmare.

Ten minutes later he returned empty-handed and surprised; he'd been barred from the bookshop on suspicion of shoplifting. "We'll get a New York *Times* at the corner," he said. "Let's go."

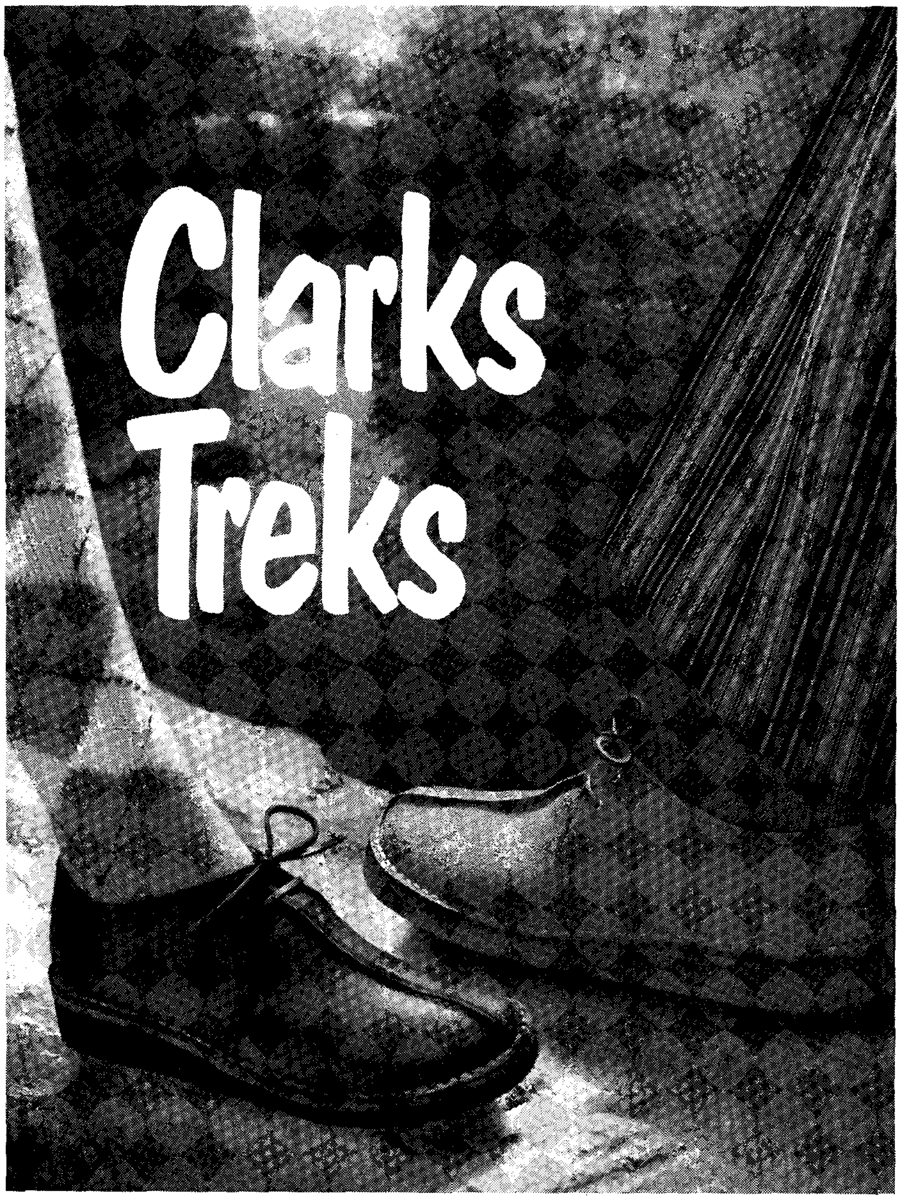
The *Times* had a front-page story on abortion. He stood on the sidewalk and read the headline aloud: " 'ABORTION REFERRAL AGENCY SHUT BY NEW YORK COURTS.' See?" he said. "Some private office is closed for charging outrageous fees, but this typical élitist newspaper doesn't relate to your real needs. If this were really a people's paper, if they really wanted to help, they'd say outright—I mean, they'd voluntarily say, 'The above agency is untrustworthy, and thus we, concerned editors, suggest you go to such-and-such a place.' "

"Can we go to Jane's?" I said. "My appointment's in an hour."

Driving uptown, he said, "Does Janie have a phone?"

"What?" I said. "I don't— Sure, two extensions."

"Well, good," he said. "It's a start. I want to call the Young Lords Party. They've done amazing things in health care for the ghettos." He stopped for a light. "I just read their paper posted in



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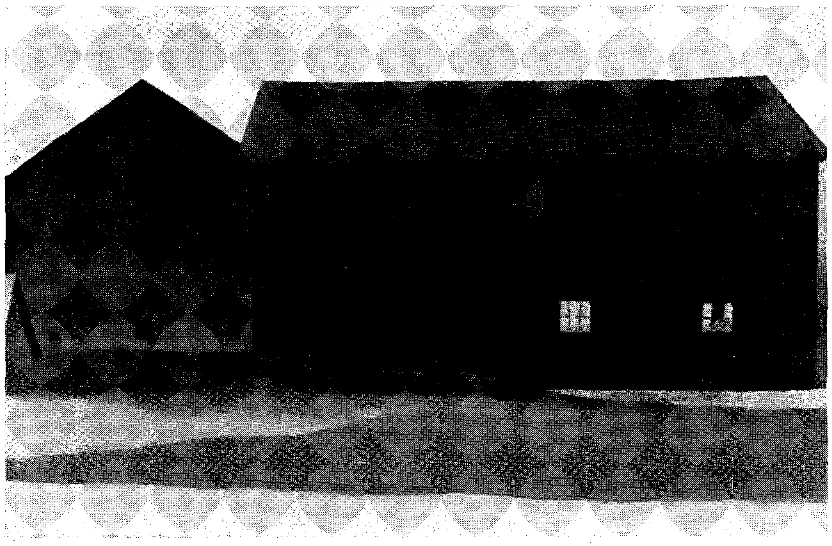

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the bookshop window. Up in East Harlem, in door-to-door testing with unused city-hospital equipment, they detected eight hundred positive tuberculosis cases. They've got so much initiative, I bet they could help you." I kept staring at the street, through the windshield. I didn't know what the Young Lords Party was—I'd been in Europe. I kept waiting for some expression of concern, for him to say that whatever it was we'd go through it together.

"Hi, Marg," Jane said, opening her door and drawing me in.

"Hi, Jane, this is Dan. Dan," I said, "Jane."

"Dan?" she said. "Oh, hi." Janie turned back to me. "Your appointment's pretty soon."

"Yes," said Dan, "but we'd like to use, uh, one of your phones first."

Jane looked at him a little strangely. Then she kissed me on the cheek. "Are you O.K., Marg?" she said. "I don't know. You look a bit dishevelled—like you haven't slept all night."

"Well, no," I said. "Just, this is the same dress I wore back yesterday from Arizona."

"Look, could I use your phone?" Dan asked Jane again. "I want to call up the Young Lords. I mean, it's great that you went ahead, recommending your gynecologist and all, but I think we ought to give Margo some choice. Check out free clinics. In other neighborhoods."

Jane glanced at him briefly. "Well, sure, you can use my phone, I don't mind." Then to me she said, "Hon, maybe you want to take ten minutes to, I don't know, put on some makeup for the doctor." Dan walked into the living room looking for a phone book. I walked into the bathroom. Jane followed me in and sat on the edge of the bathtub to talk.

"Marg, I just want to tell you . . . There are all kinds of ways you can approach this, right? Just keep your perspective; it only involves yourself. I mean, getting through—it's just up to the individual."

With her foot she shifted a puppy-litter box under the sink. "And boy," she said, straightening up, "you really are lucky! All last night I was thinking—a year ago and you'd really have had to do it illegally. Or suppose you were back in Europe now? Talk about the right place, the right time; people come from all over. You're not alone, you'll see. Just mention pregnancy to people and their abortion stories will start coming out from under the toaster. This is the center. Couldn't have it better—legal, the best facilities. . . ." She crossed her legs. "What a break,

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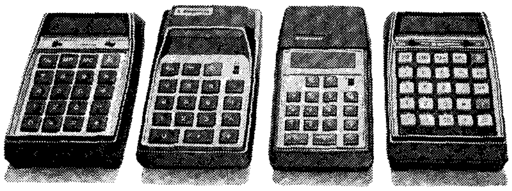

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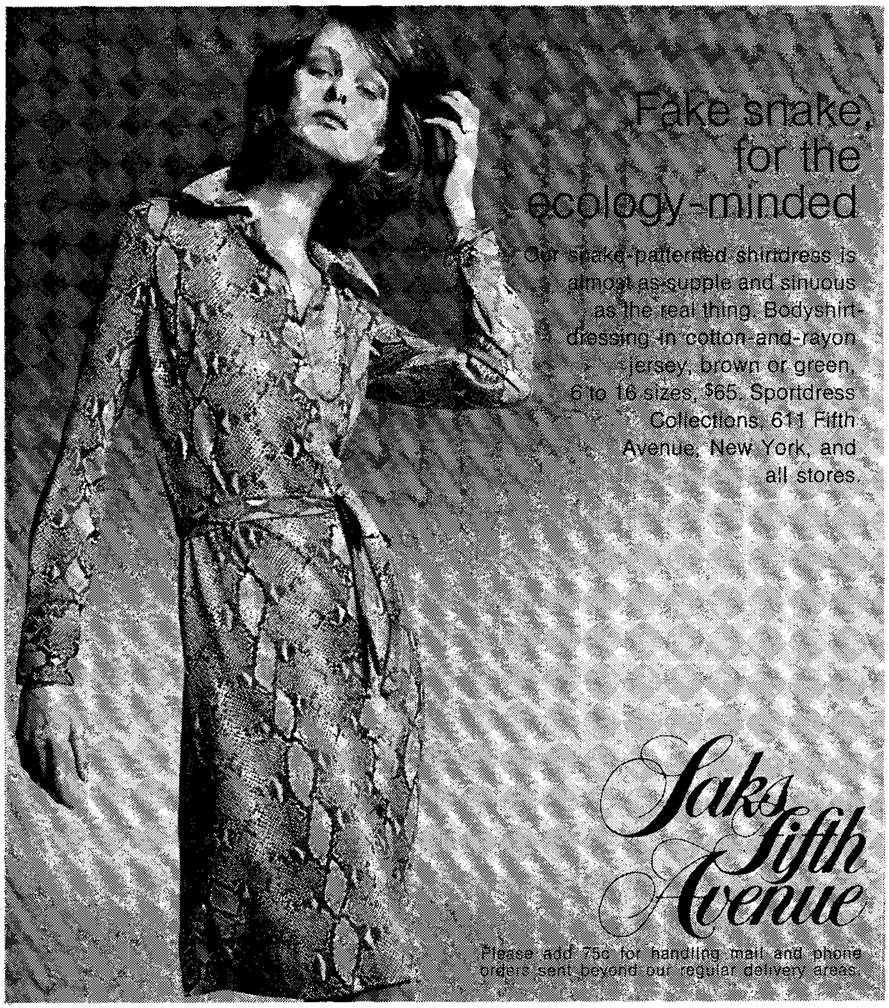

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though. How come you always manage to land on your feet?"

I looked at Jane; she's worn her hair in bangs ever since I can remember. She stood up and put her arms around me. "Margo, jeez, I've hardly seen you this trip. You haven't slept over once."

We came out of the bathroom. Dan was standing in the hall. "It's no use," he said. "What the Young Lords suggested was Bellevue. But you can't go there, not without paying; you're not on welfare. Besides, you're from out of state." He shook his head. "This guy at the Young Lords, though, was just so *decent.*"

He said he'd drive me crosstown, and did, but he crawled so slowly through the Park I knew I would be late. "I have to go slow," he said. "I have too many parking tickets. . . . It was a dumb idea anyway. What was I thinking of? You can't go to a free clinic. I couldn't take you there; they'd only get angry. They'd *see* that you're not poor."

I WALKED back to Jane's after the doctor. I didn't decide to go there. I just worked my way back to the last place I'd come from. That was how I thought of it. Back to the last clear place I could remember.

When Dan called, it was past midnight. "I'm so cramped in this phone booth," he said. "I've only got one dime, and the number's ripped out. You can't call me back. When the operator cuts me off, I'll really be in limbo. Still, shouldn't pick on phones; it's the only way New Yorkers can find out the weather."

I didn't say anything.

"You know, in Cuba phones are free," he said. "That's true; people can just call up and talk to each other." There was a pause. Then: "Marg? How are you?"

I thought of him in that glass booth about ninety blocks downtown and how there wasn't any place to put problems on the table. "I'm O.K.," I said.

Nothing.

I said, "I didn't see you after, so . . . I walked back to Jane's."

"Did the doctor say you're pregnant?"

"Oh. That—it's inconclusive. He told me to get another lab test. I get my choice of labs." I swallowed. "It was fifty-five dollars. But that's because it's a first visit; the second visit costs less."

"Well, sure. They penalize you for not needing a doctor sooner."

I didn't know what to say.

"Then, I guess you won't be need-

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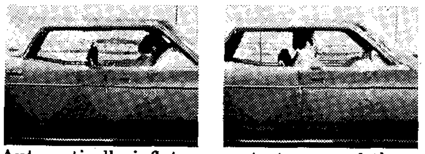

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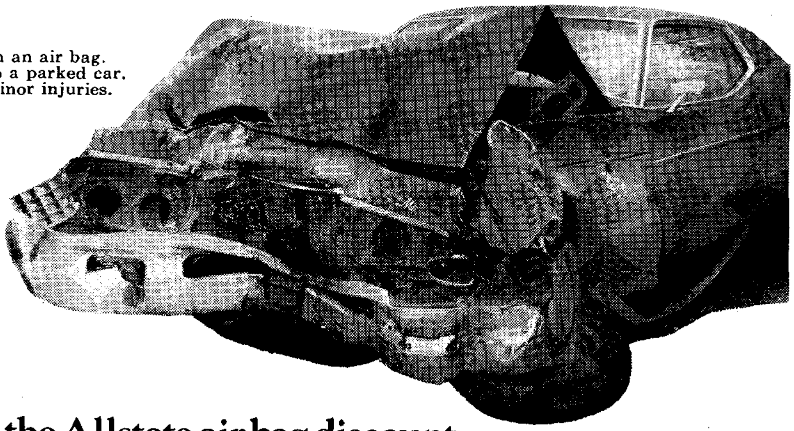

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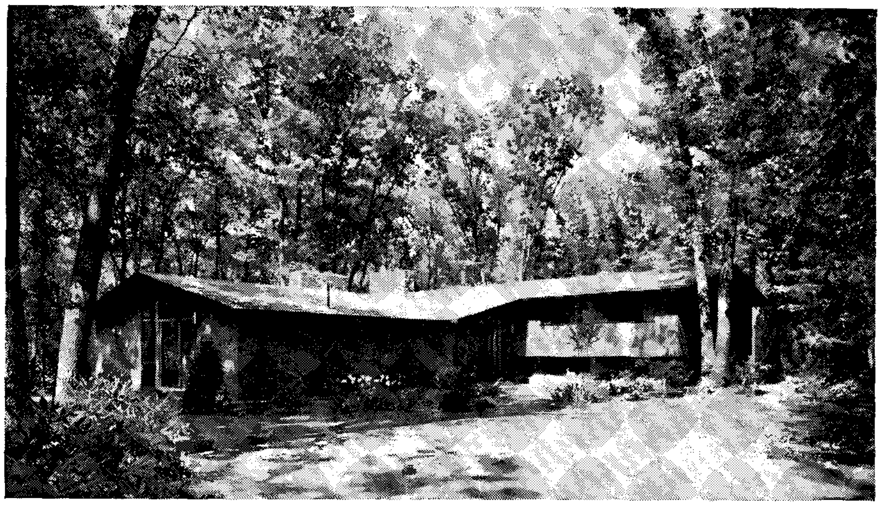

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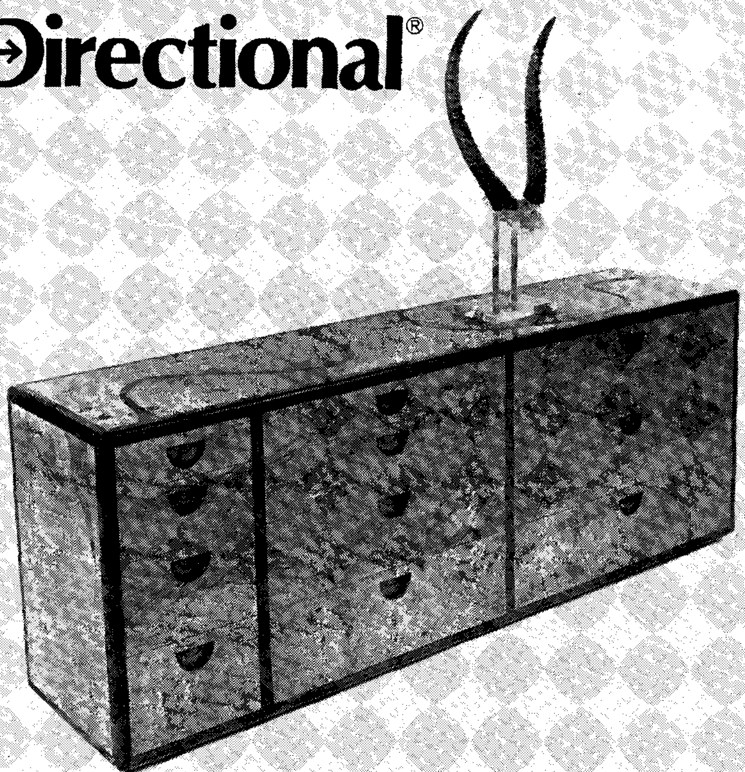

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ing me for a week," he went on. "Because what I was thinking was, I have to leave the city. You know, to buy that land." There was no change in his tone of voice or anything. "I mean, Margo, this is major; it could affect my whole life; it's the first thing I've felt optimistic about in years. Tomorrow I could drop your suitcase off. I'll leave it with the doorman. On my way up to the bridge. Besides, someone's depending on me—you know? The kid upstairs. I'm giving *him* money for land, too. He's so excited and . . . Margo? Oh, d'you have to cry? Really?" I heard him switch the receiver. "Did that doctor upset you? God, I can just imagine his condescension, the rhetoric. I— Look, why don't you come out now for Chinese food? I'll get the car, see? This is why I wanted to take you to the Young Lords; at least they would have treated you like a human being." Again he switched the receiver. "It's so awful, what you're going through. Sweetheart, if I could just touch you, if I could just reach out and . . ."

Sweetheart, he'd said. I said, "Why *is it the only time you can be nice to* me is on the phone?"

There was a silence, and then he said slowly, "I guess the only time I can feel close to you is when you're crying."

It didn't matter that I hung up; he'd just think I was upset. I walked back through the apartment to the bathroom and turned on the faucet; only forty-eight hours since that bathroom in Arizona, the bright chrome, my own clear sight. I bent to wash my face, I couldn't even *see,* and when, eyes streaming, I looked up, there before me was the mirror.

God, what a waste. Such stress and pullings, swellings, a whole face at cross-purposes. My face, through wet eyes, looked like a battlefield, floating, beyond recognition. I could not afford this—this dumb anarchy, turmoil coming out of confusion, because, at the end, I was drained, emptied despite all that effort on the part of my face. I looked: this wasn't activity, it was submitting to onslaught.

I just stood looking, one hand still on the faucet . . . and my eyes began to clear. I saw what to do. I mean, I suddenly felt I could see through the mirror. I would be all right again, whole and plausible, calmed, myself. Somehow I had to keep a sense of that; I had to hold that idea in my head and let it happen. There'd be the hospital to plan soon, arrangements to make, and as for Danny, he— Well, he'd already taken himself out of the pic-

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ture. Fact. So I couldn't afford him, either, not even in my mind, and it *didn't matter what I thought, why he* was doing this, whether I could try to understand or not. I knew he'd still exist; he just wouldn't count.

I leaned on the sink—it felt good to lean—and looked down at Janie's bath mat, soft, on the floor. In the morning I would sleep late—till noon if I needed—and in these coming days I'd eat well, go shopping, visit friends. I'd see to it that I got fresh air, lots of rest. I was pregnant, and I had to take care of myself.

As it turned out, I made the arrangements from Macy's. I'd been there two hours, wandering around and not buying anything. I used the pay phone near the elevator behind Slack Sets, third floor. For one thing, you never know you'll find a phone working in the street. Sometimes I feel I was raised in department stores.

The doctor said that the test was positive. What did I choose to do?

"But, Doctor," I said, into the receiver, "perhaps you don't remember me. I definitely said—"

"Then you want an abortion." He sounded in a hurry. "Well, the arrangements are easy. It depends on what you pay. If I perform it, four hundred dollars; that's in my hospital downtown, and you may stay for two nights."

"Oh," I said. "Is there anything less?"

"Yes, dear, there's an agency. Only, you won't have your choice of doctor. You won't meet him first, you know, or talk to him. But as you say, that's cheaper."

He gave me the name of the agency, and said I would find the number in the Yellow Pages.

"Hold on, please," said the agency voice. "I'll be right with you." I was glad it was a woman. I didn't mind waiting. "Abortions," she said. "Yes, well, here are your options. You may spend two hundred dollars, or three hundred dollars."

For the same operation?

"The difference in price," she said, "is at night. That is, you may leave the same day, but if you take a hospital bed it's a hundred dollars more. Of course, you may not leave unless you have someplace to stay—that's one of the rules."

I thought, *I have Jane.*

"Well," I said, "I guess I can sign up for the two-hundred-dollar plan—one day, no nights. For now, anyway."

"When do you want the operation? Tomorrow?"

I was taken aback. "But don't you want me to come down first? Don't you have to meet me?"

I swear I heard her smile. "Heavens no," she said. Then she told me what hospital to report to and gave me a morning appointment. I said I had traveller's checks, and she said, "No, dear, only cash."

By nine o'clock we were a dozen—girls, women, coming into the hospital lobby, looking around, taking a seat.

At nine-thirty a nurse started moving down the line, asking, "How many weeks?"

"I want the saline solution," the woman alongside said to me. "I've got three kids and I love them, but my husband, we decided no more. I'm from Chicago. I'm sixteen weeks. That's why I need the saline solution."

A Puerto Rican couple came in, walked over to the nurse. She pointed to the cashier's window. A moment later, I heard the cashier say, "I'm sorry, but you're twenty-five short. I can't let you stay without cash in advance."

You could hear everything in that lobby.

Fifteen minutes later, they were back. The man had a bankbook in his hand, and looked as if he'd been running. "For heaven's sake," the nurse said, annoyed, to the woman. "You both didn't have to leave. I mean, you could have stayed while your husband went for the money." Then, to the woman next to me, "We're not giving saline solutions today."

I got up and went to the cashier's window. When she had taken my money, she sent me to an adjoining room, where a technician took a blood sample. Finally, we were all herded into the elevator. The Puerto Rican man waved to his wife, and the doors closed, cutting off the words of the wailing voice outside: "I want the saline solution! I want the sa— "

The doctor who was giving me the physical said, "Six weeks." He looked very pleased, a discoverer.

"No," I said, looking around. I was getting a little bored. "It's only five, really."

"Oh, no," he insisted. "You're wrong. It's six."

"Six weeks ago I was in Switzerland." I wanted to cry. "You don't know who my real doctor will be?"

"For later? No, I don't."

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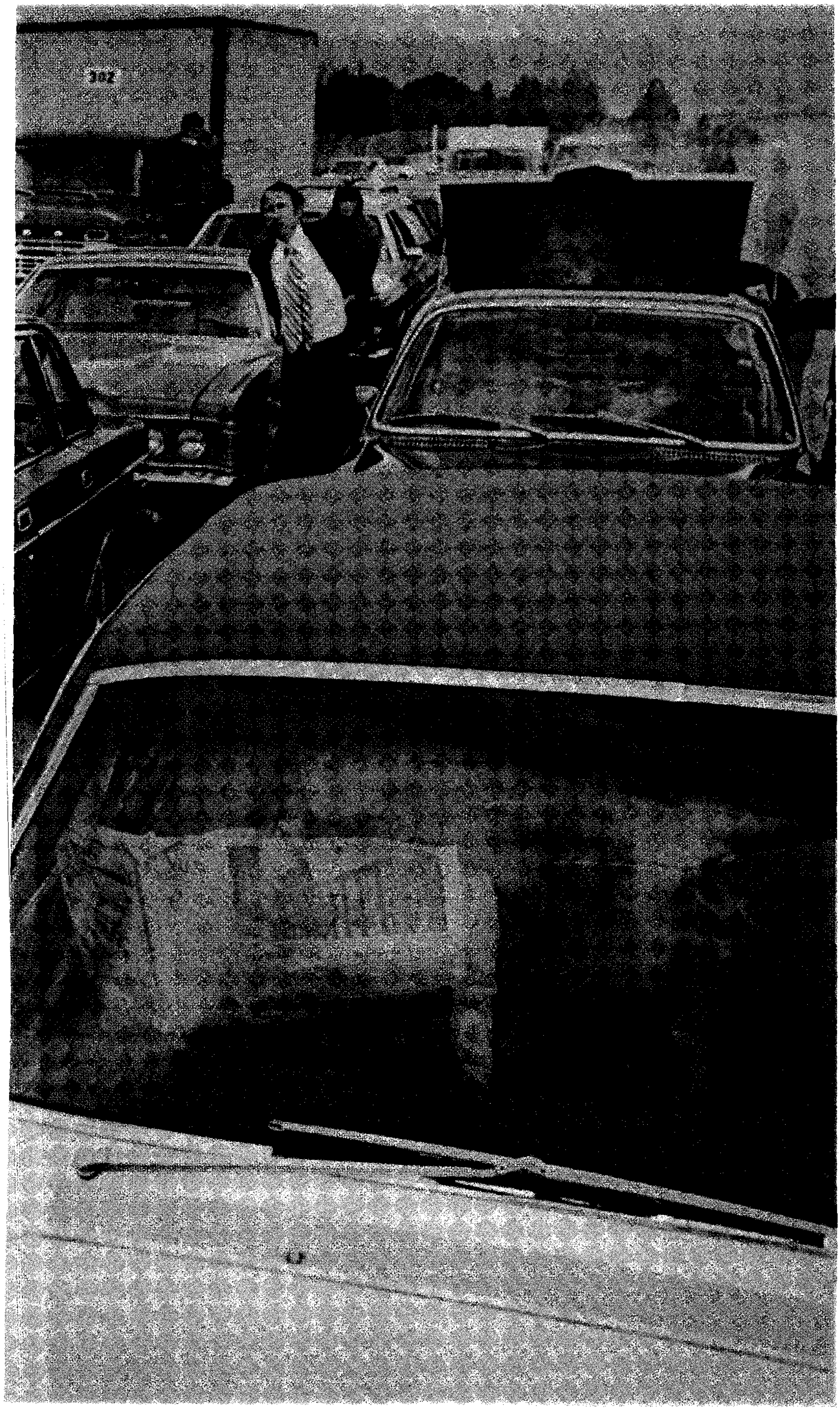

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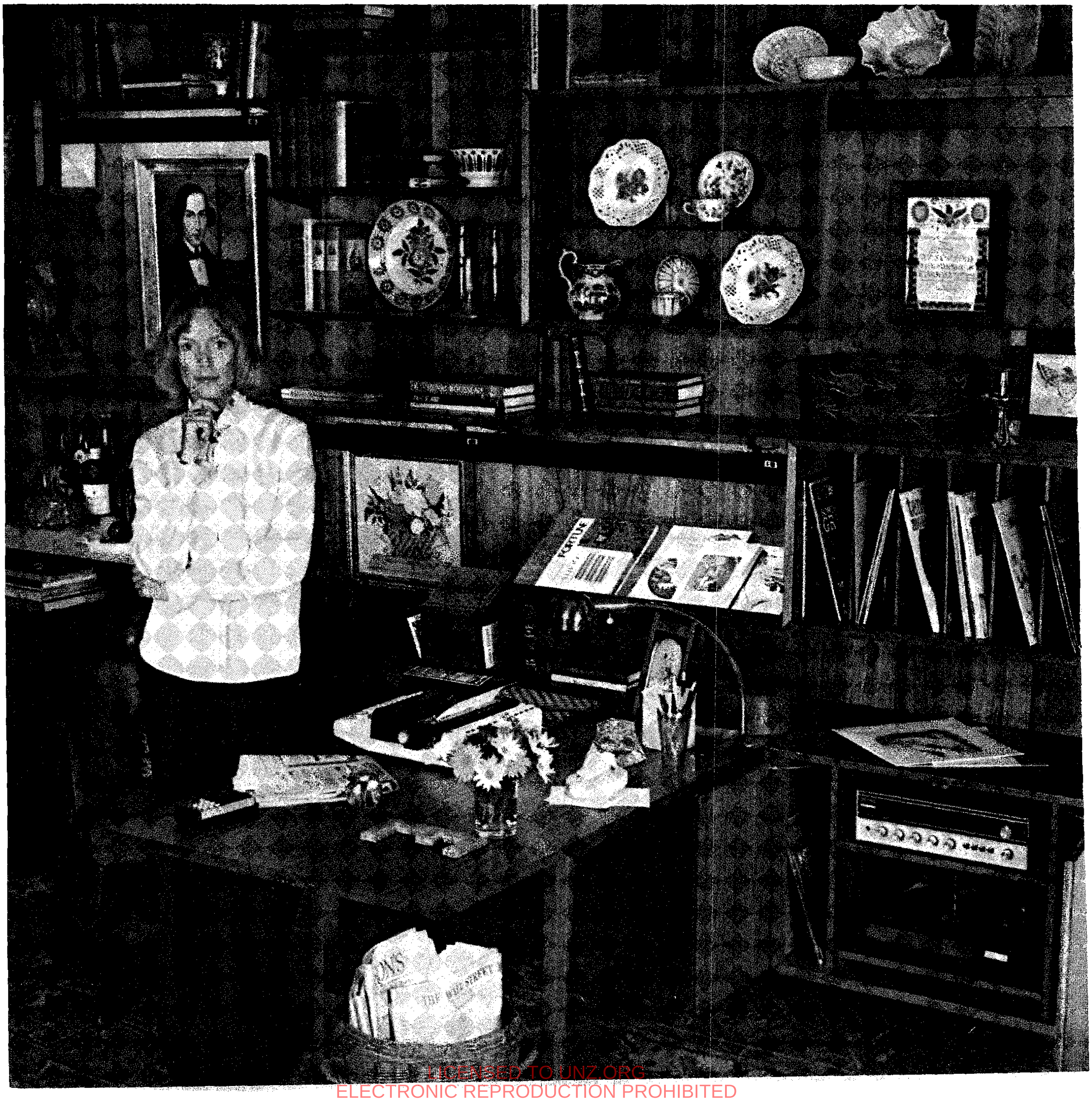


my clothes, I was shown to a small room with a window looking out on an air shaft, and I got into bed and fell asleep. When I woke up, it must have been noon. Hard to tell; they'd taken my watch from me downstairs. I thought I heard trays. Then I remembered: no lunch. And, somehow, finding myself in bed in the middle of the day had given me the feeling I couldn't speak English. There was no one to talk to. I looked out on a brick wall. My mind wandered sideways to what they would do to me: D and C, they said. "D and C stands for dusting and cleaning," a med student I dated once scribbled in my notebook. I was sleepy again. Oh that's bad, I thought. I shouldn't have let them give me a sedative; now the anesthesia won't work.

Some time later, a nurse came in with a Kleenex. "Wipe all cream and makeup off your face."

More time passed. Another nurse came in. "Remove your earrings," she said. "Seal them in this envelope."

The first nurse came back. She pointed to my hair. "You'll have to pin every bit of that back," she said, taking from her pocket what looked like a white gauze shower cap. It pulled on my forehead.

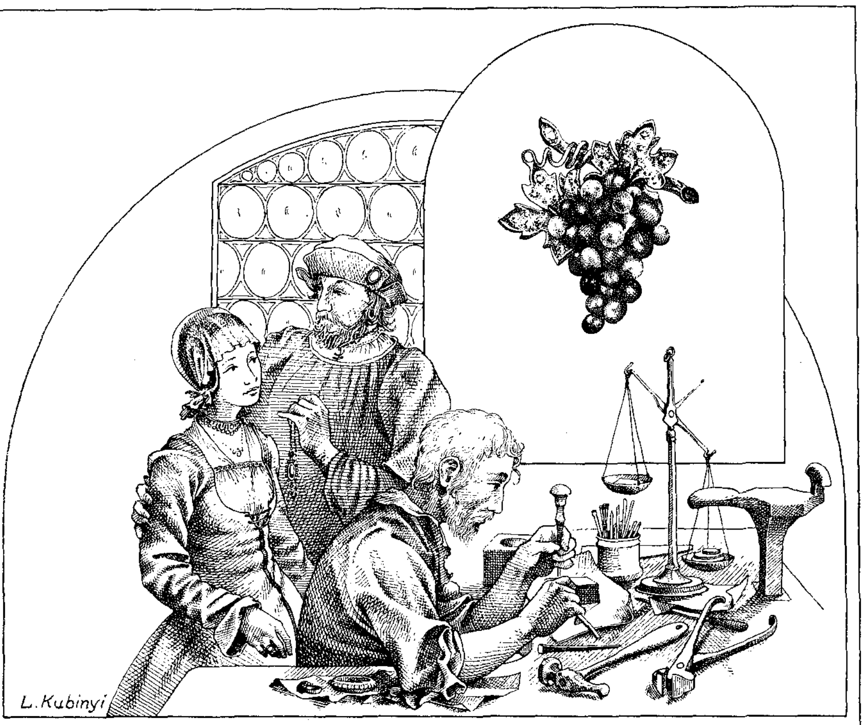
I must have been dozing when the third nurse came in—how huge and white she was—carrying a bowl of lather and a tiny safety razor hanging on a string around her neck.

I didn't know that they did that. I thought she was going to wash me.

After she left, I raised myself up and looked down at the sheet, that seemed to go on forever. This bed, I thought, and me with wrists no wider than a ruler . . . and nothing to hold on to. I felt white, hairless. Did I have to be alone?

Two men in white came in and then the bed was adrift, moving through the corridor like a barge through a canal. We were heading for an elevator, its gaping space, and my head was sliding toward it when a nurse called, "Wait!" She came out from her nurses' station with a dab of white cotton and a tiny colorless bottle—by this time my head was in the elevator—and, lifting the sheet, she looked down at my feet. Then we waited while she wiped a trace of polish from my toenails.

I was alone in the operating room. At Bellevue I used to hear "O.R." on the loudspeaker all the time. A nurse with a clipboard came in to check my name, and another nurse came in and started taping my left arm to a tube that led up to a bottle. The one with



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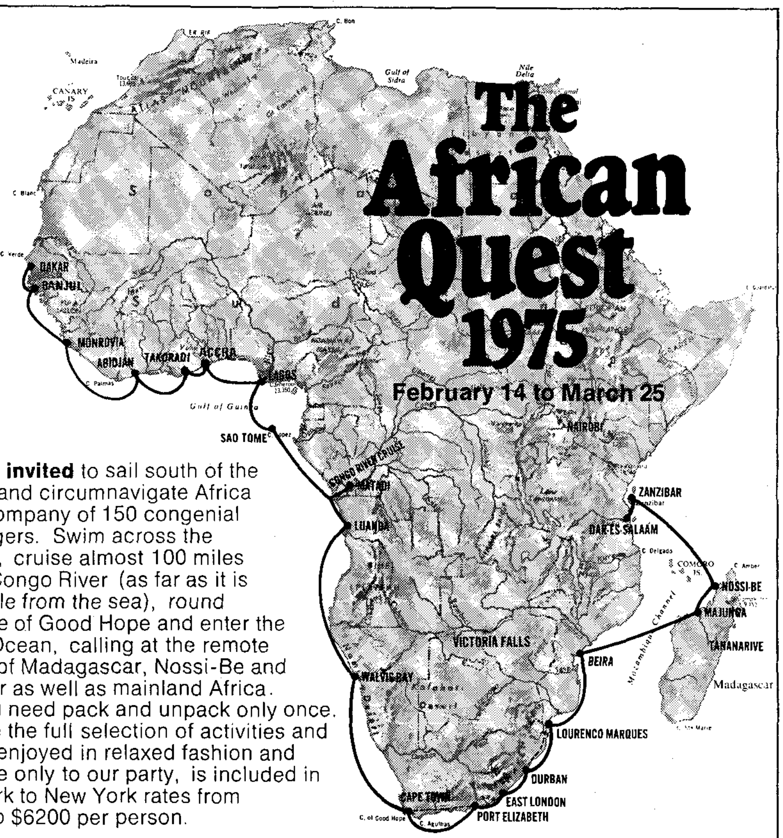
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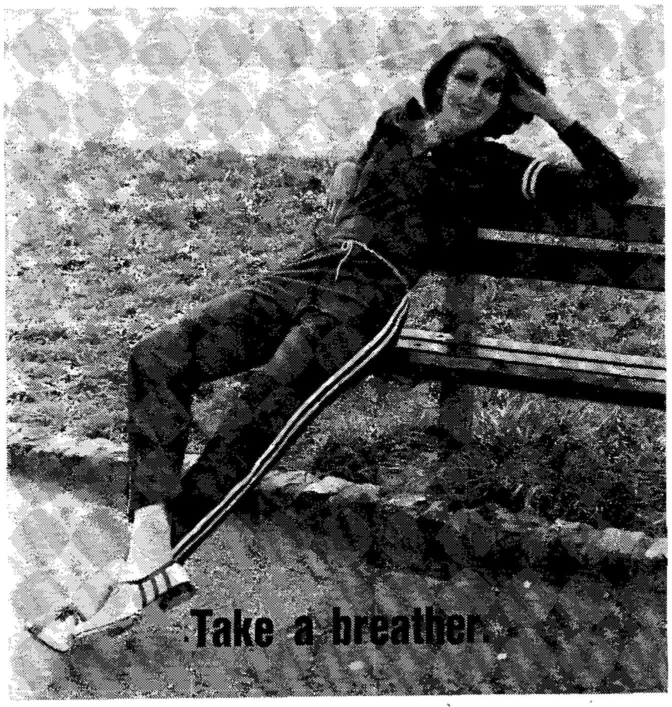
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the clipboard said, "Do you have any questions?"

"Please," I said, "I've been wanting to ask all day, before the doctor starts—are you sure, is it sure I can get pregnant again?"

"All you women, you ask the same question," she said, writing on her chart. "Didn't you have biology in high school?"

A man in white came in. Doctor? He saw that my arm was hooked up and clasped my hand. "Hi," he said. "Everything is going to be great. My name's Lieberman. I'm from Staten Island. What's your name?"

"Margo," I said. He squeezed my hand and dropped it. Then, "I'm giving her a needle," said a voice from the other side and, terrified, I thought, Ohhhhh, I forgot to tell them I already slept this morning.

WAKE up. *Slap.* The face of the girl next to me. "Wake up! Wake up!" An orderly wheeled a third stretcher into the recovery room. I knew that he was only an orderly, but still I had to ask, *Is everything . . . is everything all right?* Three of us here, side by side. I'm in the middle. They're depending on me. I'm the one who has to ask, *Is everything*— Silence. Here he comes. Now he's wheeling me around the corner and into the elevator again. The ceiling was closer here; it was easier to talk. "Is everything all right?" Finally, I had said it.

A nurse came into my cubicle. I said, "I can't wake up. Can't I stay overnight? I mean, the bed's messed up anyway."

Telephone ringing. Nurse at the door. "Your telephone's ringing."

"Sweetheart." It was Janie. "Baby, oh hiya. . . . I said your friend is in the lobby. They told me you're O.K. Only, I've got my dog with me; they won't let me up. I'll meet you at eight, here, the lobby." At eight, down there, the lobby. Who will help me get dressed?

Night nurse by my side, her arms full of sheets. "You'll have to get up soon. The night administrator's come on. You'll be charged another hundred if you stay in bed past nine. I'll let you sleep till eight." And then, "You really must get up now. Here's dinner anyway. . . . You're not really sick, you know. You'll wake up when you're on the street."

From inside the elevator, I see Jane in a chair, her dog in her lap. I wish this were her living room.

I said, "Let's sit a few minutes."

"This lobby's so interesting. You

just should've seen, Marg. These young girls stepping out of the elevator and these guys waiting—same jeans, same hair, only carrying flowers—and they see each other and look embarrassed, then the guy puts his arm around her and they're both so relieved. And that's how they leave together, from the lobby, wrapped up like *babies*."

Stop at the desk for a mimeographed instruction sheet to take home.

Jane said, "I've got a cab outside. Today, hon, we're ladies."

"Well, only crosstown," I said. "I'd rather try to walk up Broadway."

Walking up Broadway, I remembered how I used to tell Parisians that "Broadway" meant "boulevard." I love it up here, I thought. Sloppiest street in the city next to Avenue B. Same cigar stores, same fruit stands. A Polish embroidered-blouse shop, like the one near Ratner's. How the city reproduces: we're on the upper West Side, but the lower East is present, too, behind us, far, far behind us, on our right. I feel it in my back. And in front waves of people rising over the curb toward us. I'd like to lie down on this sidewalk—"Jane, you go ahead"—just lie here and rest, and watch, look up. That curb is like a cliff. . . . "No, dear, of course not, I'm just feeling relief." How tired I feel; with this air so soft, I could lay my head on it. My very own father had his first shop up here. How young he was then. From the lower East Side.

"One more block, doll. The couch is all made up and ready for you."

We had known each other since kindergarten.

"JANE, I cooked up real chicken soup while you were out." Days later this was. "Gave myself a little airing; walked as far as Broadway." And stood on the corner looking out at that island of old people, their benches, in the middle of the street. Where else can old friends sit talking together about things that they see? Yiddish? That's Spanish? Who hears them anyway? Mouths flapping, toothless, in the middle of traffic. "So walking home I got this barbecued chicken, out of the Merit Farms window, and I threw it in boiling water, with a bouillon cube. That's how I cured myself in Europe, whenever I had a cold."

"LOOK, girls, I have a question: How do I know he really operated? Don't laugh. I mean, that Dr. Lieberman was very nice and all, but maybe he got distracted—line twelve of us up and it could happen, right? I am not crazy. Look at this instruction sheet. It says amount of post-op bleeding varies. *Varies.* Me? Nothing. Besides, my breasts. I should know—exactly the same. Three days, they're still swollen."

Jane gives a shout of laughter. "Oh, Marg, what did you think—they put a hole in the bottom and all the air comes out?"

"You really are fun—"

"Now listen, where's your perspective? Look how relaxing this is, sitting in the living room with your girl friends. They've all come to visit you. What do you need that schmuck for?"

"I DIDN'T think it'd be so soon," Danny said. We were at our front table at Ratner's. His back was to the window. He looked both bigger and more broken.

I leaned back slightly, trying to ease my shoulder into the wash of light through the glass. The sun warmed my cheek, it comforted my hair, and now in its warmth I looked around.

I was feeling, well, chastened, and yet quietly hopeful, as during the course of a long convalescence. I walked slowly these days. I took my time breathing. I felt I'd passed through some sort of surrender, having sensed that yielding might bring a kinder safety: the sense that beyond any one thing or person we are we are all in this together, you know?

Dan's face was turned. Looking closely at his cheek I was a little shocked to see small white signs of stress, like faint scars, faded, beneath the skin. I looked at him and his maze of trouble. "I didn't mention when you called last night—I'm leaving for Europe. Tomorrow."

He nodded. "Maybe that's the best thing for you." He looked down at his hands; the knuckles were red, the fingernails were bitten.

I asked about his land.

"It never happened," he said. "The kid upstairs— The radio, you know. I . . . well, I guess what I'd say fairly is that he let me down. I really have to say that. I trusted him. Oh, not just that he sold my radio. I knew that before. I mean, that I handed over my car, then his friends, the money I gave him—" He interrupted himself. "Look, that's not why I called." He reached down for a paper bag lying on a chair near him and drew out some books and put them on the table. "I bought these for you."

I saw that the book on top was about

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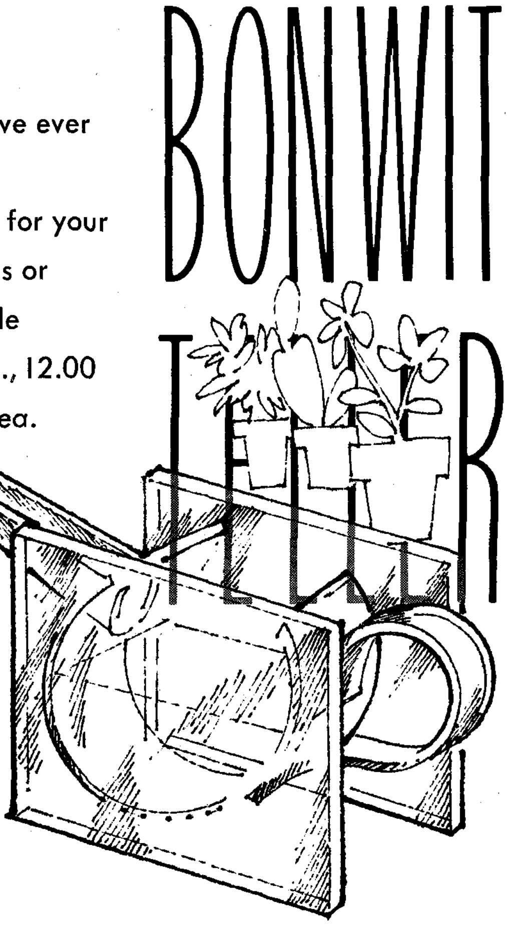
China. He took some pamphlets from the bag and placed these with the books. "Here," he said. "What I have, if—The reason you and I can talk is, we are willing to be basic. I still believe that. I know that about us. And—What I *have* to tell you, what I want you to realize, is that everything I said before about politics is *right*. I know how I sound. I don't care." He pushed the books aside and drew his chair closer to the table. "I know I'm out of your life now. I know what Janie's saying, your girl friends. But I don't want you to think the things I said were empty. I can't know how the hospital went. But I know how it had to go. And I know that it's political. And that because you got through it you can't now just forget it. It doesn't end with the hospital. It doesn't end with me. It isn't enough that you can get through the day. These situations are political. And yes, I dare say this, and I do, in fact, just *because* of what's happened. I'm not expressing this well. I mean, what happens in your hospital is part of what happens in this street every day. Everything's political—corporation food, grapes, that man's lettuce; you see that. And so was your friend's doctor, so was that waiter with our bread basket, and my professor, your private hospital, my real-estate agent. And so was I. With you. But just because I can be that way, too . . . I still have to understand where exploitative behavior comes from and how it gets taught and learned and repeated. I haven't understood, and I want to understand, and I'll just have to stay and figure it out, without blaming. But if only you could do that, too. . . . Please start these readings; they'll open so much. This is what I believe, Marg. It's this I can offer. I am trying to invite you; I say we are political, we're all in this together. I—Oh, Marg, the reason I insist is, the thing about an idea is: if you give it away to someone, then both people have it."

He stopped, as if he'd suddenly become aware of his own earnestness, and I slowly nodded and could feel his relief. "You know," he went on, flushed, "somehow these six weeks, you, the kid upstairs, you're the first—well, experiences I've had in two *years*. It's so difficult for me to tell things apart."

I thought, My dear God, he was scared all along.

He said, "This place reminds me of our dining room at home. I mean, it's big and it's familiar."

I said, "In Italian the word 'famil-



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iar' is from 'family'—it really means 'familial.' "

"In English, too," he said, and smiled. "It's nice." We both looked around. I noticed that there was a picture of Mr. Ratner above the register, and that there were hippies in the afternoon, in off the street, parked here—the Return of the Immigrant's Child. Boys without shoes, girls without bras—sure, why not—eating their buckwheat.

"What do you see, Dan?"

"Oh, that these old waiters speak Yiddish, while the teen-age busboys are speaking Spanish." He shook his head. "Well, anyway," he said gently, "let's check our bread basket." He drew it from the table edge to a spot midway between us and lifted the napkin and contemplated the rolls, as dark and secretive as if they'd just been unearthed. The waiter brought hot barley soup in small, handled cups, and I poured his into his bowl.

"Funny ladle," he said, embarrassed and pleased to have someone looking after him.

"There's so much," I said.

"And the rolls are warm. What are they today—crazy?" And we both ate leaning forward, grateful, present. He wished me only well—I saw that and believed it. "You know," he said, "it's not true that some people feel more than others. It's so unfeeling to think that; so arrogant. Take that kid upstairs—he feels plenty in his life, and what he feels is frustration." He put his spoon down. "That crazy kid, he really stole from me, you know? Still, who knows what's wrong with him? I mean, he's unhappy, too."

I looked at Dan and suddenly had such a sense of his wholeness. I couldn't subtract that. He was no villain. I didn't feel like his victim. What were we, then?

"For the kid, that's his struggle. And everywhere, every day, people are struggling, and that's what politics is about—the constraints on people's lives and their struggles, their constant and different struggles to overcome them. But then we become afraid, and turn on each other. And that's why I admired you for going to Europe, trying to be a writer, because writers can give courage. All that people need for understanding is to know their own story. And you could write your stories. And you don't need to take a straight Marxist line. I do, but you don't; I can see how you need, you should have, the fullest freedom. Take these books I bought you, do, but, I mean, you could probably just read all of Balzac, and Shakespeare, and there alone would be

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such vast humanity to draw on. . . . Tomorrow, could I drive you to Kennedy? I mean, I know you want to leave. You have so much ahead. I can understand that. But at least let me drive you. I'll fix the car—"

"Well, I was planning to go from the bus terminal on First," I said.

"I know you could. But you don't want to leave alone. Nobody does. We can talk on the way. I'd really like to, if you'd like."

"All right, then—thanks," I said, as easy as that, feeling I'd moved into the midst of great abundance, and thinking how striking it was that the only abundance lay in what was freely given, and that in making your way, in travelling through this abundance, you are constantly learning and being transformed.

And I knew also that soon I'd be in a plane again, high in the air. And I thought back over the last two months, about certain hard places where I could have tripped, had despair, have somehow gone under—and I hadn't, and Dan had, and I wondered why I was different from him, and had less fear, more resilience. Once, talking about his frustrations, his self-doubts, he said, "For God's sake, Margo, try to understand—there've been whole periods in my life that I would rather die than go through again."

I can't understand. I know that that feeling exists, I suppose I must have had it, but I can't conjure it up, not even to think about. I would never rather die; I'd rather find something else. And if I had to describe myself in this sense I would only say that for most of my life, not just these years of travelling but from the time I was four, when I saw I'd gotten taller than when I was three, and I understood, I *saw*, that my life would be years of getting taller and taller, first one year, then another, and that in this way I would come someday to match my mother—that from that time I always felt I deserved the best of everything.

—LINDA ARKING

•

From time to time, an insurance executive expresses a viewpoint that deserves careful consideration.—*Editorial in the National Underwriter.*

It's those long days in between that are so hard.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Adv. in the London Times*]

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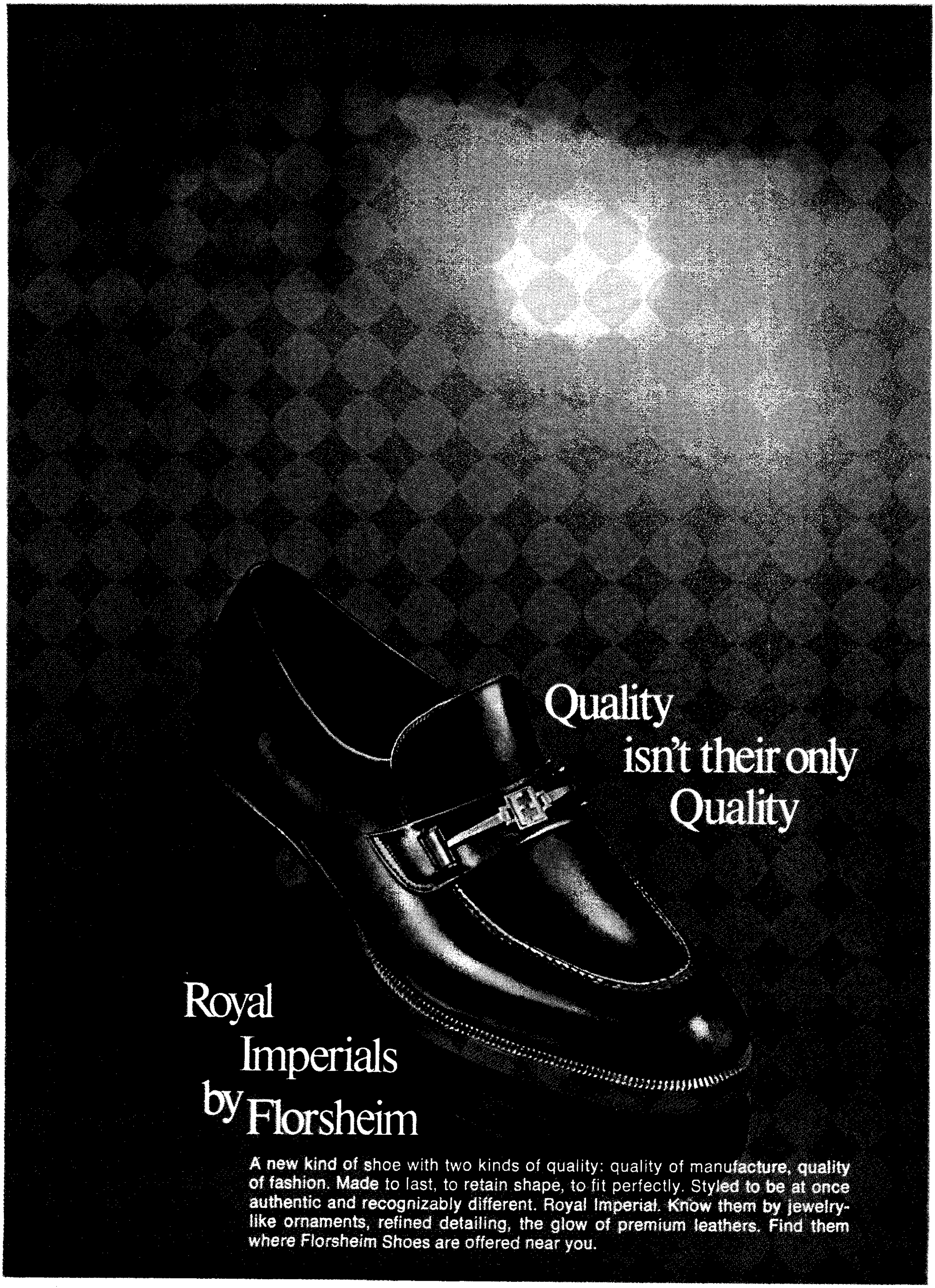
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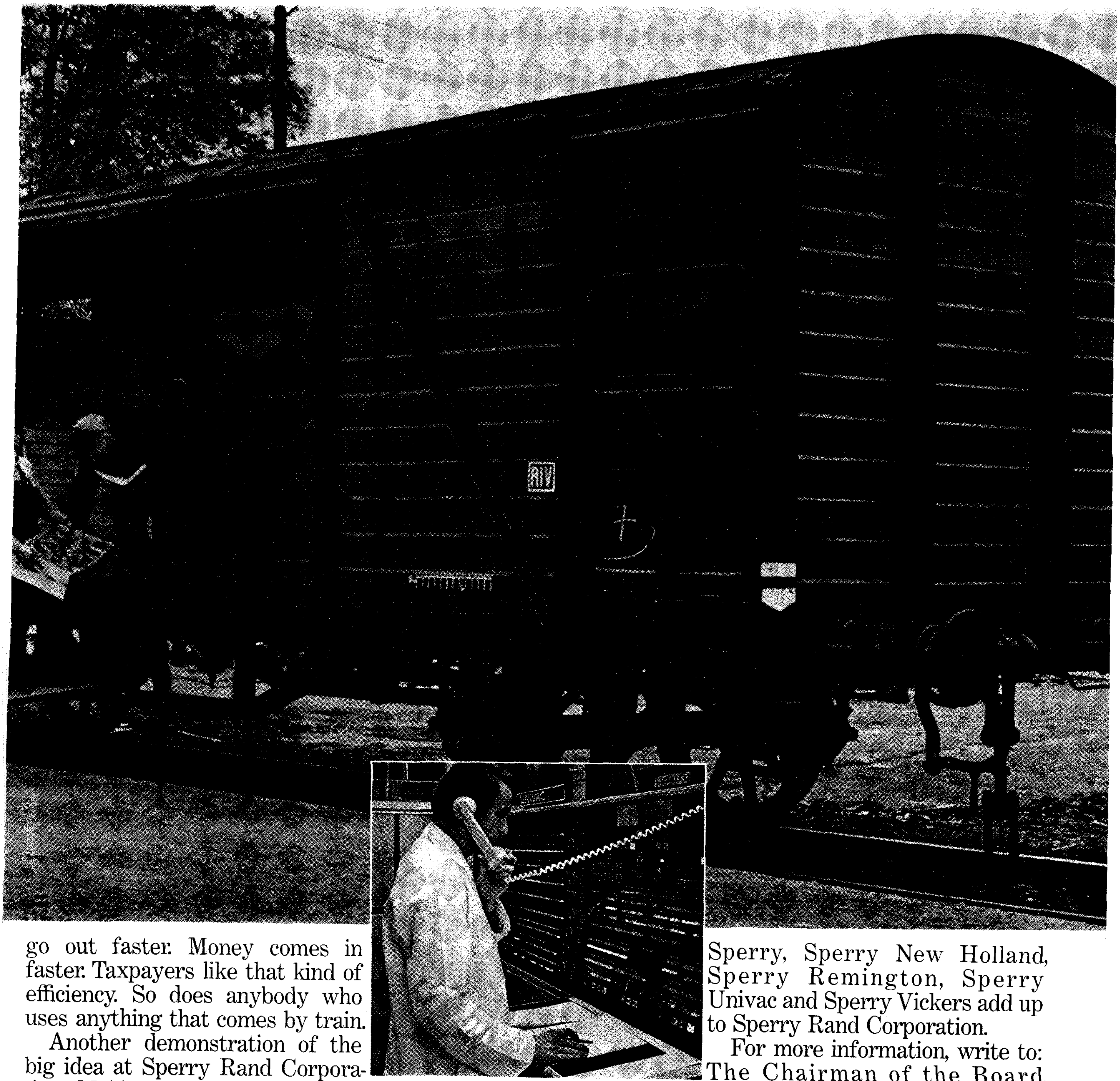

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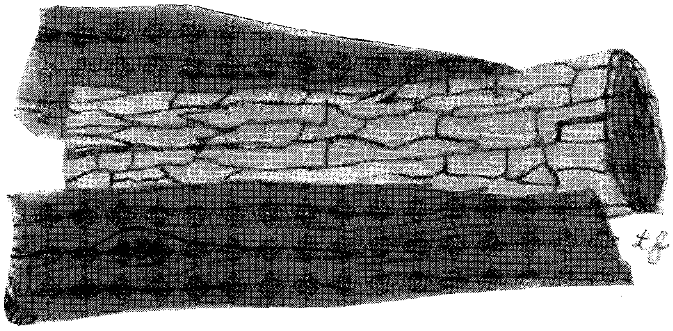
FIREWOOD



FIREWOOD has been selling, of late in New York City, for one dollar a stick. Piles of it. Right off the sidewalk. Split from small logs of oak or ash or maple. Split. Split again. Four pieces, four dollars. The bulk rate is around a hundred dollars a cord in the suburbs and a hundred and fifty dollars a cord in the city. From such prices, understandably, the less fortunate have turned aside. The Harvard Club is burning artificial logs made of wax and compressed sawdust. There are people enough, however, who seem prepared to pay for real wood—people, in fact, who are removing the boards and bricks from fireplaces long in disuse. With the destruction of old buildings and the erection of new ones, which tend to have fireplaces only in penthouses, fireplaces had steadily been disappearing from the city, an atrophy that has now abruptly ceased. As petroleum reserves ran low early this winter, a row of apartment buildings on Park Avenue exhausted its allocation of heating oil and the buildings went cold, bringing on a microcrisis that was overcome by heavy deliveries of firewood handsomely packaged in burlap.

At roughly the same time, a memorandum went out from Albany, from the director of the Division of Lands and Forests to all regional foresters in the state, instructing them that it was now "the policy of this Department, as an energy conservation measure, to encourage the cutting of firewood for fuel on state land." For five dollars a cord, plus a dollar seventy-two for liability insurance, plus twenty cents tax, a private woodcutter could be assigned to a segment of the state's forests and permitted to remove sugar maple, red maple, ash, birch, hickory—the cutter's choice. "The major value of this new effort," the memorandum went on to say, "may be to help alleviate the energy shortage."

Interested citizens in the southeastern part of the state were to call 914-677-8268, where foresters were waiting to answer questions and to explain the terms of the state's printed contracts. The phone was in Millbrook, northeast of Poughkeepsie, but there was designated forest land near Carmel, closer to the centers of population, and foresters would meet people at the site in order to complete contracts and consummate sales. After the phone number appeared in newspapers, customers began to fan in to the Carmel woods from all over the metropolitan area. Ralph Fisher, for example, a retired I.B.M. branch manager, drove up from Larchmont with his son in his son's Toyota. They took an axe and wedges, a fifty-pound mallet, and a manual saw. They cut wood from trees that were down and dead, because "due to this energy problem" they wanted "a lot of heat" on short notice from wood that was ready to burn. They went home with a modest load of maple, oak, and ash. The state would allow them two months to make return trips, whenever they liked, to cut the rest of their purchased cord. William Nalepa, a Nassau County detective, drove up to Carmel just to study the situation. With the energy shortage, firewood on Long Island had all but disappeared. He bought a cord but postponed, for the time being, the work involved. "What looked good to me there was a lot of the ash," he told his family. "They're simple to split." Ed Talbert also went up from Long Island—from East Patchogue, a hundred and forty miles from Carmel. He drove a truck that carried an old farm tractor, and he took with him two chain saws and three sons. Talbert knew what he was doing. He had lived around Herkimer once, where he had been a logger. His home in Patchogue is heated by a wood-and-coal space heater. He signed a contract for five cords, paid twenty-seven dollars and seventy-two cents, and began felling trees. He hauled big logs out of the woods with the tractor. He took two and a half cords on his first trip—about fifty trees. He did not work so hard that he failed to notice other cutters in the forest. "I've seen some of them," he said later on. "They don't know what they're doing."

One woman called the foresters and asked if a cord of wood would fit into her Pinto. A cord of wood and a Pinto are about the same size. The cargo capacity of a Pinto Wagon is sixty cubic feet. A cord (four by four by eight) is a hundred and twenty-eight cubic feet. If it is hardwood, it weighs something over two tons. (A cord as commercially sold is often a "face cord"—four feet high and eight feet long but only as deep as the length of firewood. What the state is selling for five dollars is, of course, a standard cord.) Some callers seemed disappointed when told that the state's wood was not already cut, split, and stacked by the road. Others expected that the foresters would load the wood for them. One man said he had an electric chain saw and he wondered if there were electrical outlets in the forest. Another asked if there were toilet facilities close to the trees. In Albany, a man walked into the forestry office with a hacksaw and said he wanted to sign up for a cord and go cut it.

Foresters, in the main, welcomed the state's new policy, because it would publicize forestry and the forests, but they worried also about the inherent risks. A glimpse of a city person working the woods with a chain saw was enough to make a forester avert his eyes. It would be the forester's job, after all, to sort out felled limbs, seeing which had twigs and which had fingers. Felling and cutting trees was dangerous work for professionals, let alone amateurs. Workmen's-compensation rates for the logging industry were as high as for any industry in the country, and the timberlands were full of thumbless pros who seemed to be suffering from permanent concussions. Minimally, any woodcutter coming to the state woods needed a hard hat, hard shoes, and a knowledge of felling techniques. But they came instead in suède and sneakers, untutored, bareheaded. Most apparently were unaware, too, that the preponderance of trees that the foresters had marked for cutting were alive and standing—good green timber, which would be ready to blaze across the hearth and ease the energy crisis by the Fourth of July. Green wood will burn, after a fashion, but it deposits droplets of creosote inside the chimney, and the deposits build up until they themselves catch fire. Then flames lick the roof and start back down through the building toward the fireplace.

"It sounds real good on the surface. Cut a cord of wood. Take it home and burn it. But it's not that simple," one forester said.

"I've cut a lot of trees," another said. "No matter how many you've cut, it's still dangerous."

"A fireplace is an inefficient wood-burning facility anyway. It's a romantic way to suck cold air into a room, heat the air, and send it up the chimney."

"Yes, but for all that, this program is bringing foresters closer to people. It's doing the woods a lot of good, through selective thinning. And it's a way, at last, to show people that it's not evil to cut a tree. Trees do grow again. Trees are a renewable resource. We can now explain on a one-to-one basis the renewability of the forest. We never reached the happy homeowners before."

Eric Meola, one freezing day, left his apartment at nine in the morning and drove in a small rented van to Carmel. His apartment was a floor-through loft on lower Fifth Avenue, and it was cold after ten in the evening, cold all day Sunday, and drafty in the lightest wind. He had read in the newspaper of the state's new program and had decided to add heat to his home with wood. He began with almost nothing. He had no axe, no saw, no maul, no wedge. In fact, he had no fireplace. So for three hundred and ten dollars he had bought a great inverted funnel, a hood, of red enamelled steel, whose connecting stovepipe would rise through a skylight. He was twenty-seven years old, skillful with his hands, and he did the installation himself. He was pleased with it—a handsome fireplace, freestanding. The firebed below the hood rested on, among other things, white marble chips.

Carmel was a little over sixty miles from the center of the city—far enough away to be a small and integral town, not in any apparent sense suburban. As Meola rolled in there, he passed under a railroad bridge whose most prominent graffito was "We're us." He had learned by phone where he could rent a chain saw, and now, following directions, he made a left at the Putnam County Courthouse (tall-columned and gleaming white) and another left by a half-frozen lake, and stopped by a sign that said "Paden Rental." Meola had two friends with him, one of whom was experienced with chain saws, having worked parts of his college summers cutting wood at a resort in

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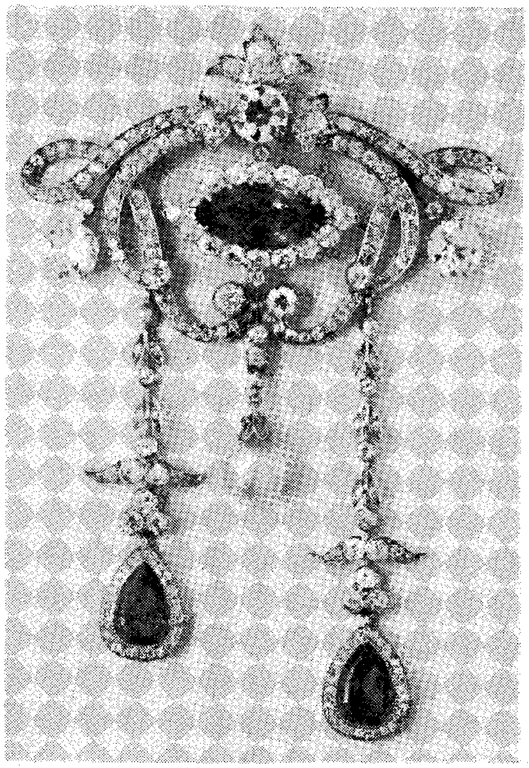

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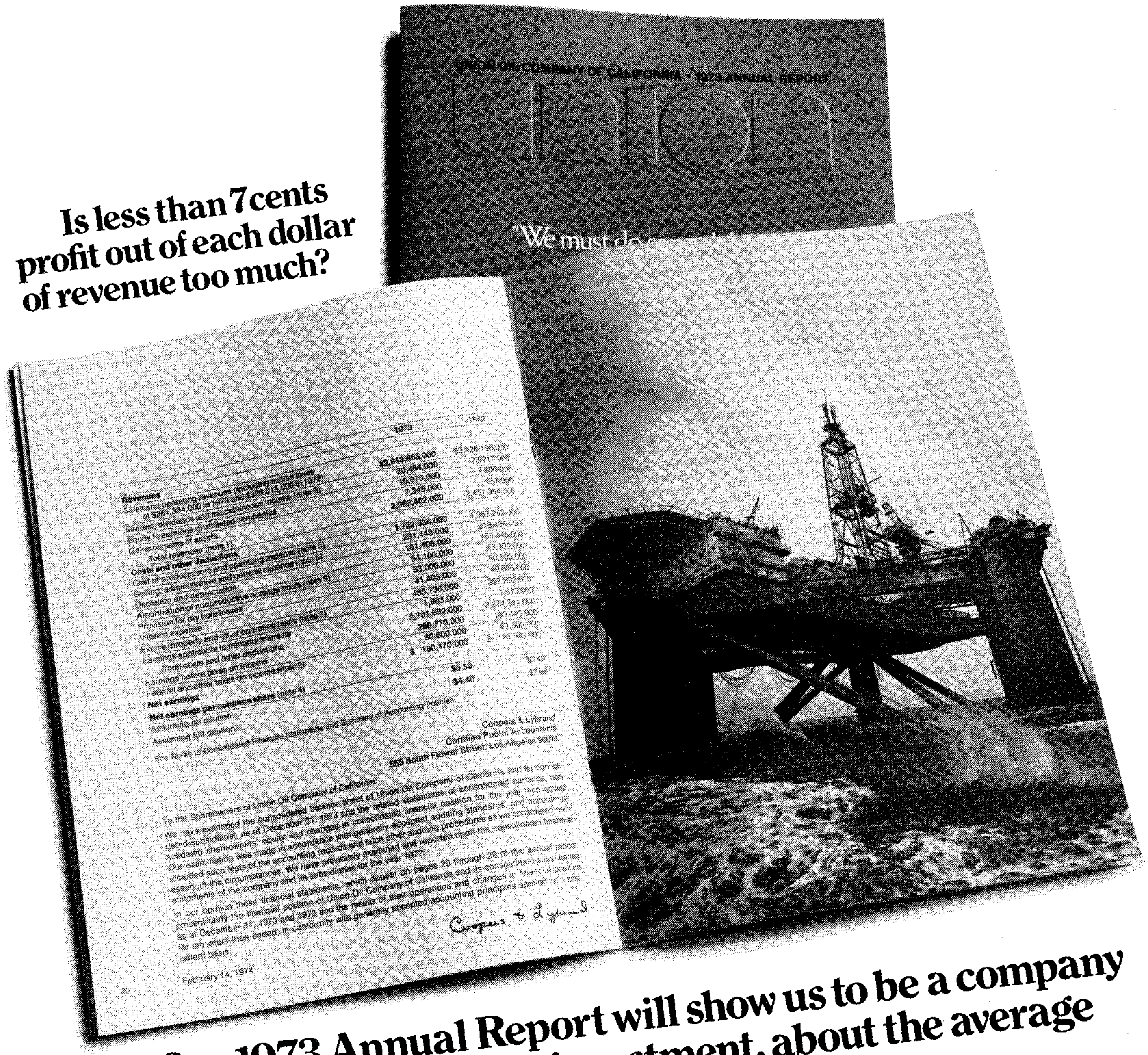

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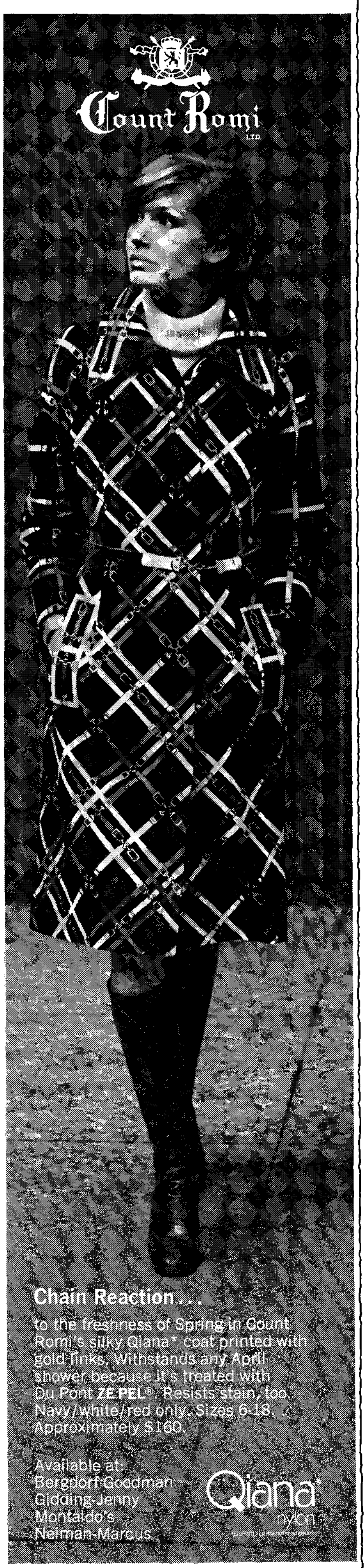
UNION 76



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Maine. His name was Randy Phillips and he had a vested interest in the day's results, for he was cold, too. Like Meola, Phillips was a photographer, and both used Meola's apartment as a studio. The other friend, Myrna Wollitzer, was an anthropologist, whose interest was in man, not firewood. She had no idea what a chain saw was, and seemed in no hurry to find out. She had cool gray eyes and a lingeringly contemplative stare. Everybody went into Paden Rental.

Paden, if that was his name, looked from one customer to another with an expression that seemed to suggest that this energy crisis had started some extremely novel trends. The woman, in leather boots and dungarees, was wearing a thin red Chinese jacket covered with lotus blossoms, and the wind outside was bitterly cold. Meola, the leader, was a tall man in a leather jacket, leather boots, corduroy trousers—handsome, with a calm and soft voice, and such a wealth of beard and curly dark hair that he could well have played the lead in "Jesus Christ Superstar." (He had, in fact, done the photograph of the "Superstar" cast that appeared on the cover of *Time*.) The other man, Phillips, wore hard, heavy, sensible rubber boots. He had stringy light-brown hair and a ten-day beard. The lenses of his eyeglasses were small perfect circles rimmed in metal, and he wore a knitted cap and a long overcoat, which in the woods would give him the appearance of a Byelorussian refugee painted against the snow. To Paden's apparent relief, Phillips was asking knowledgeable questions about the chain saw—a bright-yellow Partner 16, which Paden had presented for inspection. Meola paid the rent: twenty dollars and eighty cents for one day's use. Then he went across the street and into the Carmel Farm Supply Company, where he paid eight dollars and twenty-eight cents for a pair of leather work gloves and ten dollars and thirty-nine cents for a Plumb axe—the last axe in stock. The energy shortage had touched off an axe boom. "Use it in good health," said the man who sold it. "And don't chop your leg off."

Several miles north of town, a thin black road framed in old stone walls led in to the state woods. The tract was about nine hundred acres of rising ground topped by a fire tower on a hill called Ninham Mountain. These woods were not part of the vast acreages that the New York State constitution insists "shall be forever kept as wild forest land." These, to the contrary, were woodlands always intended for "multiple use"—lumbering, hunting, recre-

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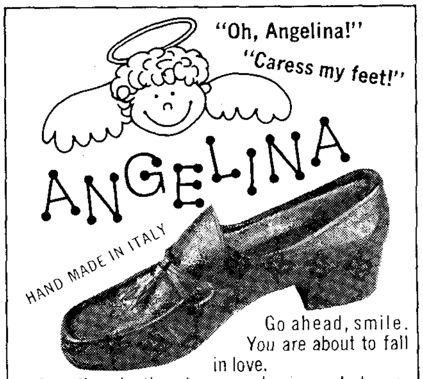
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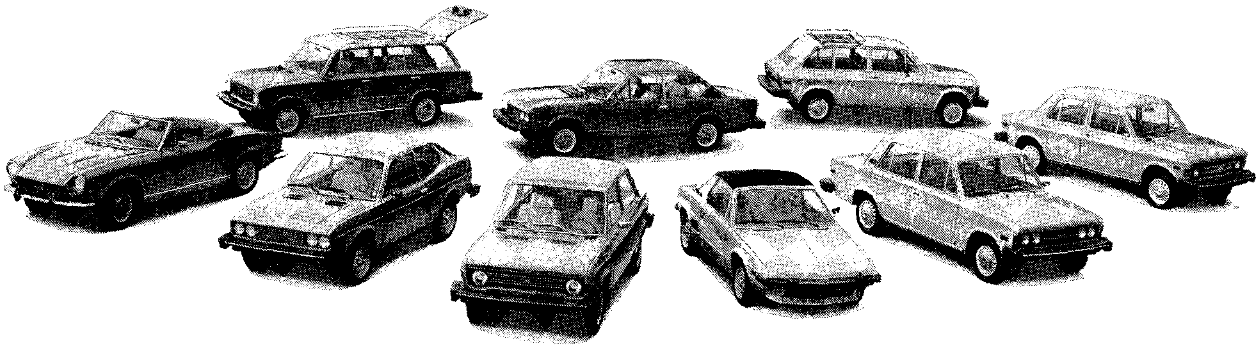

Prices of regular gasoline in Europe. Denmark, $1.13, Norway, $1.22, West Germany, $1.16, Sweden, $1.15, Greece, $1.80. (Costs and currency exchange rate as of 1/2/74.*) Italy, $1.14, Belgium, $1.01, Netherlands, $1.05, Portugal, $1.05, Switzerland, $.95, Spain, $1.17, England, $.77. (Costs and currency exchange rate as of 1/25/74.**)

*Source: European Embassies, Paris, France. **Source: Institute of Petroleum, London, England.

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ation—and now, along the south side of the road and going back some distance, a selected and high proportion of the trees had been daubed with large dots of orange paint. There were many fresh stumps. Strewn over the ground was a great deal of slash. Across the road and up a short drive was a large equipment shed—"Ninham Mountain Field Headquarters, Division of Lands and Forests."

The forester inside was a pale-complexioned man of middle height with a plain and straightforward manner. His name was Jerry Gotsch. He did not wear a uniform. He had on an old blue quilted jacket, twill trousers, thong-laced leather boots. He began to fill in a contract—on legal-size paper—that contained at least four thousand words in six-point type. He said *not to worry. This was the same* standard form the state used when selling to a pulp or lumber company a hundred thousand board feet of timber. He spoke gently, in a high nasal voice, without a trace of rustic condescension, explaining simple facts about the program. He had a look at the rented van, at the request of Meola, who wanted to know how much wood it could carry. The vehicle was a 1973 Ford Econoline (bright yellow, bearing the Technicolor heraldry of the house of Hertz). Wood weighing what it does, anything more than a quarter load in the cargo space of the van would probably destroy it, the forester said. The thing might not survive as much as half a cord of green wood. Another time, it might be well to rent a pickup.

Myrna Wollitzer asked, "Is that the kind that's open in the back?"

"Yes, that kind."

After Meola had paid his six dollars and ninety-two cents and had signed the contract, Gotsch said, "The trees here are sugar maple, red maple, ash. Elm, too—which is harder than the devil to split. There's also some black cherry, red oak, gray birch, black birch, black locust, sassafras, wild apple, quaking aspen. Take what you want. It's your choice. But please cut the stumps low and utilize the tops up to four inches. Anything you leave on the ground should have a diameter smaller than that. You have two months in which to take your cord. To get a cord out of these woods, you may need to cut twenty trees. It's up to your honesty that you take only as much as you buy. There's an old saying about cutting wood—'It warms you twice.' It warms you when you cut it, and it warms you when you burn it. The heat value of a cord of wood equals the heat

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value of two hundred gallons of fuel oil."

The door opened and more customers entered the shed. Gotsch said to be careful and he would stop by in the woods later on to see how the cutting was going.

Even the light was cold outside, coming down from a pale, fluorescent sun. Snow mists were collecting around it. The sky was otherwise blue. The wind was fresh and freezing. Myrna Wollitzer shivered, and said, "So how long does it take to chop this wood?" Her friends shrugged. She waited in the van.

Meola and Phillips walked among the trees, looking for dead ones. They wanted their fires this winter. The place was beautiful, they remarked—woods on a slope down to a fast-moving and ice-rimmed stream. Just being there was worth the trip. Phillips stopped by a fourteen-inch trunk daubed with orange paint—a big tree compared to the others there—and looked up into the high branches.

"O.K. Let's take this one," he said.

"What is it?"

"It's dead."

"A dead what? What kind?"

"Tree," Phillips said. There was an antic professorial look about him as he leaned down over the chain saw and inspected it through the narrow diameters of his steel-rimmed spectacles. His long overcoat, touching the ground, formed a drapefold curve, like the base of a tree. The saw started on the nineteenth pull. Its din shot up the air. Deciding to drop the tree more or less due north, Phillips made a large notch in the north side. Then he moved around to the other side to make the back cut. In theory, as the saw moved toward the notch, the tree should slowly, majestically bend across the hinge created in its heartwood and drop like a mighty arrow, pointing precisely in the direction intended by the sawyer. Deafening, staccato, the Partner 16 bit into the wood and moved toward the notch. Suddenly, Phillips leaped out of the way. He scrambled for his life. A ton of American elm thundered onto the forest floor, pointing due south.

ONE could always pick up a telephone and call Clark & Wilkins, on East 128th Street, and order a bag of regular. A bag of regular, also known as a bag of standard mixture, contains, say, fifteen pieces of split oak, ash, beech, maple, seasoned at least a year and neatly trimmed by a table saw to an exact length. This is the firewood of the high world. A bag costs from

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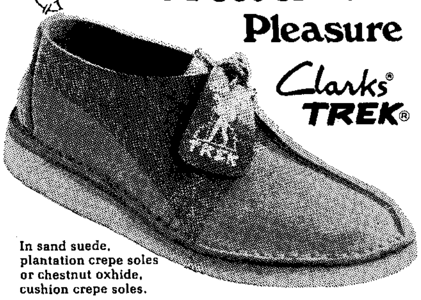

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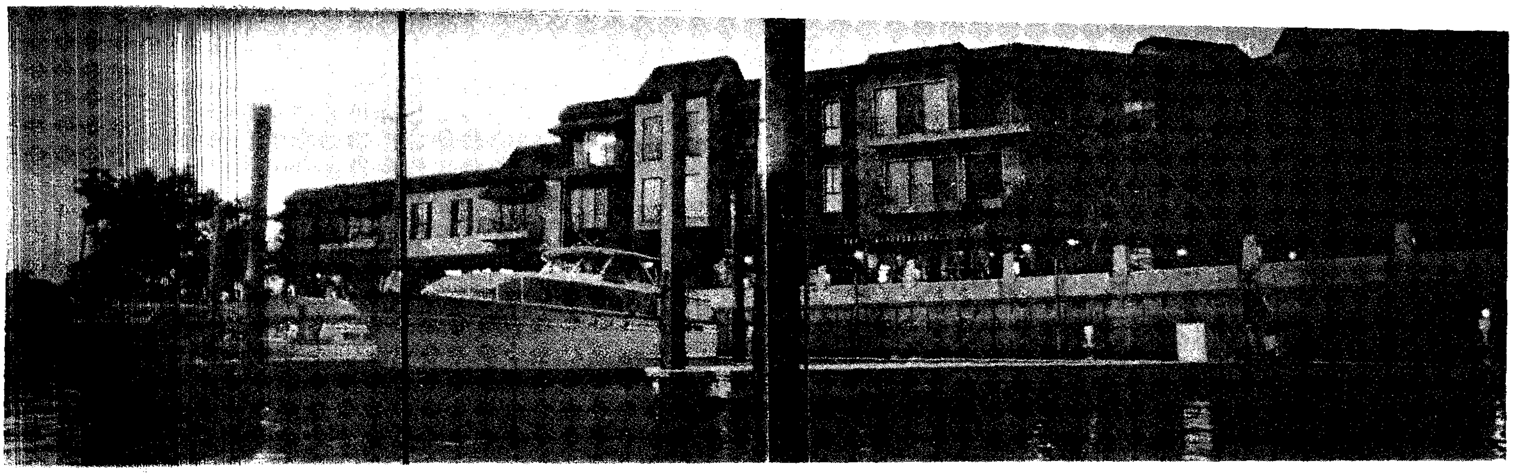

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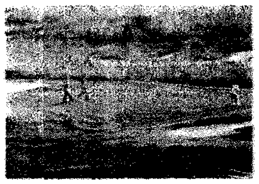

If ever there were a vacation spot for sports enthusiasts, Sea Pines is it. Three championship 18-hole golf courses are famed for being among the South's finest. And one of the great annual events on the P.G.A. tour, the Heritage Classic, is played on our Harbour Town Links and televised on NBC.

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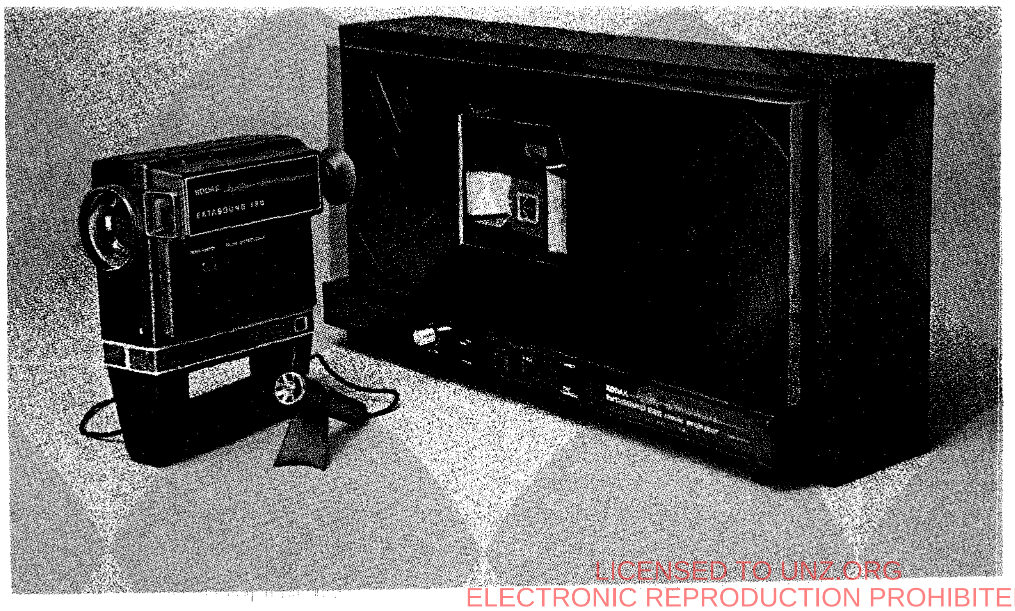

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THE TALKIES

five dollars and fifty cents to six dollars and a quarter, depending on how many bags are ordered and how tough the delivery is. Three logs, split, can fill a bag. The company stocks different lengths, but the bag price is uniform. The shorter the length, the more pieces in the bag. In Greenwich Village, fireplaces are small, and Clark & Wilkins generally delivers twelve-inch wood there. The fireplaces in midtown apartments take sixteen-inch or eighteen-inch wood. Certain town houses require twenty-four-inch wood. These long pieces are bundled, not bagged (eight or nine are bound tightly together with plastic bands). There is a class of people who cannot enjoy a bottle of wine unless its subtle pigments are asparkle in the light of a Clark & Wilkins fire. Such people have accounts with the company. They say that getting a delivery from Clark & Wilkins is rather like getting a delivery from Tiffany. The burlap is immaculate. The company's name is boldly stencilled across it. If one pays no more for one's wine than for one's wood, and only occasionally indulges in a bag of special (cherry, birch, hickory, at seven dollars and fifty cents a bag), twenty-five hundred dollars will nicely cover the combined cost, for two, of a winter's wines and fires. Imperial and Cadillac limousines often pull up at Clark & Wilkins, which is below the Penn Central Railroad's elevated tracks. There, in the heart of Harlem, a uniformed chauffeur or a woman in fur will step out and pick up a bag of regular. They get a dollar off if they pick it up themselves.

Bagged wood is piled high in a storeroom at Clark & Wilkins over wood-splitting machines that approach a century in age. The company has been selling wood since 1870, and once had lots in various parts of town where stacked firewood filled as much as two entire blocks to a height of thirty feet—many hundreds of thousands of pieces of wood. It came down the Hudson in barges, and it came up from Virginia in the holds of merchant schooners. It was delivered by men in topcoats and bowler hats. Many pictures hang in the company office. One or two show the men in the bowler hats, but mainly the pictures are of stacked wood—of hills and mountains of stacked wood. Even the corporate records smell of smoke. An accidental fire some twenty years ago lasted more than a week and went through the total inventory of firewood. The flames got to the company's old ledger books and charred their corners.

Most of the Clark & Wilkins facility is unheated, and the office, a brick-

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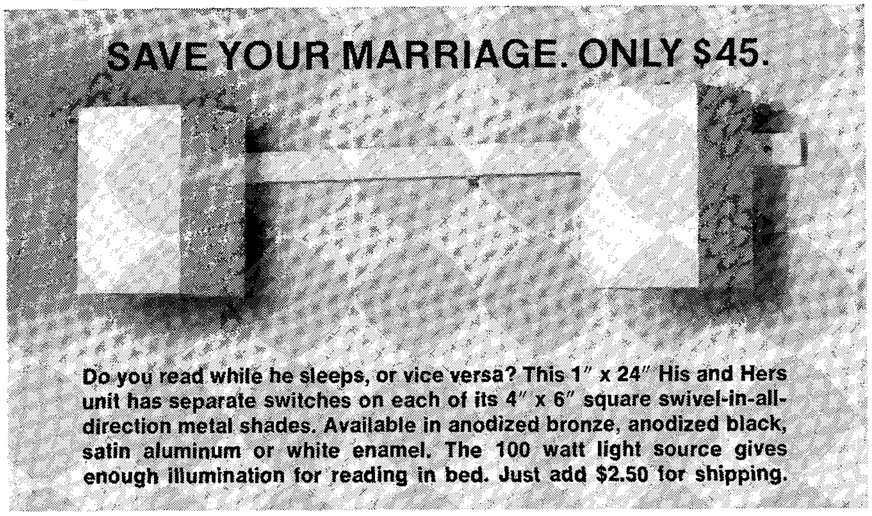

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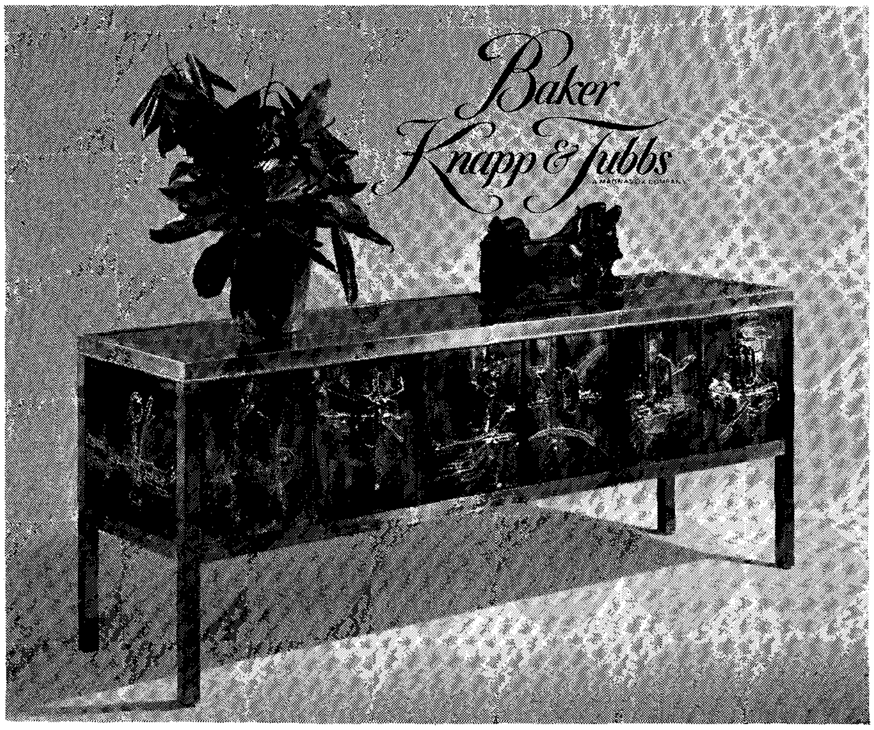

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walled room, twenty by twenty, is heated only by wood fires. The coals of hardwood ends (the bits left over when logs are trimmed to exact lengths) give off red heat from an open fireplace. Oak smoke mixes with smoke from the cigars of the boss (the semi-wild acridity of blended wood smoke and tobacco smoke is one of the great moments in the history of the nose). The manager's name is Jack Roth, and he is trim, friendly, about forty. He says Clark & Wilkins has to keep up very high standards, because of the firewood sophistication of its clientele. "It's a question of education," he explains. "There is a difference between the New York market and the suburban market. The New York market is knowledgeable. The suburban market is the uneducated firewood market. People in the suburbs know nothing. They'll burn anything. A suburb is a green-wood market. Do you know what green wood is? Green wood is wood that is *not* cut in the winter. There is green wood and winter-cut wood. If you cut in winter, the sap is out of the tree, and you get real seasoned wood. If wood is not cut in the winter, no matter how long it seasons it will never be anything but green wood. People who buy from us want wood that doesn't make much noise. It burns quietly. It throws few sparks out. It mustn't ooze. It has to be clean. It has to be free of bugs. In a New York penthouse, you can't have little things running out from under the bark. So far as I know, no one else in the country goes to the trouble to turn out a bag of wood like this."

The country seems to agree. Clark & Wilkins recently shipped a bag of firewood to a customer in Maine. Florida, too. Michigan. Indiana. Massachusetts. Brooklyn. Clark & Wilkins sells a considerable amount of what it calls "rabbi wood" to the Chassidic bakeries of Brooklyn, some of which prefer to bake matzos on wood fires.

Wherever the wood goes, it all comes from Ulster County. The company has a man there who goes around making deals with farmers. He is what is left of the barges and the schooners.

The manager taps the ash from a cigar. "This is an expensive hobby, you know—to burn firewood. Most people in New York have been using it for effect. We haven't been getting the cordage in recent years. Now, though, they're beginning to buy it again for heat."

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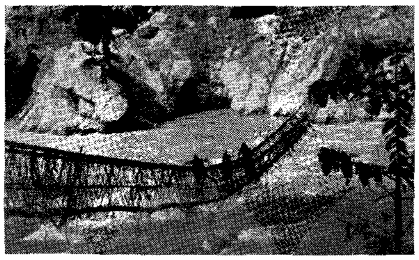

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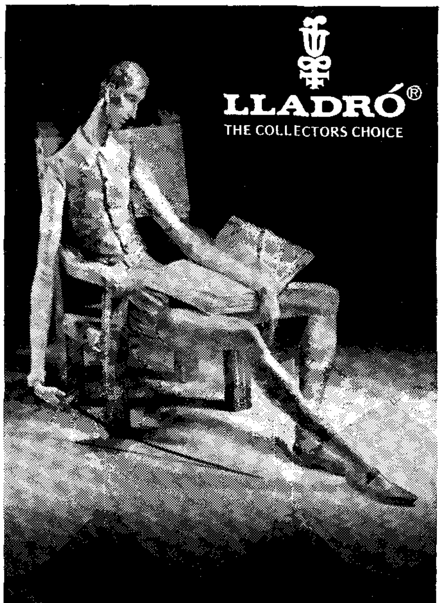

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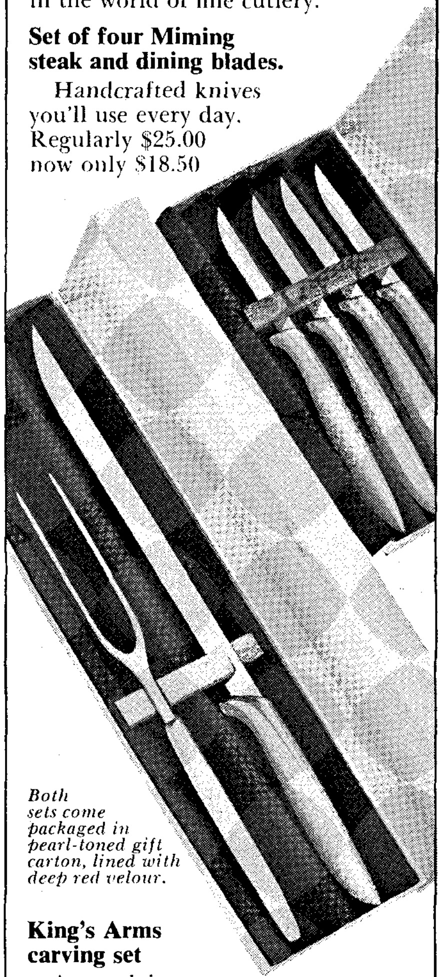

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ing moon. Something to do with the tides. Firewood, in essence, is mysterious. For example, when it is kindled and burned it almost completely disappears. The nature of firewood seems to be in the mind of the believer. Some people believe that black cherry, burning, sends out clouds of befouling soot. It no doubt does, in their houses. Others smell cherries when black cherry burns, smell apples in smoldering apple. Some people say that wood splits more easily when it is freshly cut; others say to wait until it has seasoned and checked. Still others say that it depends on the wood: you can't split fresh apple with a pile driver, but at the tap of an axe fresh oak will fall apart in boards. Most people have thought that green wood is wood that has been recently cut from a living tree, no matter at what time of year, and that seasoned wood is wood that has been drying for at least six months. This has been the impression of silviculturists, dendrologists, and foresters, for example, who go to universities and are taught that trees are full of water in the winter as in summer.

Science was once certain that firewood was full of something called phlogiston, a mysterious inhabitant that emerged after kindling and danced around in the form of light and heat and crackling sound—phlogiston, the substance of fire. Science, toward the end of the eighteenth century, erased that beautiful theory, replacing it with certain still current beliefs, which are related to the evident fact that green wood is half water. Seasoning, it dries down until, typically, the water content is twenty per cent. Most hardwoods—oak, maple, cherry, hickory—will season in six months. Ash, the firewood of kings, will season in half the time. When firewood burns, it makes vapor of the water. The rest of the log is (almost wholly) carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen—the three components of cellulose, also of starch and sugar. When a log is thrown on the fire, the molecules on the surface become agitated and begin to move vigorously. Some vibrate. Some rotate. Some travel swiftly from one place to another. The cellulose molecule is long, complicated, convoluted—thousands of atoms like many balls on a few long strings. The strings have a breaking point. The molecule, tumbling, whipping, vibrating, breaks apart. Hydrogen atoms, stripping away, snap onto oxygen atoms that are passing by in the uprushing stream of air, forming even more water, which goes up the chimney as vapor. Incandescent carbon particles,

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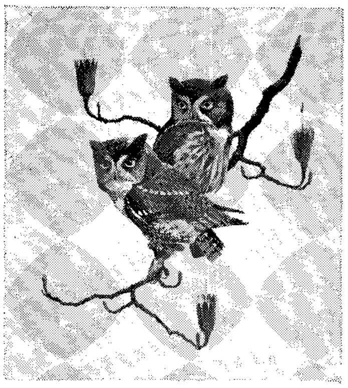

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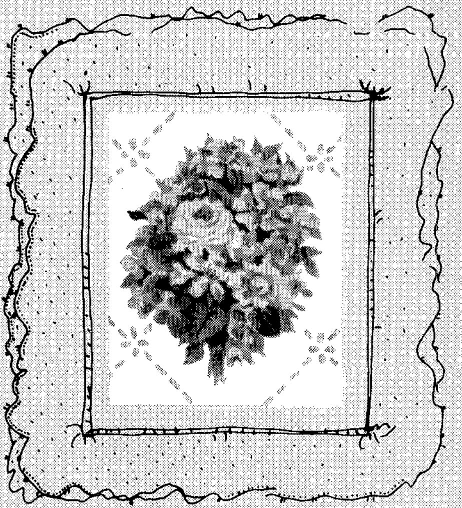
by the tens of millions, leap free of the log and wave like banners, as flame. Several hundred significantly different chemical reactions are now going on. For example, a carbon atom and four hydrogen atoms, coming out of the breaking cellulose, may lock together and form methane, natural gas. The methane, burning (combining with oxygen), turns into carbon dioxide and water, which also go up the flue. If two carbon atoms happen to come out of the wood with six hydrogen atoms, they are, agglomerately, ethane, which burns to become, also, carbon dioxide and water. Three carbons and eight hydrogens form propane, and propane is there, too, in the fire. Four carbons and ten hydrogens—butane. Five carbons . . . pentane. Six . . . hexane. Seven . . . heptane. Eight carbons and eighteen hydrogens—octane. All these compounds come away in the breaking of the cellulose molecule, and burn, and go up the chimney as carbon dioxide and water. Pentane, hexane, heptane, and octane have a collective name. Logs burning in a fireplace are making and burning gasoline.

FROM a small can Randy Phillips refuelled the chain saw while Eric Meola split with the axe the logs Phillips had already cut. Phillips moved on through the woods in search of a third dead tree. His second tree, like the first one, had made a hundred-and-eighty-degree error in its fall, and now Phillips seemed to be advancing somewhat stealthily through the glade, as if the next tree, even before it felt the saw, might come down and hit him. He chose one that was obviously leaning enough so that it could fall only in one direction. It had a seven-inch diameter. He did not notch it but cut it straight through. It fell uneventfully, and in a few minutes Phillips had it cut into fireplace lengths—about fifty dollars' worth of wood, had it been bought from Clark & Wilkins.

Jerry Gotsch, the forester, came into the woods and watched for a while. He said there was an ash or two nearby that would go nicely with the two elms and the maple that Phillips had already cut. He pointed out the trees he meant. "Ash is a good species," he said, "and these are good specimens, but they are already overtopped by that big sugar maple, and so they will die. When that's the case, you take them while you can." Gotsch had spent his professional life in forests. As he looked through this one, he seemed to be reading it—its history, its characteristics. He explained why he



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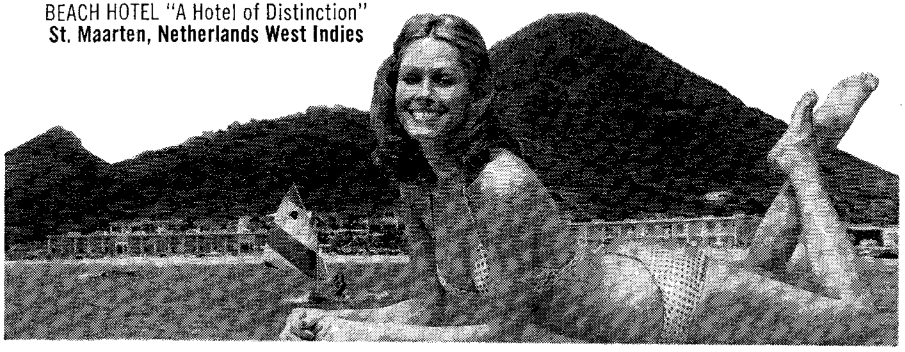

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had chosen the trees he had marked for destruction. Unmarked—and the tallest and heaviest by far—were the liriodendrons, the tulip trees. They could grow to be almost two hundred feet high and twelve feet d.b.h. (diameter breast high), and they could live for three hundred years. As a species, they were the biggest trees in eastern North America, and, after the white pine, the tallest. The tulip trees that were spaced through the woods here were not even mature yet, but they so outreached and outgirthed everything else that they had clearly got here first, and by a considerable margin of years. They virtually dwarfed the sixty-foot maples and cherries and birches around them. The tulip trees appeared to have been open grown. Those old stone walls along the road, also running through the woods, implied open fields here, in the nineteenth and perhaps in the eighteenth century, and the big trees must have stood in the fields once, competing with nothing—not even each other. Look at the breadth of those crowns. Maybe they had been allowed to grow for shade, or possibly just because they would have been considered so beautiful—tall, straight as plumb lines, with a deeply cooling canopy of broad, orbicular leaves, and yellow-green flowers in May and June that very much resembled tulips. Liriodendron. People called them yellow poplars. They were not poplars. They were, familially, magnolias. Needless to say, none in these woods were going to be marked with orange paint. They were, anyway, poor for firewood and good for lumber.

For the rest, it was a woods full of pioneer species and transition trees, evolving, across a century, maybe two centuries, toward the climax forest, which would be a grove of giant oak and hickory, with everything else pensioned off to other old fields and other new beginnings. The long-run product was timber, the forester said, and it was as timber that you judged a tree, but that did not necessarily mean that the trees would ever actually be used for lumber—just that the best timber tree is also the healthiest tree. Hence the orange mark on that nine-inch red maple. It had few knots and no cankers (lesions of the bark) and twice the d.b.h. of the sugar maple standing beside it, but the sugar maple would one day be the more valuable tree, so you fell the red maple and let the sugar maple have the light.

He moved on, into a small grove of young sugar maples. Elms had stood there but had been killed by disease, opening this small area to pioneer

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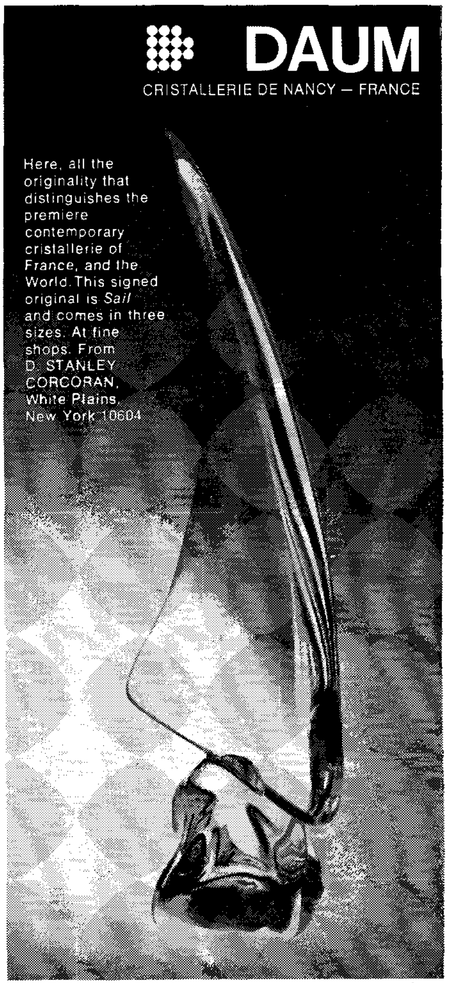
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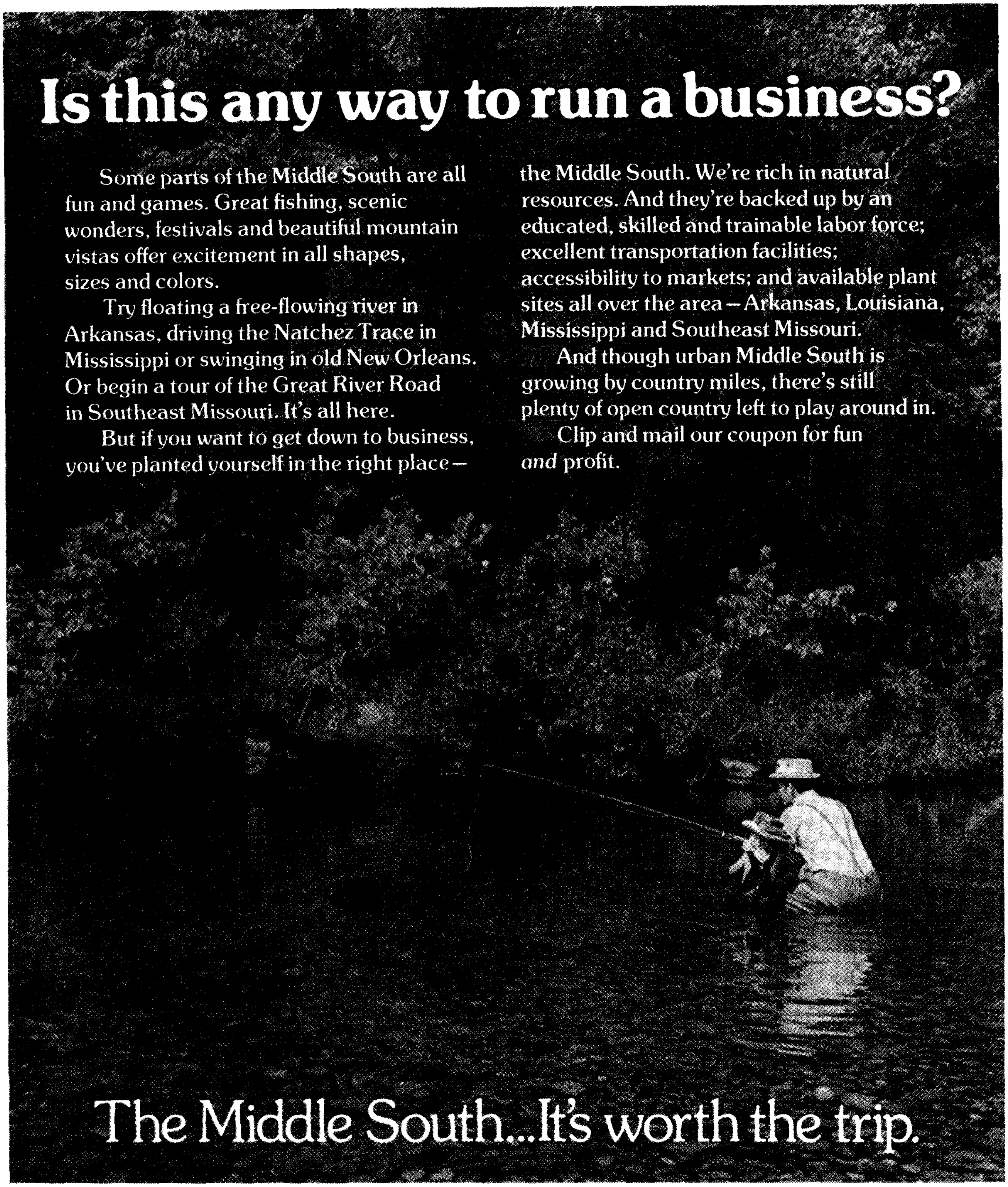

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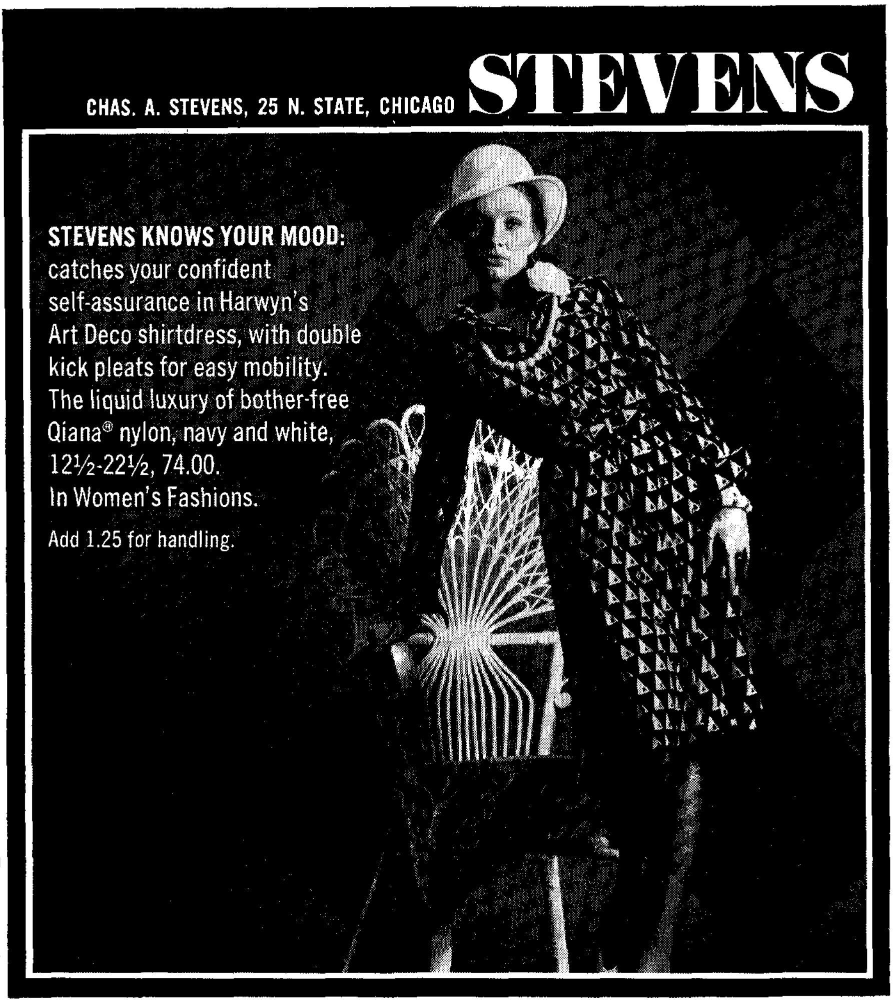
growth. Sugar maples were ordinarily transition trees in the development of forest, but they could be pioneers, too, if there was a good seed source nearby—and those big sugar maples along the road, which must have been around as long as the tulip trees, would have helped fill in the field. These new ones now were saplings—less than four inches d.b.h. At four inches, a sapling became a "pole." At one foot d.b.h. and less than two, a tree was a "standard." When its girth reached two feet, it was called a "veteran." Those tulip trees were veterans, but, for all their local seniority, they would not be "mature" until they were two hundred years old.

Gotsch as a boy had lived in the country, he said, near Millbrook, grew up hunting, fishing, trapping. He had gone to the New York State Ranger School, at Wanakena, in the Adirondacks. "It seemed like a natural type thing to do." His father was a prison guard, and his father had emphatically told him that being a prison guard was not a natural type thing to do. After ranger school, he went on to Syracuse and its renowned school of forestry. He had finished in 1960. The tulips, the sugar maples, and the white ash were the best trees here, he said. There was some hickory on the side of Ninham Mountain, but the ground was not dry enough for hickory down near the road. Why had he marked that twelve-inch black cherry? In part, because it was near the edge of its range. It was strong and healthy, but up north here it would never amount to much, as cherry goes, and six feet away from it was a big ash, prospering, fourteen inches in diameter. Confronted with such a choice, you just had to say to yourself, "Which is the better tree?" The decision had been easy, and the paint was on the cherry.

He came to a black birch and a sugar maple, side by side, each a terrific-looking tree, each straight and unblemished (no holes, few knots), each a mighty pole on the verge of standard. The bark of the birch in texture was much like the bark of a paper birch, but its color was dark, glossy pewter. The tree looked good now, but at fourteen to sixteen inches it would develop cankers—that sort of thing. It might have been spared had it not been growing so very close to that sugar maple, which was altogether the superior tree, for the sugar maple would live two or three centuries and be useful at any time for cabinets, chairs, bowling alleys, dance floors, shoe lasts, saddletrees, and boat keels, not to mention sugar. At breast height, the black birch bore an orange



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daub. To maple, birch was inferior even as firewood, but in someone's living room this gray-metal form of it was going to look better, probably, than the pictures on the walls.

Gotsch moved on into the area that had been worked over by Ed Talbert, of Patchogue. It was an example of what a stand of trees ought to look like when a cutter had worked with regard for the woods. He had worked in the one place. He had not run around like a child in a chocolate shop, grabbing what most caught his eye. It was odd what people grabbed for sometimes. They would charge into the woods like sooners into Oklahoma, heading for white birch because it was so pretty, although as fuel it would rank toward the bottom of the local list. People would run for an aspen and ignore an oak. Aspen has lovely bark. Aspen cuts easily, burns rapidly, gives little heat, rots quickly, and is hard to split. Somehow, you could see people's characters in the trees they cut, in the height of the stumps they left, and in the disposition of the slash. The best of them would choose an area, and not a set of random individual stems. Then they would cut everything marked in the area. That was what Ed Talbert had done, taking five cords out of an acre or two and leaving behind him a well-thinned stand. He had taken out the defective trees and the poor species—all the marked trees. His stumps were as low as manhole covers, and his slash was neatly piled. A fair number of red maples had been there, marked, and a big, sprawling cherry, a mazzard. If cherry bark (on an old tree) is rough and scaly, the tree is black cherry and is thoroughly wild; but if the bark retains its lenticels, its young surface of broken horizontal rings, the tree is a sweet cherry, something ancestrally tame gone wild in the forest—a feral tree—and the name for it is mazzard. Talbert's cherry had been a mazzard. Elms had been there as well, and had taken care of themselves by dying out. Talbert had cut some of the dead ones, and he had taken sugar maples that had been marked because they were competing with other sugar maples. His five cords were gone now, and what remained was a grove of sugar maples, spaced, selected, a really lyrical part of the forest. That was why Gotsch was showing it off. "People are doing the woods good. The one problem is haphazardness—high stumps, and so forth. If every area looked like this, I'd be happy."

Randy Phillips felled and segmented six trees that day, as much as the van

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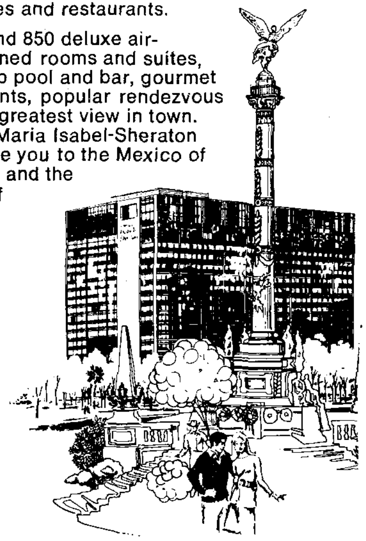

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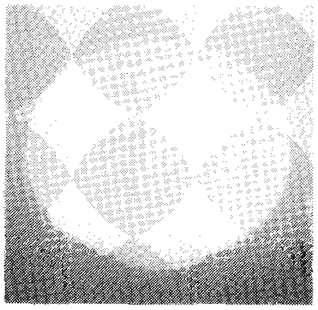

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Electric utilities are doing little to support research and development for solving energy problems.

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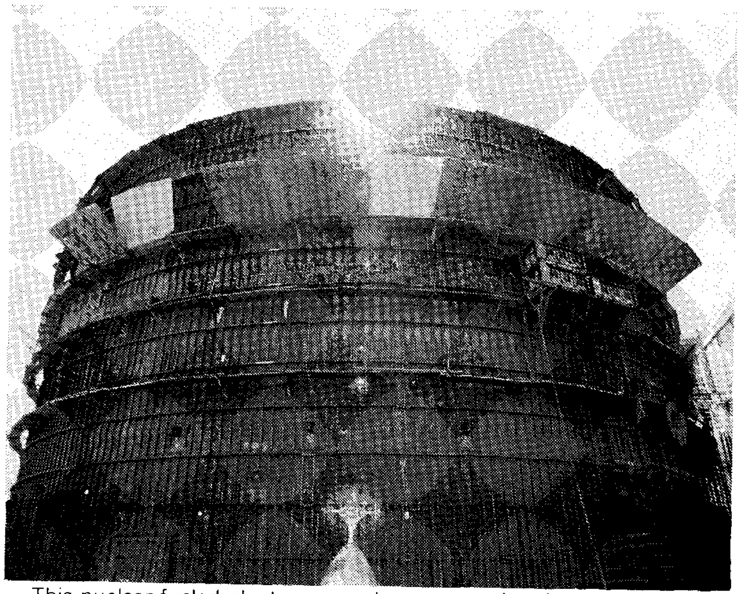

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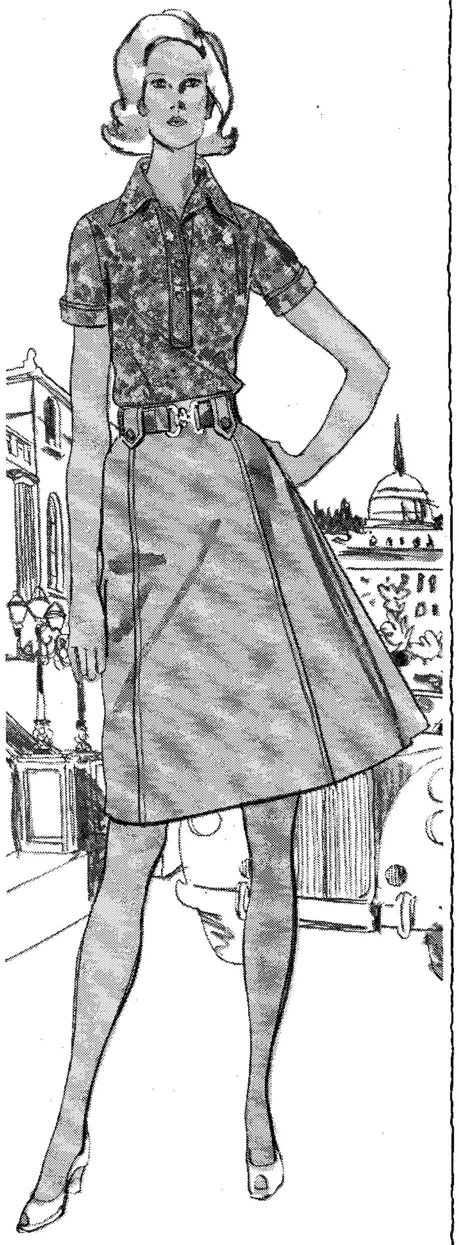

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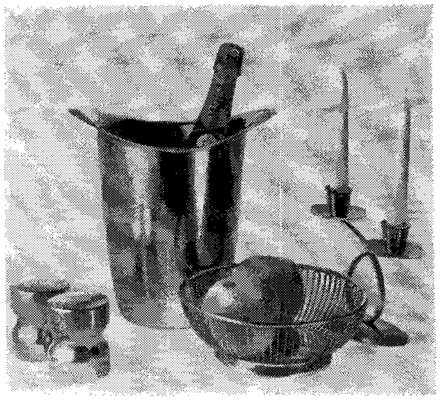
SLIGHLTY HIGHER IN THE WEST

could safely hold, and Eric Meola split all the larger pieces to appropriate size, while Myrna Wollitzer remained in the van, cold and patient. At one point while it was being loaded, she revealed that she was the president of Pure Planet, a conservation organization so much above the fruited plain that it did no conservation work on its own but existed solely to encourage other conservation organizations. Pure Planet was living up to its charter, for the president's two friends had done all the cutting and all the splitting and were now doing all the stacking. They did so with the care they might have shown in preparing a studio still-life. Meola had won awards for his work—for example, for a picture of half a dozen hand calculators spread through a forest of standing yellow pencils. His work had appeared in *Elle*, *Stern*, *Life*. Phillips, who was also twenty-seven, was ready to follow in the same general pattern but had not yet caught hold of the trapeze. The six trees had become roughly three hundred and fifty pieces of firewood—about a third of a cord. Next time, they said, they would rent a pickup, or borrow an even bigger vehicle. They would bring a wheelbarrow. They would bring sleeping bags and stay two days. Moreover, they would come in May, when the weather was warm, and cut a load of green wood against the end of the autumn.

The van had been backed a short distance into the woods, and when it tried to move out, its rear wheels spun through a frozen crust and sank down into cold mud. Gotsch, saying he thought it would make sense if the state were to push the program in May, put his shoulder behind the van. The wheels spun on—at eleven cents a mile. The forester then carried big rocks to the ruts and built a two-track drive right under the vehicle, and it lurched back out to the road.

An hour later, on the Saw Mill River Parkway, a police car overtook the van and Meola was nabbed. Although in size and shape the van was like a Volkswagen bus, it had commercial license plates. The officer listened with stoic grandeur to the tale of a day in the woods. "I believe what you're saying. I believe your alibi," he said. "But you can read the signs, and they say 'Passenger Cars Only.' Here is your ticket. If you wish to appear in court, you come back in two weeks. Court time is at 7:30 P.M. That's in the evening."

Without further event, the wood made its way through the back roads of Westchester, and on down the Ma-



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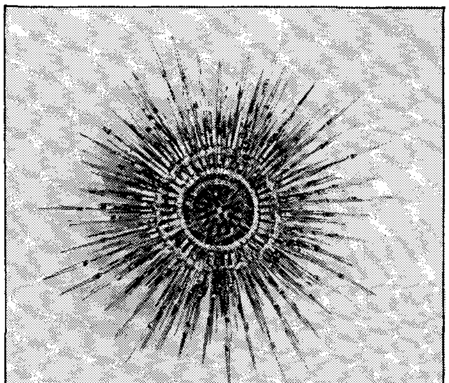

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TIME, finally, to sit back and stare into the fire. Kick it. Make the sparks shoot. Change it there in its frame. Push the logs together, push up the flame. Why is the flame yellow? From sodium in the wood. Green? Copper. Violet? Potassium.

The material that goes up the chimney and out to the world weighs twice as much as the log it came from. Since almost all of it is distilled water and carbon dioxide, it is more than enough—if it could get back down—to put out the fire.

Gases, confined in pockets in the wood, will explode. So will steam. When the explosions are small, the fire crackles. When larger, it pops and throws debris out onto the rug.

Wood smoke? Unburned carbon and airborne ash. Like gun smoke. Like grass smoke.

Ash? The minerals in the wood. Sodium, boron, magnesium, silicon, copper, phosphorus, sulphur, potassium . . . Most trees are less than one per cent ash. White birch is a quarter of one per cent ash, and Douglas fir, among North American trees, has the least ash of all (eight one-hundredths of one per cent). In a fire, it all but disappears.

> Birch and fir logs burn too fast,
> Blaze up bright and do not last.
> —ANON.

Black ironwood is eight and a third per cent ash, a blizzard. Black ironwood, though, has the highest fuel value of any wood that grows in the United States. More British thermal units per cubic inch. The tree is short and strong, seldom more than a foot thick or thirty-five feet high. It grows from Cape Canaveral south. The wood is a beautiful rich orange-brown, close-grained and brittle. Drop it in water and it will sink like a stone, for it is a third again as dense as the water.

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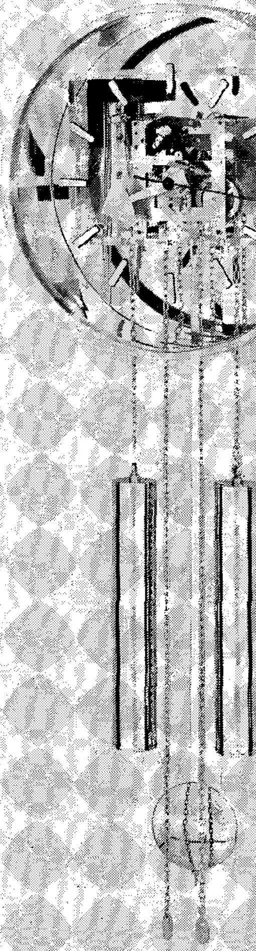

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sonwood, purple haw, seven-year apple, darling plum, stopper, mastic, and mangrove. All these trees grow in the United States, and the weight of a cubic foot of each of them exceeds sixty-two and a half pounds, the weight of a cubic foot of water. Firewood connoisseurs in Manhattan go to expensive lengths to obtain some of these heavy woods, notably lignum vitae, as focal points for recherché dinner parties, along with the buffalo marrow, the yak sweetbreads, the piranha mousse.

Mangrove is the second-best firewood that grows in the United States. Lignum vitae, in fuel value, is the third. The three worst—in a list of four hundred and thirty—are a yucca, a wild fig, and the giant sequoia.

The redwood made the genetic error of growing good lumber. The lumber of the giant sequoia is terrible. Be good for nothing if you want to live forever is the message of the giant sequoia.

The best of common firewoods are the ones that weigh upward of forty pounds per cubic foot. Sugar maple (43.08). White ash (40.78). Black locust (45.70). American elm (40.55). Beech (42.89). Scarlet oak (46.15). Northern red oak (40.76). White oak (46.35). Flowering dogwood (50.81). Shagbark hickory (52.17).

Eastern white pine weighs twenty-four pounds per cubic foot and burns like newspaper.

Harder than the others to ignite, or so it seems, is the black locust. Put it on a hot white fire and it burns with a low, steady flame and lasts for hours. While the rich burn lignum vitae, the poor can burn black locust. Amazing, ugly, weedlike tree, it grows as crooked as a bony finger and races for the sky at prodigious speed. Its early-year growth rings can be more than half an inch thick. Yet the wood is harder than concrete, dense and fibrous. Instant anthracite. Left lying on the ground for a decade, it refuses to rot. It makes the best fence posts, good coffins. It is enraging to split. The strongest wood that grows in the United States is nutmeg hickory (highest "modulus of rupture"). The second-strongest is torchwood. The third is black locust. The weakest is gumbo-limbo, which is even weaker than the giant sequoia.

> Elmwood burns like churchyard
>   mould;
> E'en the very flames are cold.
>   —ANON.

Fred Gerty, a New York State forester and colleague of Jerry Gotsch,

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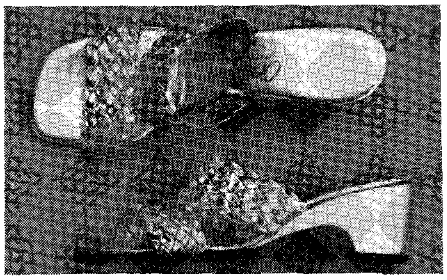

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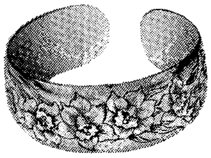

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found these couplets in the "Forestry Handbook." He hands them out to woodcutters. Gerty and Gotsch subjectively agree that among the firewoods most abundant in Carmel the white ash is the best. Their second choice is red oak. Their third is red maple.

> Oak and maple, if dry and old,
> Keep away the winter cold.
> But ash wood wet and ash wood
> dry
> A king shall warm his slippers by.
> —ANON.

Wood was the main source of energy in the world until the eighteen-fifties, and it still could be. Roughly a thirtieth of the annual growth of all the trees on earth could yield alcohol enough to run everything that now uses coal and petroleum—every airplane, every industry, every automobile.

The fire starts to fade. Two logs will literally keep each other warm, radiate heat back and forth. One log alone loses so much heat it cannot keep going. Thermal radiation is red, white, and blue. A wood fire, in its core, in its glowing coals, could never be hot enough to be blue, but, at its hottest, it can be white, and orange-white. Subsiding, it becomes orange and orange-red and red and deeper red and dark red, until its light goes off the visible spectrum. The heat can be banked in ash, though, for eight, ten hours—long enough to last through the night and, in the morning, begin another fire.

—JOHN MCPHEE

•

The Connecticut Automotive Trades Association has established a consumer action panel of its own (AUTOCAP). Comprised of 457 new-car dealers throughout the state, this organization has set up a toll-free "action line" (1-800-842-2276) to hear complaints against any of its members. The dealer in question has a period of 15 days to reach an impasse, and if he fails to do so, the case will then be brought before a panel of four auto dealers and three "consumer-interest members," who will attempt to resolve the issue.—*Connecticut Magazine.*

Fifteen days isn't time enough. Should be at least twenty.

•

There have been no problems in St. Louis created by pre-trial publicity because the newspapers have exorcised sound judgment and restraint in what they have printed.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

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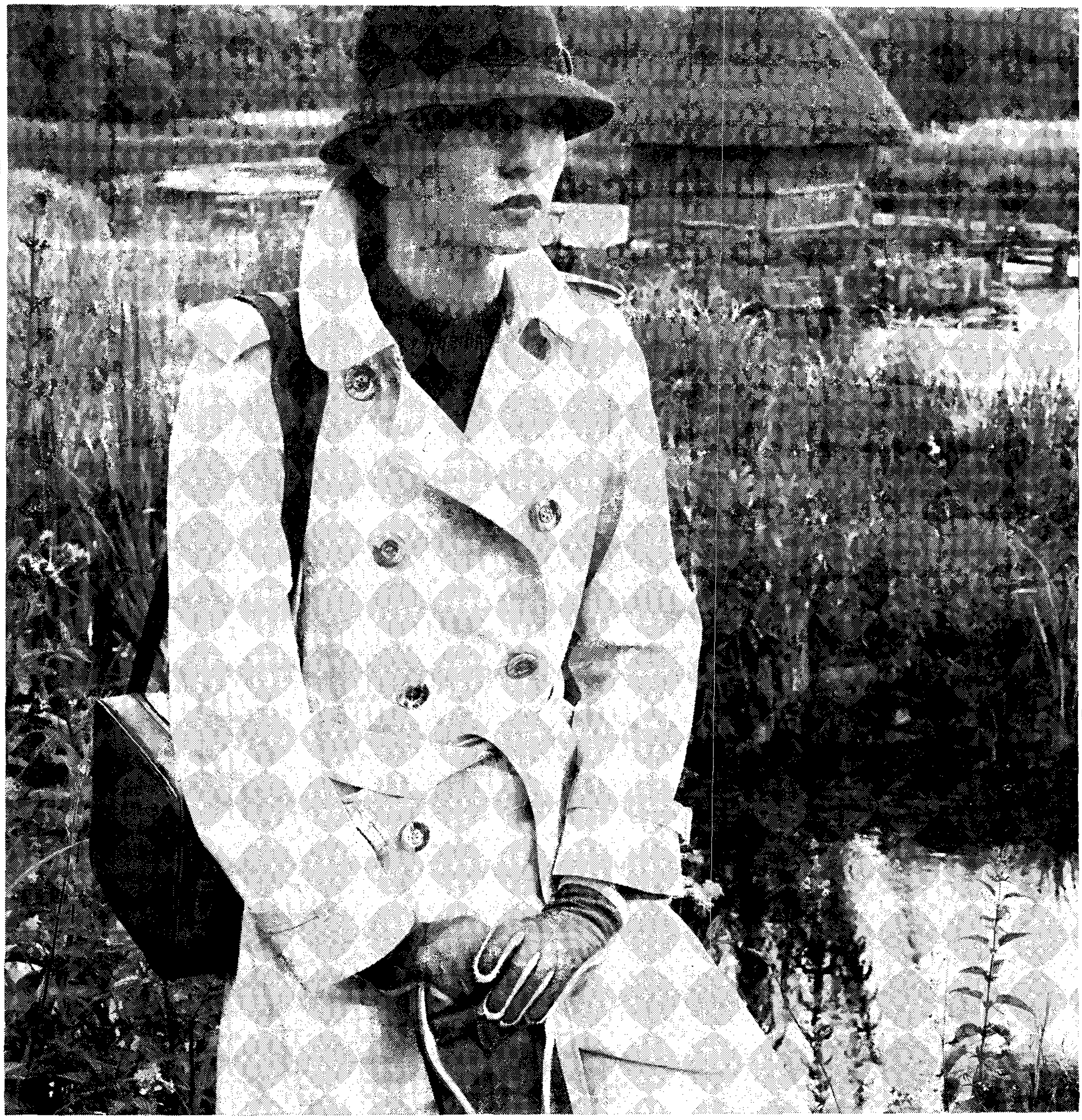

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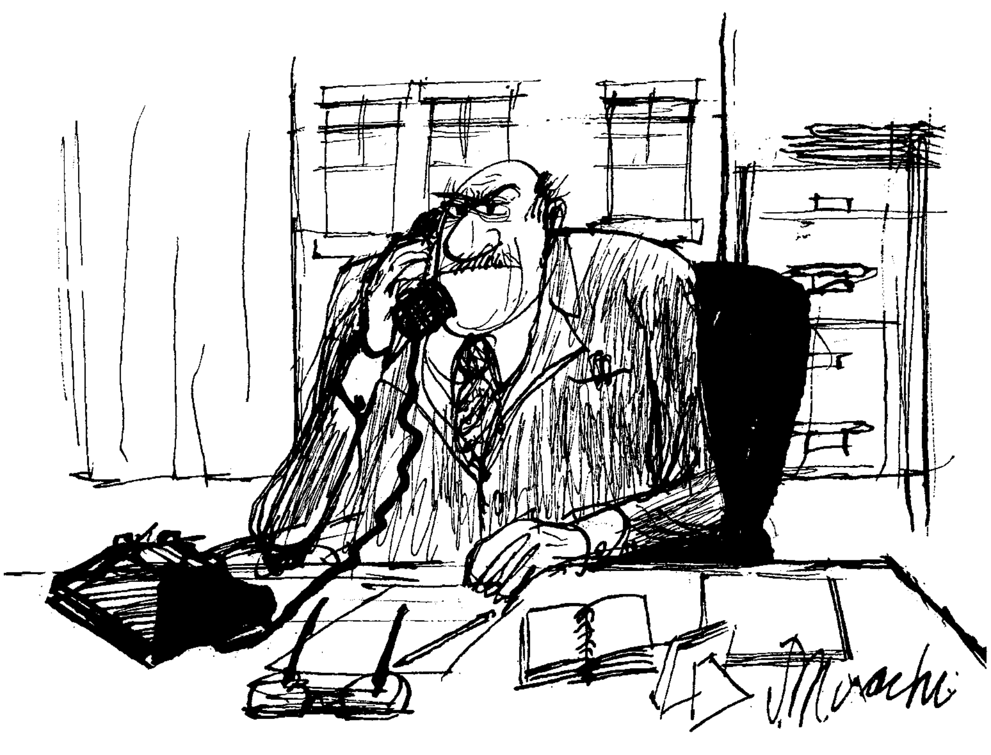
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

THE action of Miguel Piñero's "Short Eyes," at the Public, takes place in the dayroom of a house of detention. It is a large, bright room, with a urinal against the back wall, a door to a shower upstage left, a card table in one corner, and, above the room, a gallery with cell doors. The characters are prisoners—all but one of them, a fellow named Murphy, black or Puerto Rican—and a few guards. A young white man named Davis is brought in by an angry guard. Davis is charged with the rape of a little girl; in mysterious prison argot, he is a "short eyes." The other men are appalled when they hear the charge, and soon they start to torment him; what they do to him—and, in one instance, for him—is the story of the play. At one point, Davis (William Carden) hysterically pours out a long sexual confession, which may be wholly or partly fantasy—there is no way of knowing. The listener is a steady, not entirely unsympathetic Puerto Rican named Juan, and although his distaste is as great as that of the others (the actor called Bimbo, who plays the role, leaves us in no doubt of his feelings; his winces, his suffering eyes, and the intensity of his silence are more eloquent than words), he tries to protect Davis. Chief among the tormentors is Murphy. The plot is brutal but no more vivid than the life around it, with the men chatting with one another, playing cards or chess, dancing and singing to rhythmic drumming on the table and the floor, their emotions always simmering, and sometimes boiling over into scuffles or fights or an attempt at a homosexual seduction. There is also quite a lot of comedy, my favorite bit being a routine about Jane Fonda, as delivered with a kind of tongue-in-cheek enthusiasm by Ben Jefferson. But the horror of Davis looms over everything. The show has considerable theatrical validity quite apart from what I suppose one could call, under the circumstances, its factual validity. The circumstances are these: The actors of the company describe themselves as The Family. Many of them, though not all, have served time at the Bedford Hills Correctional Facility, where, under the leadership of their director—a professional named Marvin Felix Camillo, who made regular visits to the prison—they took part in a dramatic workshop. As the men were released, one by one, they joined Mr. Camillo and, as a group of amateurs, toured various churches, schools, and colleges in Westchester, and then became a resident company at the Riverside Church in this city. Now, with their appearance at the Public, the ex-convicts of the cast have joined Equity, taking their first step into professionalism; the other members of the cast are already professionals. Everybody does well. The setting is by David Mitchell.

THE Young Vic's "Scapino," at the Brooklyn Academy, is, if you can imagine it, even funnier and more carefree than its "Taming of the Shrew," and just as stylish. Again the dynamic, quicksilver Jim Dale (the "Shrew's" Petruchio) presides over the revels, and again the direction is by Frank Dunlop. "Scapino" is an adaptation (of all inadequate words!) of Molière's farce "Les Fourberies de Scapin." The action has been moved from France to Italy—*back* to Italy, actually, since Scapino, a traditional commedia-dell'arte character, was Francified by Molière (and Anglified by Wodehouse; he is a disreputable ancestor of Jeeves).

A knavish servant comes to the aid of two young men—one of them his master's son—who, without the permission of their miserly fathers, have fallen in love with two seemingly unsuitable girls, and it is the tricks he uses to bring the old men around and to part them from some of their money that make the play. Scapino's sidekick is another servant, Sylvestro, who is equally sneaky and deceitful, and, though scarcely as inventive, entirely coöperative in all mischief. The production is a treasure chest—a glorious cornucopia of every kind of comedy, with no theatrical tradition left untapped: slapstick (there is a real slapstick, an enormous rubber sausage used for hitting purposes), acrobatics, juggling (a full plate of spaghetti is spun by a waiter downstage to a waiter upstage), mimicry, throwaway lines, ad-libs, asides, puns, funny songs (the words of one of them are names of varieties of pasta), old-style put-ons, and audience participation of the most enchanting kind. How these resourceful actors from London get away with all this and still do justice to the play, without ever, for one second, condescending to the audience, is beyond me, but they do. Everybody is, at one time or another, a caricature Italian right out of a *Punch* cartoon. But nobody is anything for very long at a stretch, because this performance is quicker than the eye or ear, and, under the magical guidance of Mr. Dunlop, every joke pays off. The acting/clowning by



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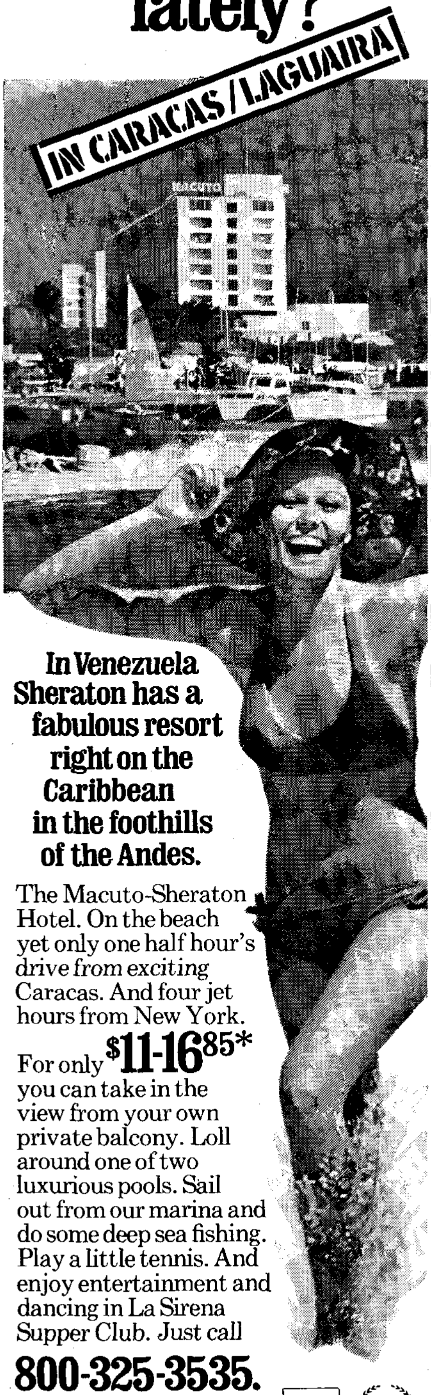

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all hands is splendid. Paul Brooke as a portly, outraged father (and principal gull); Ian Trigger as a tiny, peppery father; Gavin Reed as Sylvestro; Andrew Robertson as a roustabout; and Denise Coffey as a pretty gypsy girl are especially funny. As for Mr. Dale, who also wrote the music and plays the guitar and sings, he is a blazing star. The fine setting, of a large house and balconies and platforms that look out over the Bay of Naples, is by Carl Toms.

THE revivals of old musicals at the Equity Library Theatre are almost bound to be delightful, and the E.L.T.'s current presentation of "Oh, Lady! Lady!" is absolutely irresistible, with its lovely score by Jerome Kern; charming, nimble lyrics by P. G. Wodehouse; and a lighthearted, properly foolish book by Mr. Wodehouse and Guy Bolton. The songs include, by the way, "Bill," which made its first appearance in this show in 1918, was taken out in rehearsal, and reappeared years later in "Show Boat;" Kelly O'Brien sings it so well, so purely, that she brings back Helen Morgan without for one instant imitating her. What makes these revivals such a pleasure is their fidelity to the spirit of the originals—no frisking around and no camping. Under the direction of Clinton Atkinson, the performances by all the actors, many of them comparative beginners, are satisfactory, and a number are better than that. Everybody who is meant to be funny is funny; the singing is good (that of Gary Brubach, Robert Lydiard, Robert Lunny, and Donna Theodore being especially so); the dances, by Bick Goss, are agreeable and appropriate; the girls in their period dresses (by Julie Schwolow) look pretty; and the men look handsome. William Boswell is responsible for the musical arrangements for a small orchestra. Special mention should be made of Charles C. Welch, who is very good in the small, nonmusical part of an Irish janitor. Technically speaking, admission is free, but a contribution of $2.50 a person is suggested. During the intermission, there is a request for funds by the members of the cast (all of whom work—and work hard—for free), and, as usual, this pitch is as much fun as anything in the show. Empty your pockets.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

Easton police are investigating the theft of an undetermined amount of furniture and other items from an empty house.—*Easton (Pa.) Express.*

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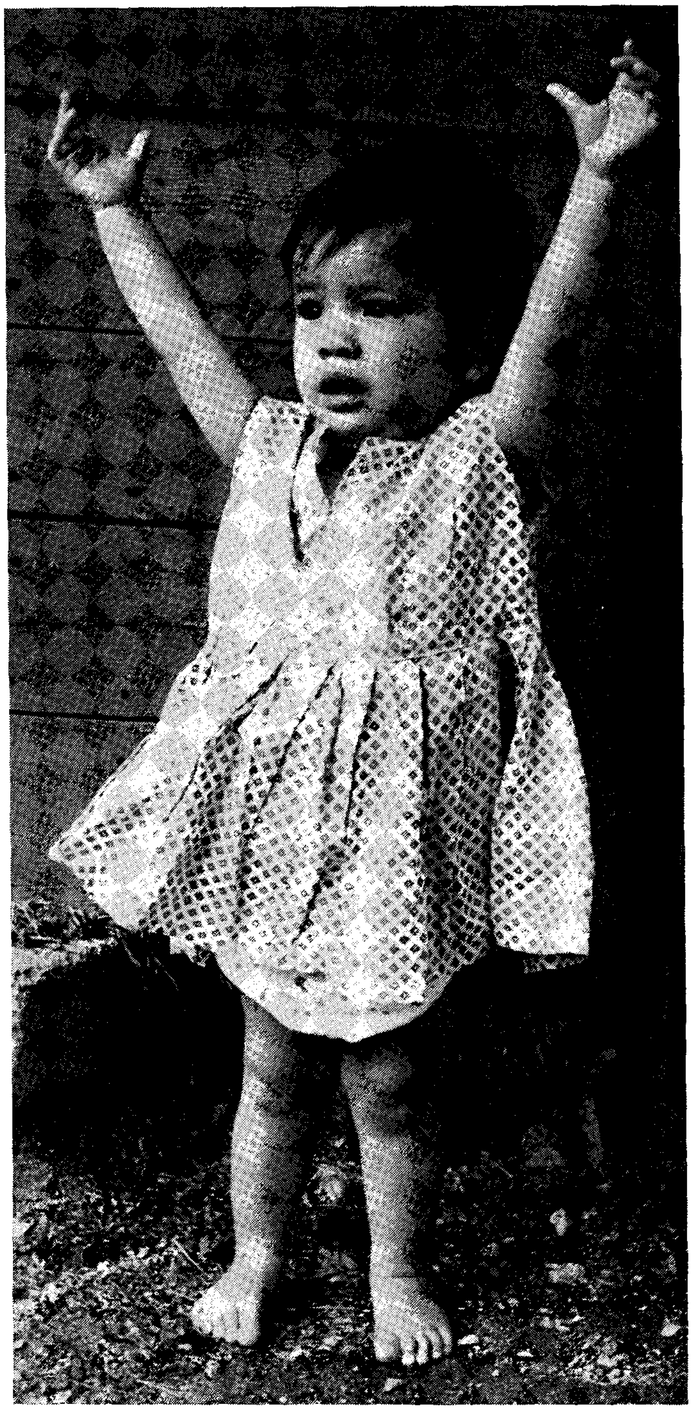

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THE RACE TRACK

Out of the Money

MAXWELL GLUCK'S Protagonist, who was rated the best of his age in the Experimental Free Handicap and was considered a favorite for the Kentucky Derby, certainly blotted his copybook at Aqueduct last Saturday afternoon. In his first start this season, the Bay Shore Stakes, he finished fourth, behind Hudson County, Frankie Adams, and Instead of Roses, none of whom was thought to be in the same street with him. Eleven three-year-olds ran in the drizzling rain, and Protagonist, drawn close to the rails, didn't have any of the best of the start, and was back in the ruck for most of the seven furlongs while Hudson County was winging his way lengths out in front. I know it's easy to make excuses for beaten favorites, but Protagonist deserves another chance. I'd also like to hear what Johnny Campo, his trainer, thought about the race, though I might not be able to print it here. Robert B. Cohen's Hudson County carried his speed a bit farther than he did in the Swift, in which he finished third, but I doubt whether this little bay colt by Black Mountain is up to a longer route. We'll see if and how he goes in the Gotham Stakes, at a mile, and in the Wood Memorial, at nine furlongs.

SIGMUND SOMMER, who would rather buy horses ready-made than breed them, has scored big again. His four-year-old Prince Dantan, whom he bought from John Galbreath shortly before the end of the fall season on Long Island, won the Santa Anita Handicap Sunday before last by four and a half lengths from Ancient Title—who had won the Malibu, the San Fernando, and the Charles H. Strub Stakes—and nine of the better older horses in training. After mulling over the chart, I'd say that his performance was a smasher. Away well, he quickly slipped into a perfect position just off the lively early pace, and held it until he was halfway down the backstretch, where Turcotte gave him his head. On the turn for home, he swept past Ancient Title, who had been skipping along in front, and at that point the Big Cap was all over except for the cheering, but Turcotte, feeling that his mount might be tiring from his trip over a heavy track, rode him right out to the end of the mile and a quarter. (You don't take chances when the first money is $105,000.) Behind him, Ancient Title saved second place by half a length from Big Spruce, who, as usual, finished with a great rush. As for the favorite, Quack, the heavy footing and his impost of 126 pounds were just too much for him. Altogether, the Santa Anita was a good show. My favorite observer reports that, for an unannounced added attraction, a streaker did a fast quarter down the backstretch after the Handicap. A clocker timed him at a furlong in 25 seconds before he took the fence.

Few horses I have known have improved as amazingly and as quickly as Prince Dantan has since he changed stables. In a matter of weeks, he has moved up from an indifferent runner in minor races to become winner of one of the top handicaps. In the two years he ran in the Galbreath colors, he won three of his thirteen starts, and although he has a priceless pedigree—by Graustark out of Lobelia, she by Bold Ruler—he was unofficially up for sale. So when Pancho Martin, who trains for Mr. Sommer, and who has an eye for a horse which amounts to second sight, went looking for something to take to California, he had no difficulty in making a deal for Prince Dantan. The terms of the sale were not announced, and nothing by Graustark is cheap, but it is my guess that the Prince has already won himself out. He has taken four big purses on the Coast—the last two were the San Antonio Stakes and the Santa Anita Handicap, a double that not many racers have brought off—and those, together with third money in the Strub Stakes, total something like two hundred thousand dollars. No doubt about it, Martin has done well with the horses he has picked up for Mr. Sommer. As a matter of fact, they put Mr. Sommer at the top of the list of winning owners in 1971 and 1972, and second on it last year, but Martin insists he is no miracle worker. He says the only important change he has made in the training of Prince Dantan is to stop running him in blinkers. Most horses, he believes, just improve with age.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

The gunman was shoeless and wore bright green socks—apparently so he could sneak up quietly on his victims.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

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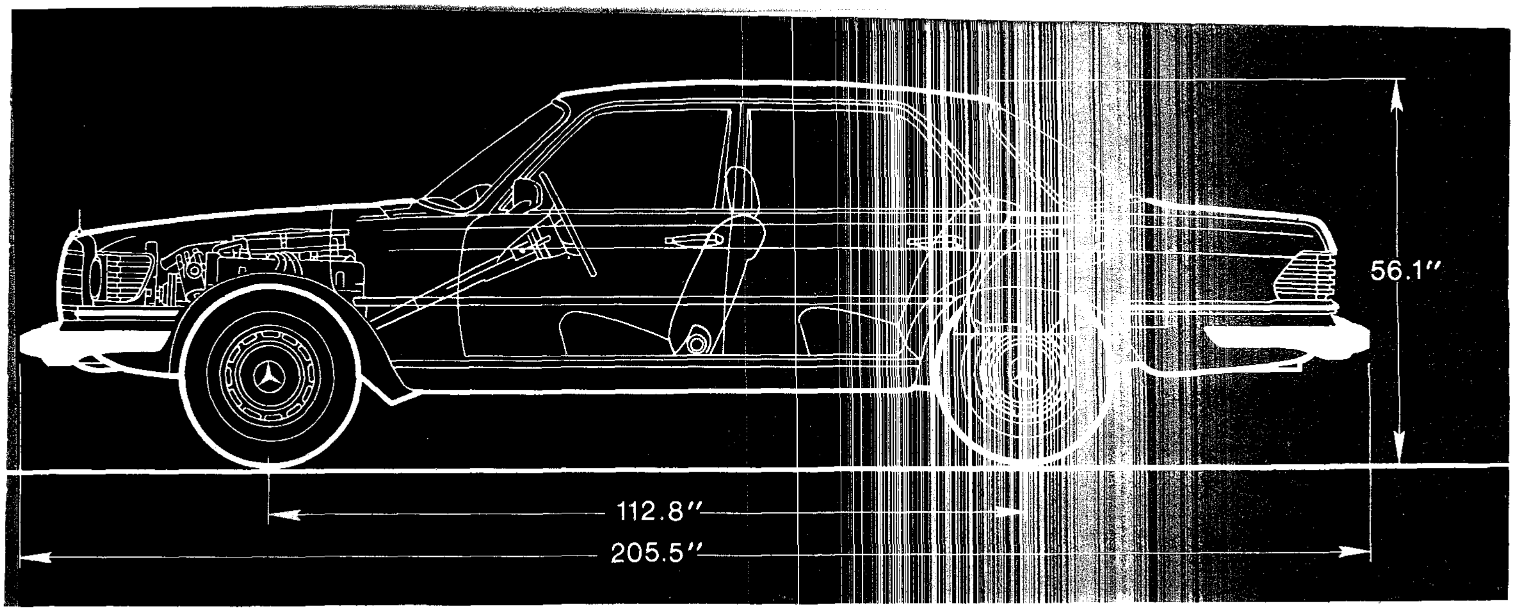

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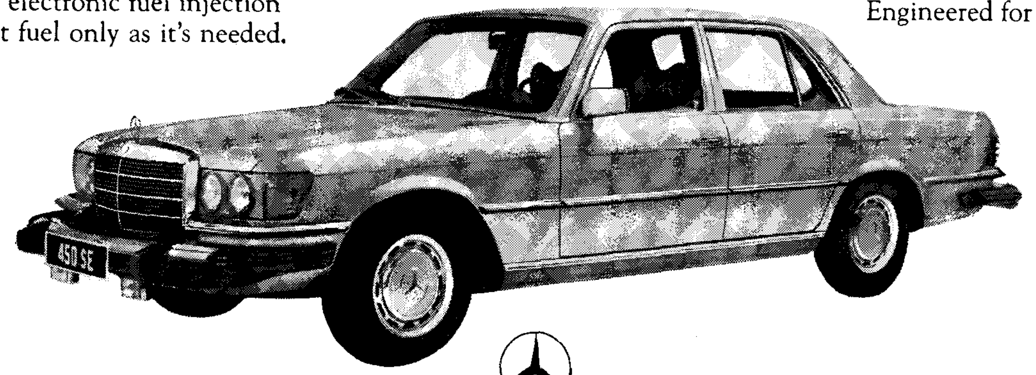

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MUSICAL EVENTS

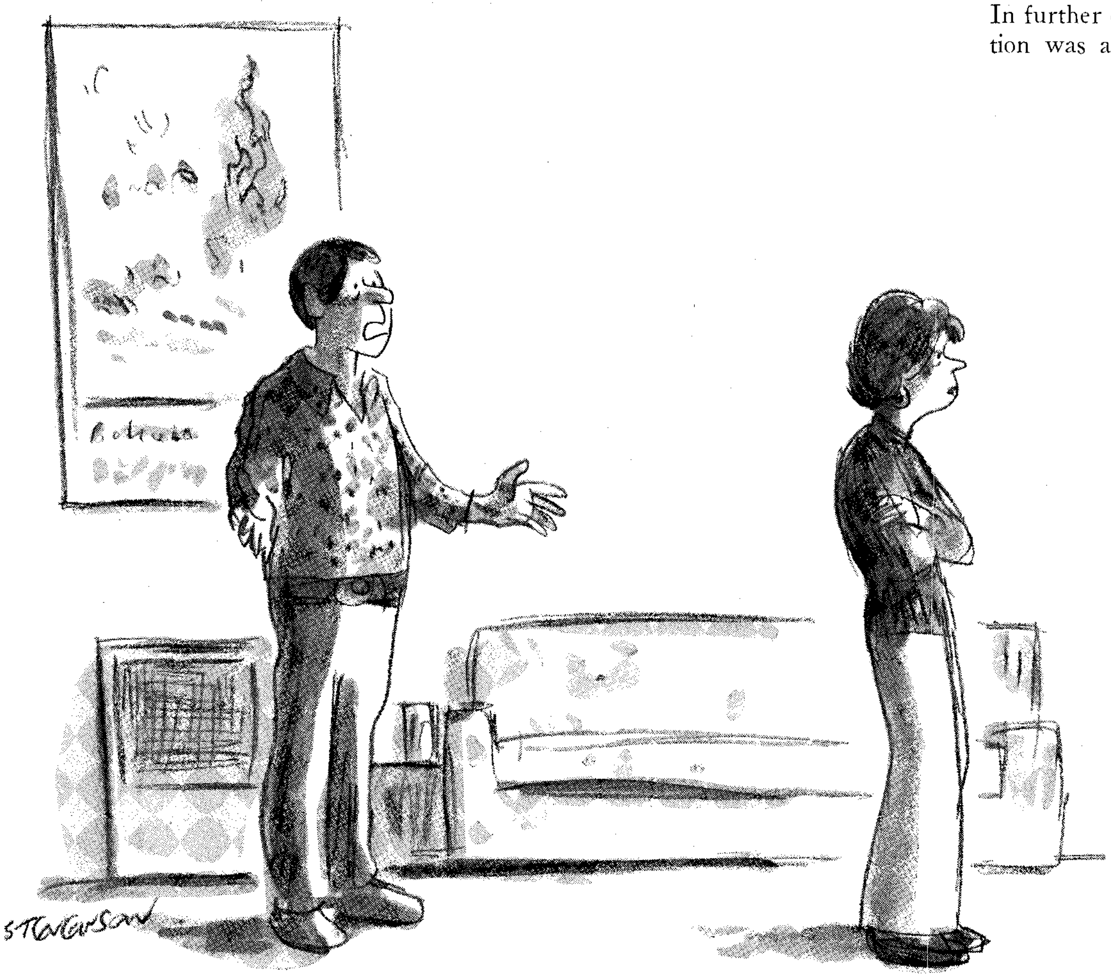
Ave Atque Vale

THE preface that Marco da Gagliano wrote for his "Dafne" is one of the more engaging documents of operatic history. Just like a modern composer interviewed after a première, Gagliano disparages his own achievements, praises his librettist, flatters his singers, acknowledges his precursors, and even bows to the designer ("Cosimo del Bianco, a man most diligent in his calling and of the greatest creativity in matters of costume and theatrical machinery and similar things"). At times, Gagliano makes us feel that producing opera in Mantua in 1608 must have been very like doing it in New York in 1974. His hope that "princes, without whose help it is impossible to bring any art to perfection" will be favorable to operatic endeavors might plausibly come from the mouth of the Met's Schuyler Chapin, who would be referring to princes of finance and industry. When Gagliano inveighs against excessive ornamentation of the vocal line, and urges singers to "sculpt the syllables, so that the words may be well understood," our minds run immediately to sopranos we have heard recently. And, though its sounds are muted in Gagliano's preface, the clamor of intrigue and competition that has always surrounded operatic activities can be discerned just below the surface of the obsequious dedications attached to the "Euridice" operas of Peri and Caccini, the earliest surviving examples of the genre.

All this apparent contemporaneity is deceptive, however, for reviving "Dafne" is aesthetically a much more complex undertaking than putting on "Götterdämmerung;" even if the forces and finances involved are rather smaller, we, the audience, are farther removed from the original frame of reference. The New York Pro Musica Antiqua's presentation—shown last summer in Corfu, Spoleto, and at the Caramoor Festival, and now on a tour that began last week at Hunter College Playhouse—is remarkably successful and richly instructive. Performances of the earliest operas are rare; Monteverdi's "Orfeo," of 1607, which turns up from time to time and has been recorded, already represents a considerable advance upon the first Florentine efforts (among which "Dafne" belongs, although presented in Mantua), and his "Incoronazione di Poppea," of 1642, now in the City Opera's repertory, is a different matter altogether, designed for a public opera house in circumstances quite far from the genre's tentative and idealistic beginnings.

Like Columbus, the Florentine worthies—philosophers, poets, and dilettantes as well as musicians—whose deliberations and rivalries gave birth to *dramma in musica* were not looking for something new; they were trying to revive what they understood to be the ancient Greek manner of presenting tragedy: sung declamation over a simple chordal accompaniment. The *stile rappresentativo*, as they called it ("representational manner" would be a better translation than the obvious cognate), while more songlike than the rapid-fire patter of recitative in later Italian opera, still derived virtually all its shape and rhythm from the words. In further emulation of the Greeks, action was alternated with choral commentary (set, naturally, in the madrigalesque style of the period), and other antiquitarian devices, like the offstage dénouement in "Dafne," reported by a messenger, were also employed.

Gagliano was not the least gifted of the Florentine composers. His eminent colleague Giulio Caccini considered his vocal writing "more exact and closer to speech than anyone else's." Yet when we read Gagliano's description of the success of Monteverdi's "Arianna" in Mantua not long after his own score was presented (he tells us that "the excellence of the music of antiquity was renewed, because the entire theatre was seen to weep"), we cannot help speculating on his private response. Most of "Arianna" has been lost to posterity, but it must have been on the same level of achievement as "Orfeo." Monteverdi was a master



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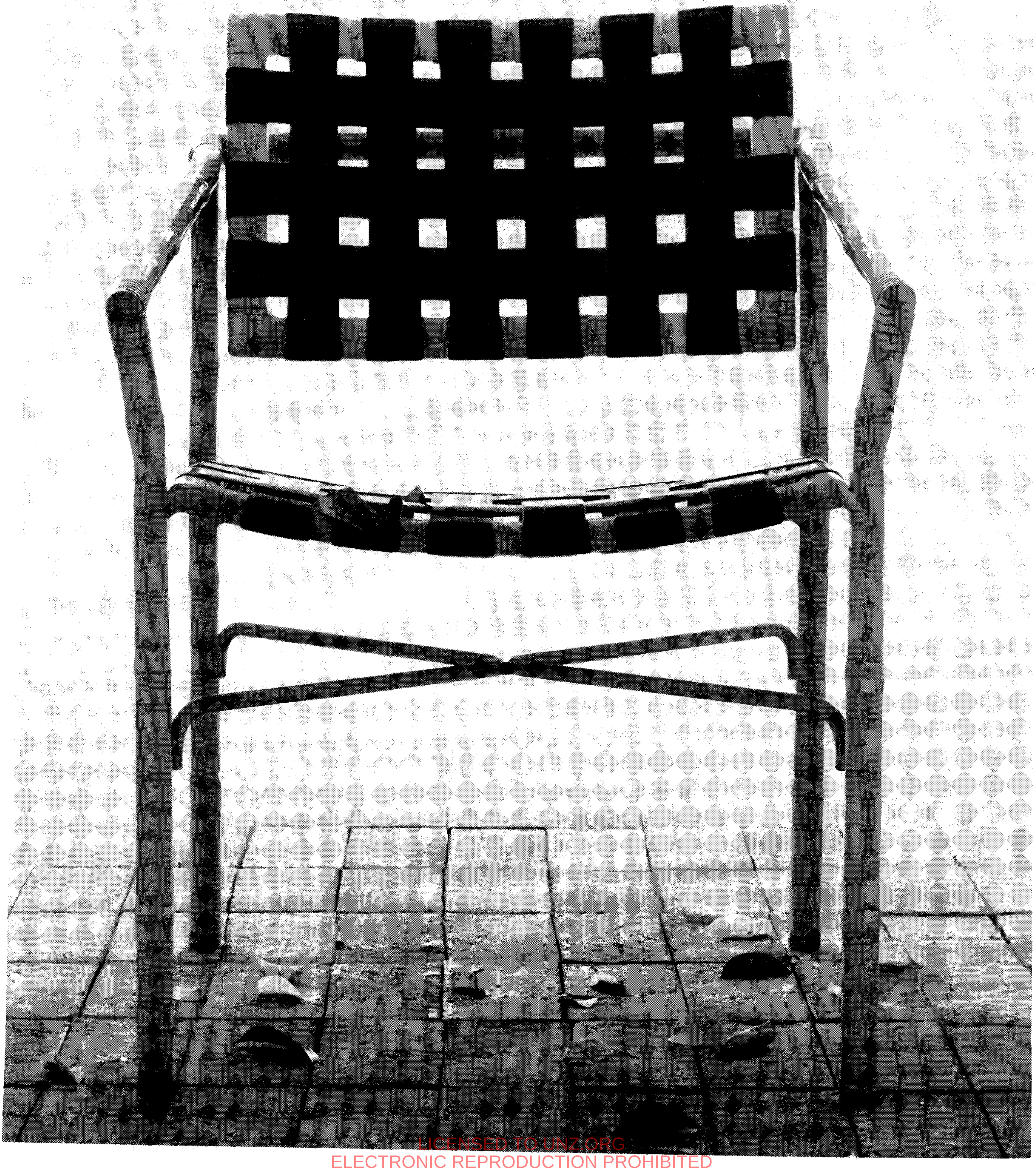

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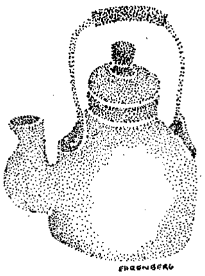
composer in many musical forms; his first opera calls for an elaborate and colorful orchestra, deploys musical repetition and symmetry on a large scale, utilizes a rich and eloquent harmonic language to sharpen the impact of the vocal declamation, and generally brings to bear all the resources of contemporary musical art. None of the Florentines were in this league; their primary stock-in-trade, the novelty of their technique, was trumped by Monteverdi's genius.

Gagliano's limitations of inspiration and imagination remain, of course, and the declamatory style no longer has novelty on its side; his music is pleasing but strikes us as relatively impoverished. And the primary thrust of his skill, that realism of declamation, is necessarily blunted before non-Italian audiences (Ottavio Rinuccini's elegant *seicento* metaphors will not yield easily to even the experienced connoisseur of Da Ponte's and Boito's librettoese). For practical purposes, "Dafne" is untranslatable; the words and the vocal line are inseparably bound—something that is less true of later opera, in which a distinction between lyrically oriented aria and verbally oriented recitative has become firmly established, so that minor adjustments of words in the former, of notes in the latter, are relatively harmless and give the translator enough room to play around. To English "Dafne" would be to destroy it; not to English it distances us severely from its basic continuity, which operates at the word-to-word level.

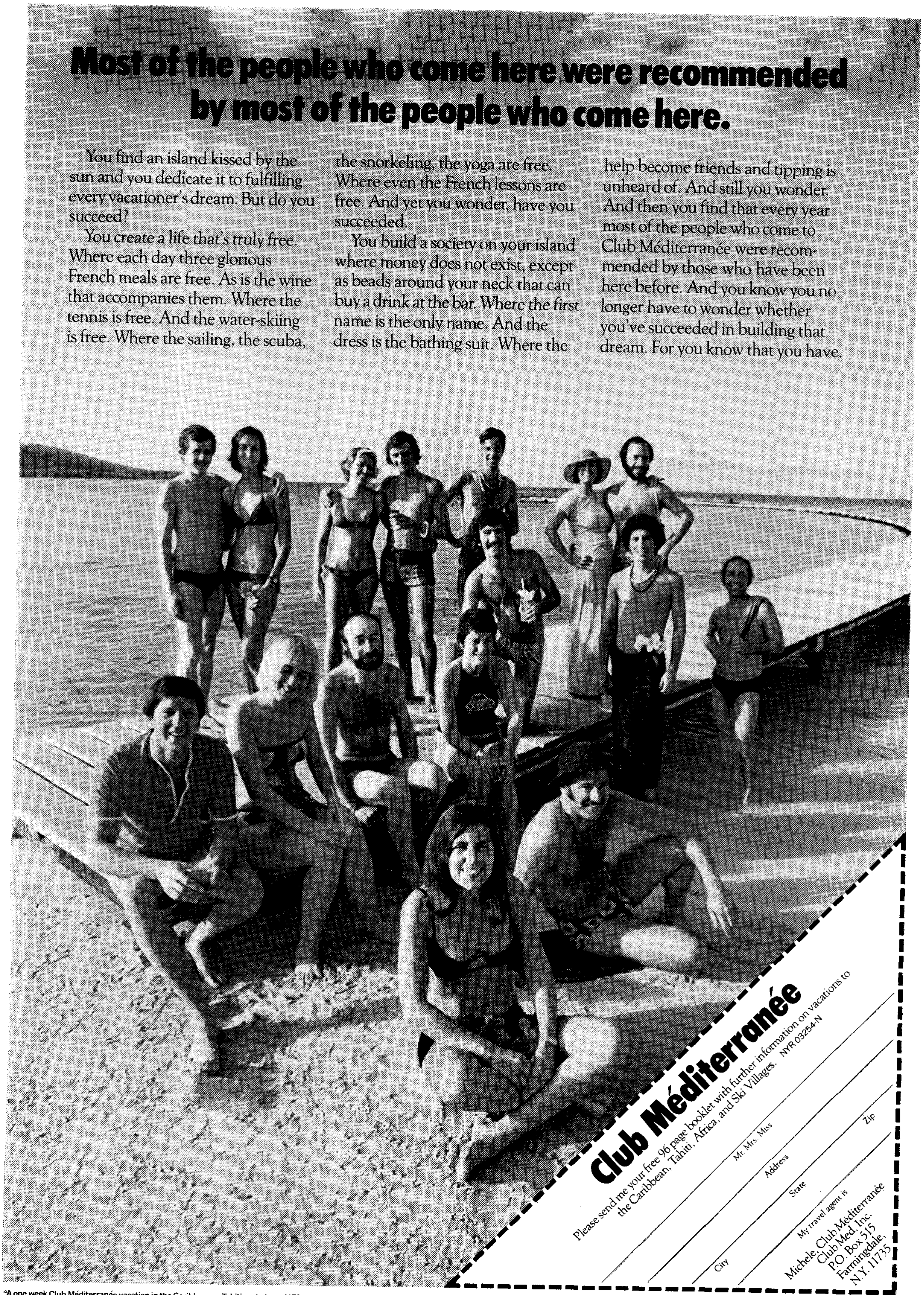


The main lines of the story are easy enough to follow, and Martin Kapell's direction helps us along with it for the most part. The valley where Daphne lives has been devastated by Python, and Apollo, in answer to the prayers of the shepherds and nymphs, destroys the beast with three well-placed arrows (in this production, Python, like most operatic beasts today, is imagined rather than represented; even so, the episode inspires laughter rather than awe in the modern audience); when the sun god unwisely mocks Cupid's prowess as an archer, he falls victim to a passion for the fair huntress; she flees from his advances, and her prayers for relief are answered by the famous arboreal transformation. There is a moral to all this, naturally, stated by Ovid in the Prologue and elaborated in some of the choruses: Cupid is not to be scorned, even by the gods.

That the audience grasps this moral not directly but, rather, from the program notes, and that we become aware of the metamorphosis only at second hand, via the messenger's narration (with a little help from the set, in which a statue of Daphne as woman is rotated to show us Daphne as laurel tree), inevitably vitiates the opera's impact. Awareness of this limited communication may even affect the vitality with which the singers deliver the words; David Britton's account to Daphne of Apollo's victory (vividly mimed, according to Gagliano's instructions) is a notable exception, and Ray DeVoll also does well as Ovid and the messenger. The special virtue of Pro Musica's performance—and it is necessarily an unobtrusive one—lies in the relaxed precision of the musical execution. There is no conductor, and the instrumental ensemble (five musicians, variously doubling on recorders, flutes, lutes, viols, harpsichord, and organ) sits behind the main playing area, embraced by the arms of Santo Loquasto's decaying Renaissance staircase, yet nothing ever goes the least bit awry in recitative, chorus, or dance (some of the singers even manage to dance while they are singing). There was no conductor in 1608, either, and the easy but firm rhythmic flow of the whole evening testifies to the success with which Pro Musica and its director, George Houle, have recovered not merely the externals but the core spirit of the proper performance style.

Mr. Houle's edition makes some adjustments in the original score. Gagliano asks for an overture "to gain the attention of the audience" but does not provide one (in this, too, he is behind Monteverdi, who composes his own); a trio sonata by Francesco Turini was played—not, perhaps, ideal in volume for Gagliano's purpose, but then modern audiences don't know they are supposed to quiet down gradually, not to listen reverentially. Two interpolations—a Frescobaldi toccata following a necessary pause for retuning the instruments, and a recorder piece (appropriately entitled "When Daphne from Phoebus Did Fly") for the chase—also allow time for costume changes, and, not so incidentally, exceed in sheer musical interest a good deal of Gagliano's material.

More problematic are the transpositions: Apollo's part has been pushed up into countertenor range, and the women's mezzo parts have been raised to soprano level, to fit the ensemble's per-



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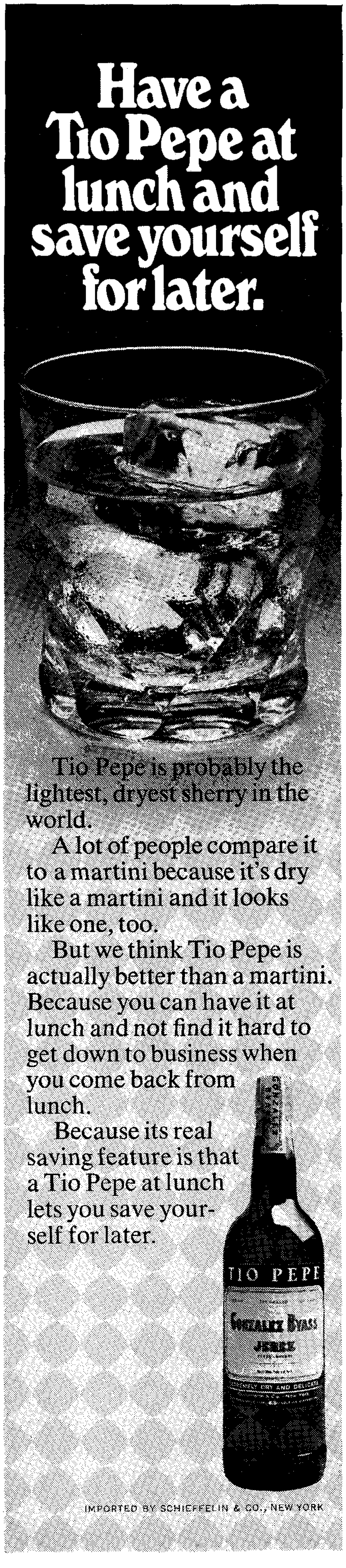
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sonnel. Given the exceptional virtuosity of Daniel Collins, the impulse behind the first change is understandable; Apollo breaks into elaborate coloratura at moments of high emotion, and Collins sings spectacularly well. However, his stage manner lacks conviction; he is close to the verge of condescension—not only to Cupid's archery but to the entire affair—whereas the others all play in earnest. With the ladies, it is simply a matter of diction: words are easier to project in the mezzo range than higher up, and something is lost here.

I found Pro Musica's staging, which reaches for a visual variety not contemplated in Gagliano's very specific directions, basically sound. The dances, devised by Wendy Hilton, and the frequent regrouping of the chorus do not war with the music's pace. Some of the young performers may not have the bearing and style of professional actors, but they also do not revel in the stock mannerisms of opera singers; even their awkwardness has a genuine, unforced grace. There may well be convincing ways of presenting early opera other than as modified Renaissance court pastoral, but these would entail still greater aesthetic risks than the unavoidable ones faced by Pro Musica; this "Dafne" brings us much closer to its original, surely, than does the City Opera's bloated "Poppea."

ALONG with a few concerts, this spring tour of "Dafne" writes finis to the history of the New York Pro Musica Antiqua—a sad thought to those who remember the bracing vitality with which its early concerts swept away the cobwebs encrusting the performance of "old music." To Pro Musica's founder, the late Noah Greenberg, the operative word in that phrase was not "old" but "music." Scholarly probity, he knew, was not a sufficient condition for restoring the dormant musical past to life (although a necessary one, to be sure). Because of this conviction, Pro Musica stood for virtuosity, musicianship, and style in the degree we took for granted in the so-called "standard repertory." (That both singers in the all-Webern concert at Carnegie Hall a few weeks ago were Pro Musica performers was a timely reminder that the qualifications Greenberg demanded of his musicians were universally applicable.) The revelation Pro Musica brought us was not entirely unheralded by earlier efforts, but it became revolutionary through Greenberg's energy and imagination; what scholars had found on library shelves,

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Musical institutions, like musicians, have finite lives, but they also may have progeny, as has Pro Musica, to incalculable effect; hardly a single similar organization now active in presenting early music has not been in some way inspired by Pro Musica's example and philosophy, or benefitted from the audience that it brought into existence. Thus the work of Noah Greenberg, his successors, and his colleagues outlives its specific institutional framework. There are recordings, of course, but I think that the living, growing activity of performing musicians constitutes the true, more fitting memorial.

—DAVID HAMILTON

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FATS WALLER died over thirty years ago, but his irrepressible presence continues to hover over jazz. The musicians of his generation all seem to have known him, and never tire of reminiscing about him. They talk of his legendary alcoholic consumption (the limousine with a built-in bar), of how he made every room he entered "jump" or "light up," of his insatiable need to play (when he worked at the Yacht Club, on Fifty-second Street, in the thirties, he'd go next door to Hickory House during intermissions and sit in, and, losing himself, would have to be sent for when it was time for his next set), of his kindness (the year of free lessons he gave the pianist Marie Marcus when she was a neophyte eighteen-year-old), and of his playing, on both the piano and the organ (he is still considered the best jazz organist). Such of his tunes as "Ain't Misbehavin'," "Honeysuckle Rose," "Squeeze Me," "Blue Turning Grey Over You," "Jitterbug Waltz," and "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now" remain among the most cherished of American popular songs. We heard him in the vivid work of Willie the Lion Smith, and we hear him in the playing of Marian McPartland, Thelonious Monk, Ralph Sutton, Jimmy Rowles, Brooks Kerr, and Dick Wellstood, and we have the hundred or so solos and small-band sides from the thirties which Victor has reissued in recent years. There is even a woefully wooden biography of him, and he turns up occasionally on television in movies like "Stormy Weather," where, chortling, mugging, and hallooing, his famous derby resting on one ear, he plays two spirited numbers with an odd group

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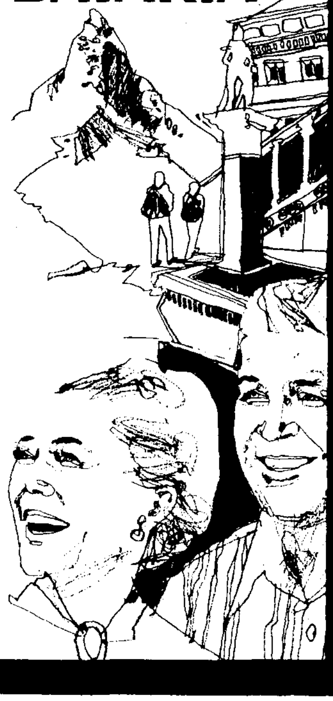

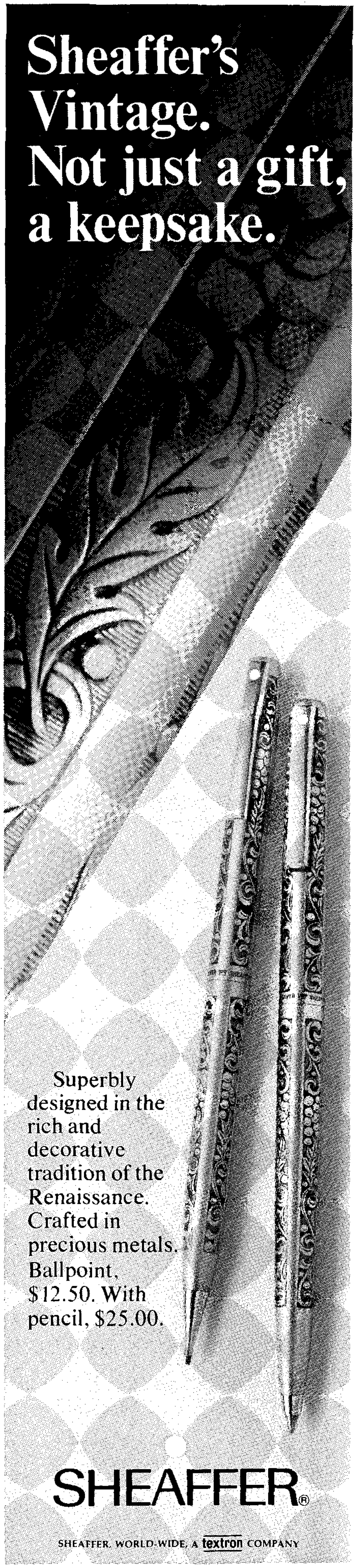
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made up, among others, of Zutty Singleton and Benny Carter. But Waller's most enduring gift is indirect and wholly astonishing, for he was the principal influence on two pianists who are not only peerless but diametrically opposite—Art Tatum and Count Basie. That Waller could have fathered two such disparate masters is proof that his playing had far more substance than is generally conceded. He was, above all, an impeccable *pianist.* His touch was bright and infallible, his time was faultless, and he had a strong harmonic sense. He swung constantly and he was an attentive accompanist. And he had an impishness and a sense of humor that illuminated everything from "Stardust" to "Flat Foot Floogie."

Tatum and Basie absorbed these things and went their brilliant ways. Tatum's style, which was also decorated with some of Earl Hines' more exuberant points, became an extraordinary rococo mansion, full of spiralling staircases, gilt furniture, vast ballrooms, and flashing windows, all of it fashioned with consummate craftsmanship. Indeed, along with his many other sumptuous gifts, he probably had the finest touch of any pianist of the twentieth century. Basie, on the other hand, built a style out of balsa wood and tissue paper. He edited everything out of Waller's approach except the beautiful touch, the rhythmic and harmonic perfection, and the irresistible manner of swinging. What he left says everything that Waller said and more, but with one-tenth the notes. Basie's style is an endless series of implications, and since such subtlety is foreign to most American music, it has not received the devotion it deserves. There is no question but that Basie is one of the greatest of jazz pianists, and not simply a round, amiable presence who sits before his band and plays those wispy four-bar introductions and those loafing eight-bar interludes.

BASIE himself does not know exactly where his style came from. Asked about its origins a while ago, he sent up a cloud of defensive, deep-voiced "um"s and "ah"s, and then said, "Honest truth, I don't know. If my playing is different, I didn't try for it or anything like that. I stumbled on it. I do know that in the earlier years I always loved Fats Waller's playing, and that Fats and the other guys had such fast right hands there was no use for me to try and compete with them. Another thing that helped was my rhythm section with Jo Jones and Walter Page and Freddie Greene. They gave me so much freedom. I

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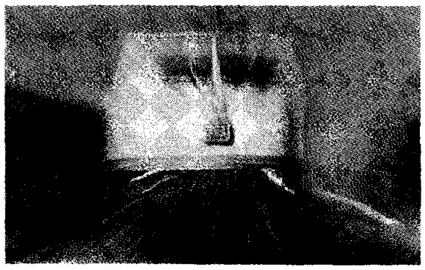

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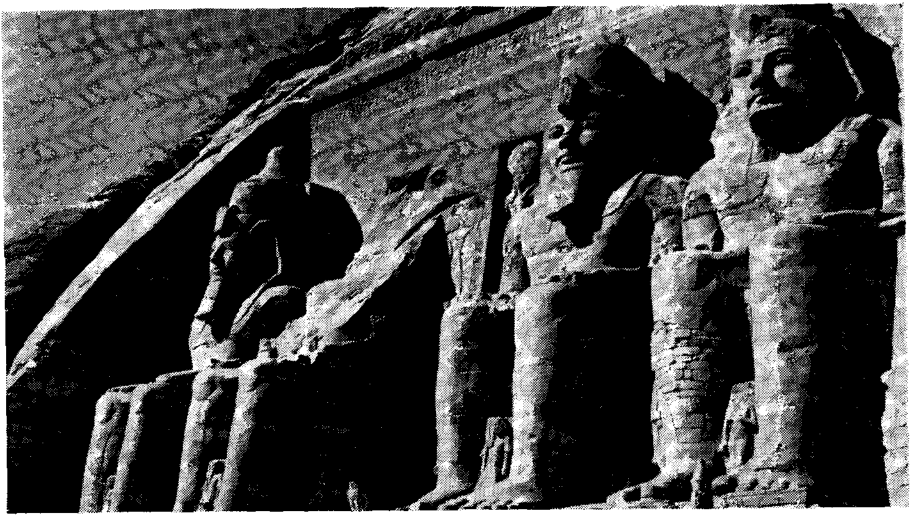
could run in between what Page and Freddie were doing. I didn't think a lot of execution on my part meant anything with them there. It would have just cluttered it up. My greatest kick was having fun with the rhythm section and setting things up for the band. Of course, I've always listened to the pianists who play a whole lot of notes. Like Tatum, who was impossible. If he'd stayed up nine years playing, I'd have stayed up nine years to listen to him. Oscar Peterson is kind of ridiculous, too, and so is Phineas Newborn. But for me, simplicity has always seemed right."

This simplicity evolved between the late twenties, when Basie was still a Waller pianist, and the mid-thirties, when his unique telegraphic style began to appear on recordings. And he has refined it and refined it until he can now play an eloquent chorus of the blues with just three or four notes sounded a dozen times. But his piano is remarkable for another reason. Most improvisers feed chords and melody and rhythm into their creative hopper, where, instantaneously and astonishingly, these musical ingredients are transformed into brand-new melodic lines that are simultaneously flashed to the musician's fingers and lips. Basie, though, goes through one more step. Before his melodic lines reach his fingers, they are exactingly edited, so we hear only what he considers the ultimate parts of his original invention. Thus we get four notes of what might have been a twenty-note run, a single note from a triad, silence where a connective passage might have been, and a trill instead of a flatted ninth. But Basie's original melodic lines are always implied, and one can hear them running along in the distance—a train behind low hills. Basie, who edits not only his notes but the length of his solos (I have heard



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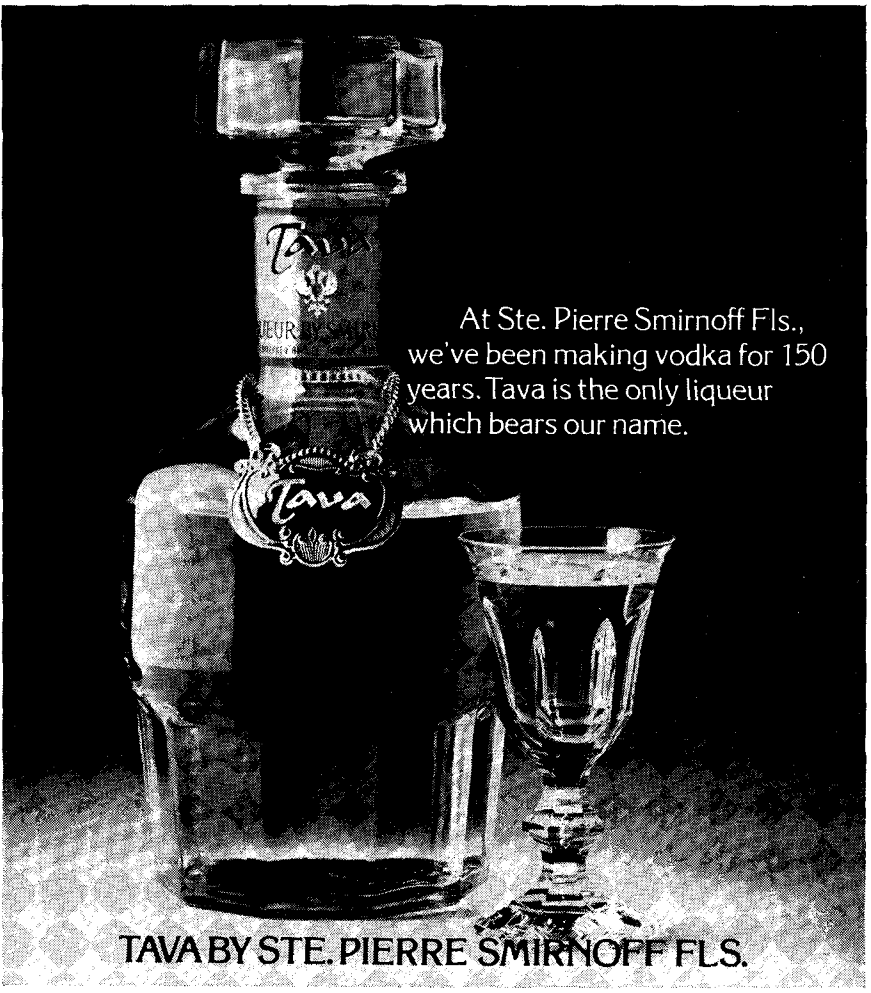

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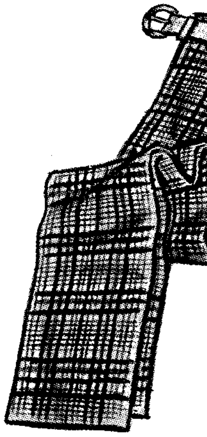

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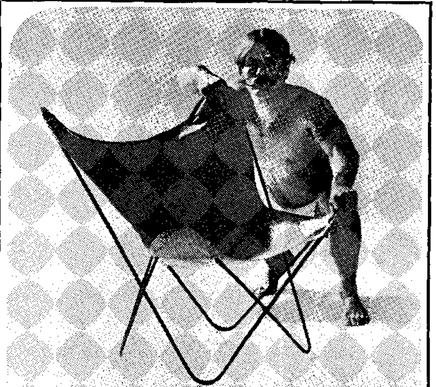
him play seven or eight choruses of the blues but rarely more than one of a thirty-two-bar tune), will go at several choruses of a slow blues like this: He will start with an ascending four-note figure in the right hand, pause, drop in an offbeat single note, pause again (this time for a couple of measures), play a two-note octave seesaw phrase, pause, and finish the first chorus with a fragment of melody sounded lullaby-fashion in the highest register. More silence eases by, and then it is suddenly broken by three or four heavy descending chords in the left hand, these capped by a simple right-hand chord, which he holds for over a measure. He pauses again, then starts a riff, breaks it off after he has played it twice, and inserts several stabbing offbeat notes, which are echoed by deep left-hand oompahs, and we sail into the third chorus. Four or five single notes, spaced a beat apart, walk down through the middle register, and then there is a long pause, which ends in a rich, right-hand chord that is repeated as Basie goes into a stride bass, raises his volume, and—bang!—brings in the band. The rhythm section, of course, has been flowing steadily along—a sure, quiet stream easily supporting Basie's boat.

When the solo is over, one realizes its perfections and relishes again the fact that Basie has probably not ever played a wrong note, a wrong accent, or a cliché. One also realizes that the offhandedness of the solo, delivered as if he were leaning against a post and idly kicking at the dust, accomplishes the opposite effect: it has swung very hard, for he is a master of concealing tension with relaxation, of making climaxes seem like releases. And one realizes how eloquent the solo has been, how the precise, inspired placing of a single minor note accomplishes everything that a horn player's slur or bent note does. The solo, too, has been full of Basie's humor, which, learned so well from Waller, never fails him. It is the humor of surprise, of picking singular notes and chords and placing them where no one else would dare. Basie also learned the organ from Waller, and it is a pity he does not play it more often. He goes at it the way he goes at the piano, but with even more care, for he constantly amends the *instrument*. He suppresses its bombastic characteristics by making it whisper and sigh and flutter, by making it muse. His organ accompaniment is particularly attractive. It sounds like wind blowing through a window screen, and it provides a cushion that makes average so-



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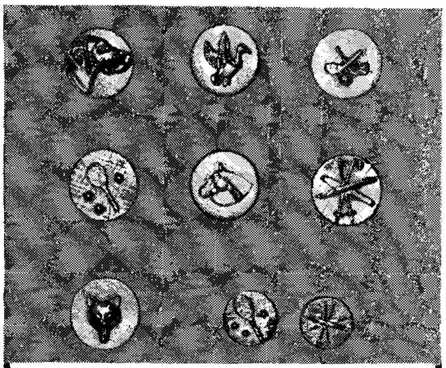

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loists seem better than they are and first-rate soloists seem perfect.

BASIE is a short, slow, shy man who really feels that his playing is not all that much, and as a result he has recorded only about a dozen solo (with rhythm) numbers in his forty-five-year career. But he has recorded a fairly large number of revealing small-band sides, and there are eleven of them in "Count Basie: Super Chief" (Columbia G 31224), which has, in all, twenty-eight numbers made by Basie or Basie-affiliated musicians between 1936 and 1942. Ten of the numbers, among them both air checks and studio sessions, have not been issued before, and an almost equal number are being reissued for the first time. There are wonders in addition to Basie all through the album—Jess Stacy's short, way-out solo in "Life Goes to a Party," which is under Harry James' name and involves a group made up, with the exception of the leader and Stacy, of Basie personnel; the singular, dancing, staccato muted solo Harry Edison plays near the end of the entire band's "Miss Thing;" Jack Washington's fine pre-Gerry Mulligan noodling behind Edison, once more muted, in "Somebody Stole My Gal;" and the statement by Don Byas in "St. Louis Blues," which proves again one of the most astonishing things about a first-rate recorded solo: it is surprising no matter how many times you hear it. The rest of the cake is Basie's. Listen to the way he plays plain old Waller stride piano in "Shoe Shine Boy," and then to the almost avant-garde accompaniment, full of strange notes and accents, he gives Jimmy Rushing in "Evenin'," Helen Humes in "Where Shall I Go," and Edison in "Miss Thing."

Basie is nonpareil not only as accompanist but as band pianist. He *leads* his band with the piano—he rarely gives any visual signal aside from a nod or a look—and he does it with extraordinary variety. In slow tunes, he noodles along behind his soloists, making cryptic musical comments and jokes about what they are playing, and he decorates ensemble passages with approving garlands of notes. In fast numbers, he moves down into the lowest registers and issues rocking, invincible chords that have literally made his listeners and even his musicians shout. Listen to him all the way through the four wonderful small-band sides made in Chicago in 1939 and never before brought out because of the poor quality of their recording. They include "I Ain't Got Nobody," an unusually fast

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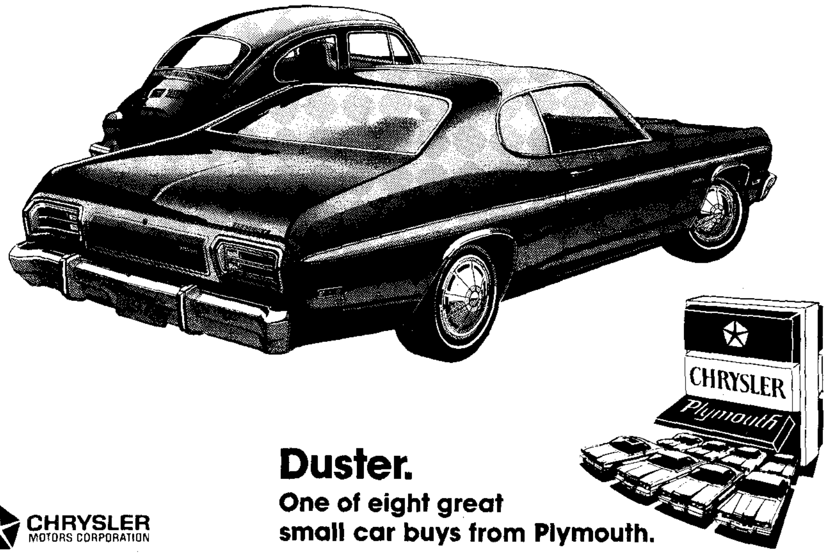

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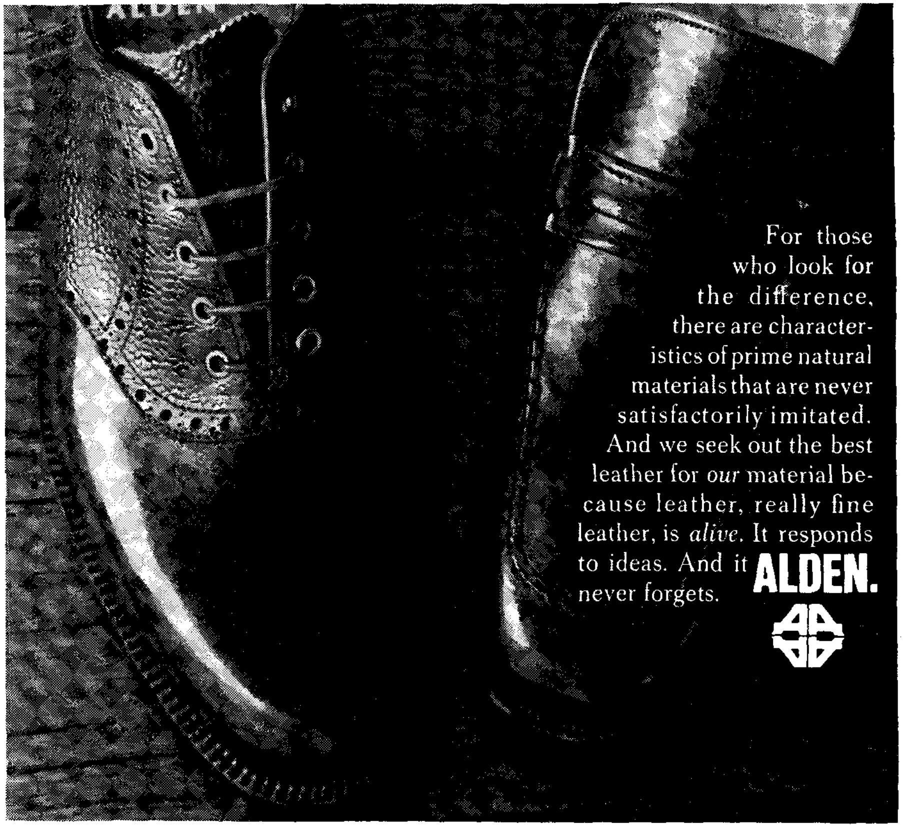

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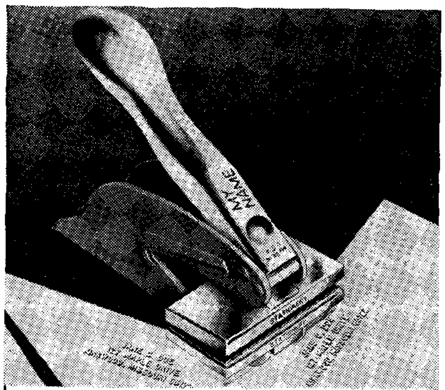

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"Love Me or Leave Me," which has a full and extremely busy Basie chorus, "Going to Chicago Blues," and "Live and Love Tonight"—the last two played on organ in his best wind-in-the-willows way. And listen to the only solo track in the album, "Café Society Blues," in which he is accompanied by Greene, Page, and Jones. It denies completely Basie's assumption that he should not make solo records. His playing is robust and cheerful, and he beefs up his telegraphy here and there with fat chords, passages of stride piano, and rolling boogie-woogie. He plays more notes than is his wont, and he sounds relieved at doing it. All aphorists must babble occasionally.

It should be pointed out that there are errors in the solo credits in the liner notes. The first solo in "Miss Thing" is by Lester Young, and Harry Edison takes the trumpet solo in "Let's Make Hey While the Moon Shines" instead of Buck Clayton. The trumpet statements in "Super Chief" are again Edison's and not Clayton's, and it is Clayton rather than Shad Collins who takes the first trumpet solo in "I Ain't Got Nobody." We are also advised to pay attention to Jo Jones' "exquisite" yet inaudible brushwork in "Love Jumped Out." But no matter. The tune has two exemplary bursts by Basie, in the closing bridge and in a long coda, that float in the mind long after their final notes have died away.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

●

A "Till Tap" at Nall's Mobil Service, Kimball and Blaine Streets, netted a total of $523 in checks, credit slips and cash, police said today. The loss was reported from a bank bag in a drawer Tuesday.—*Caldwell (Idaho) News-Tribune.*

In a tiny, weak voice?

●

The youths who indulged in a mountain climbing expedition last year, most of whom were members of Forbes United Methodist church, will travel to Wells Methodist church, spending from Friday through Sunday there.—*Proctor (Minn.) Journal.*

Want to know why? Because it's *there.*

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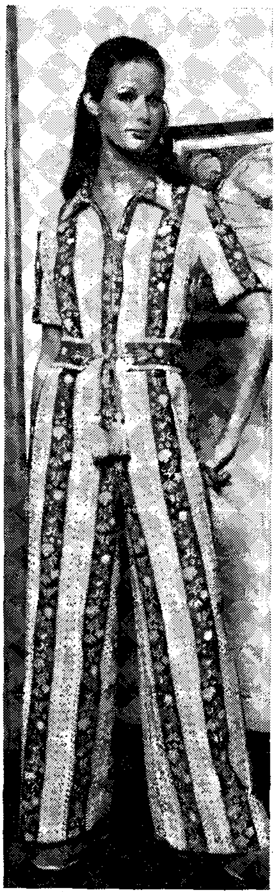

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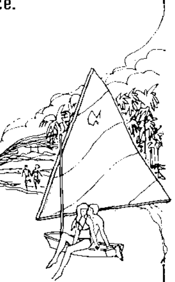

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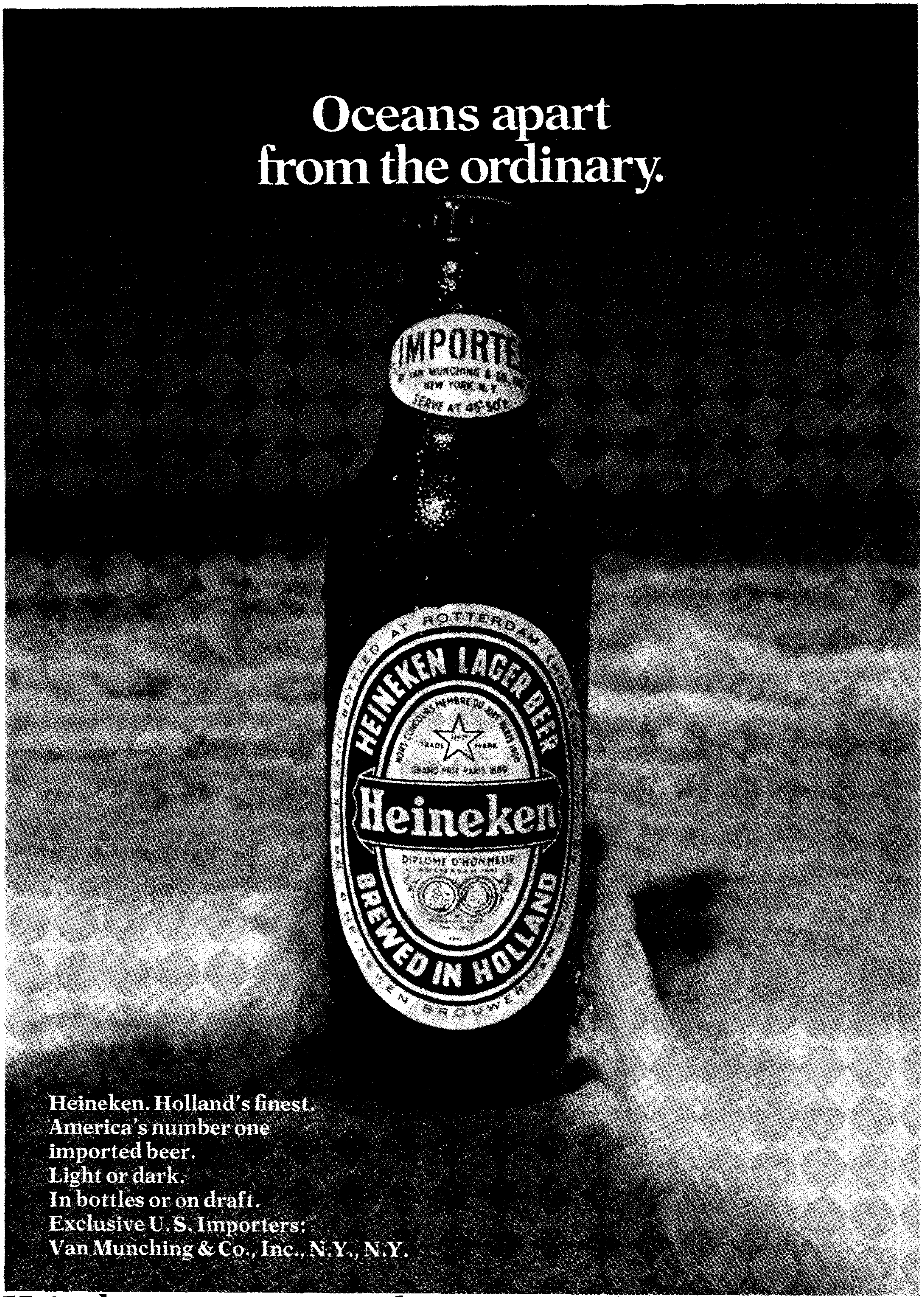
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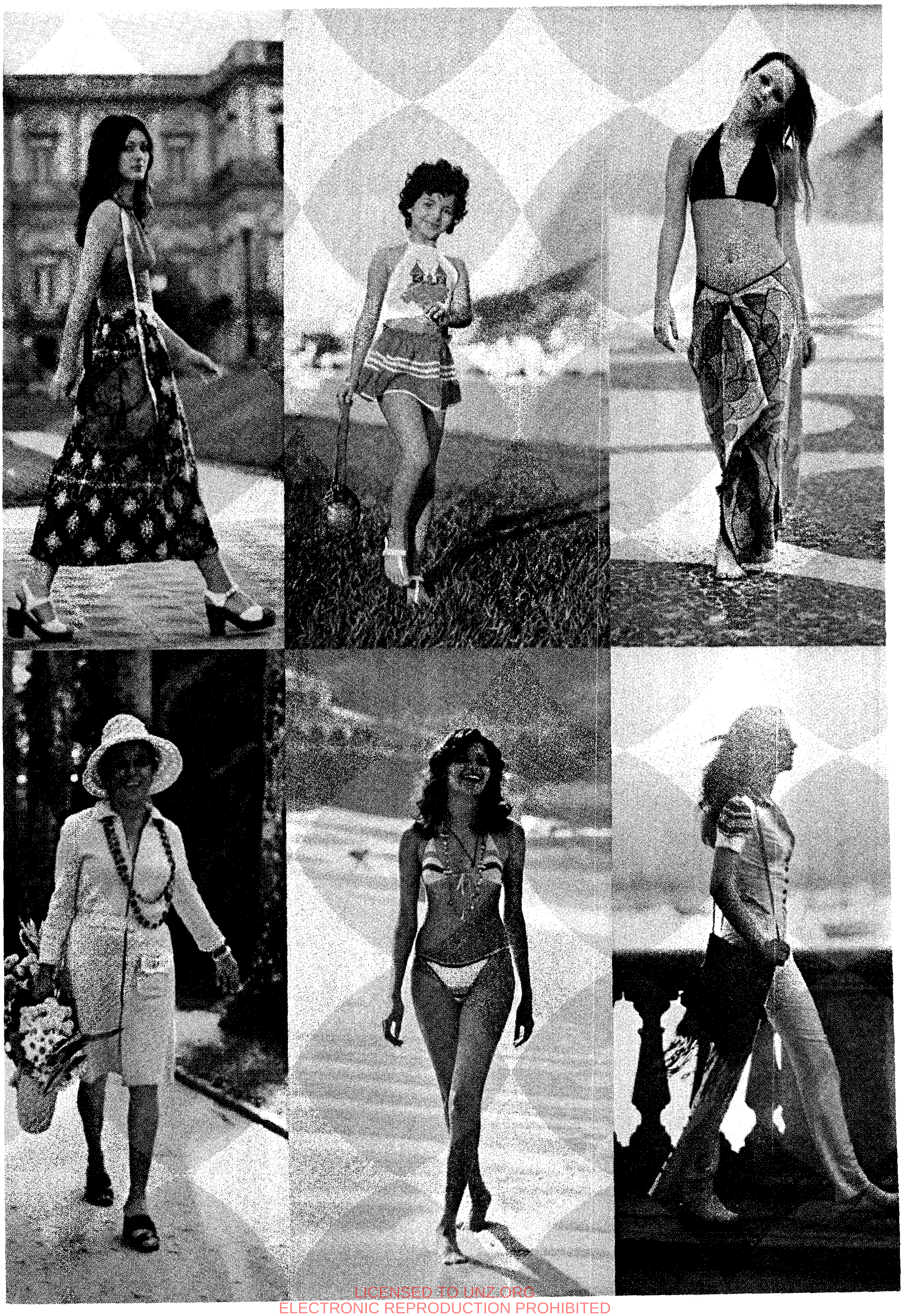

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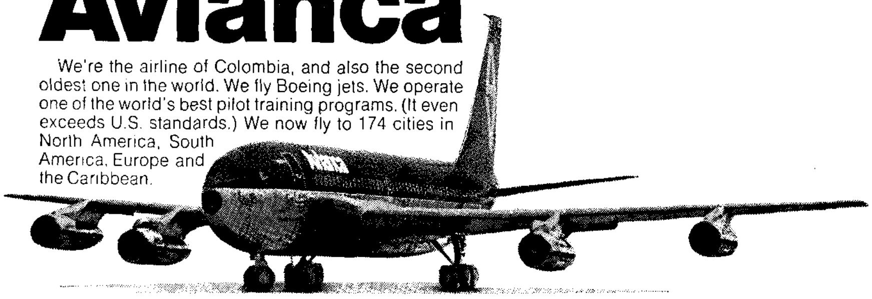

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THE ART WORLD

Peaceable Kingdom

LIKE African and pre-Columbian sculpture, children's drawings, and works by Sunday painters and institutionalized novices, American folk art owes its current prestige to the modernist overthrow in taste. For the academically trained sensibility that dominated nineteenth-century American art, the limnings, cartoonlike tableaux, and stiff, anatomically distorted figure carvings by itinerant craftsmen in the Colonies and the early Republic were simply effusions of technical incompetence. The aesthetic virtues of American folk art were not discovered until the early nineteen-twenties; that is, a few years after the Armory Show and the taking hold of modernism in American painting and sculpture. Since then, with each subsequent victory of advanced styles and concepts, folk art has gained ground. In the thirties, a strong surge of enthusiasm for the aesthetic artifacts produced by farmers, carpenters, tombstone carvers, sailors, housewives was stimulated by political ideas concerning the innate creativity of "the people;" the decade could be named The People, Yes Decade, after the poem by Carl Sandburg. Finally, boosted by the acceptance of such "naïve" painters as Rousseau, Bombois, and Vivin as classics of European modernism, American folk art has achieved equality with other modes in museums and art galleries and publications. Its academic antagonist, with his demands for correct proportion, modelling, and perspective, has ceased to have any voice, at least in the art world, and new aesthetic premises have made it possible to attribute excellence to woodenly composed portraits and family groups and landscapes with misshapen cows—on the grounds of originality, directness, and spontaneity of color and design.

In sum, folk art of whatever date has become "modern" art. Yet folk art escapes the handicaps that plague modernism; it is particularly free of the nervous consciousness of art-historical "trends" that characterize modernist art movements. Folk art was an ingredient of modernism from the beginning without being aware of it, and has continued to infuse advanced painting and sculpture with its energies. Baudelaire found himself moved by the red and green stripes of a café, presumably the self-expression of a local house painter, and Rimbaud emphasized that the junky poetry of street art had a major part in his "alchemy of the word." There are folk and folk-art forms in Chagall and in early Kandinsky and Malevich, Dada, the constructions of Schwitters, the paint handling of Magritte, the doodles of Klee, the abstractions of Arshile Gorky and Stuart Davis, the flags and targets of Jasper Johns, the carved caricatures of Marisol.

Introduced into sophisticated art, with its overtone of historical analogy, folk elements, whether native or borrowed from foreign cultures (e.g., African), awaken disturbing comparisons with a simpler past now lost both in art and in life, and cast doubt upon the future of the Western tradition in art. Folk art in its pure state, however, raises no problems but induces a mood of relaxed enjoyment. At "The Flowering of American Folk Art 1776-1876" exhibition at the Whitney Museum, it has been noted that spectators seem unusually "happy" for an art-gallery crowd of the seventies; perhaps the absence of the need to decide where to place the exhibits on the calendar of originality and influences makes the viewers feel carefree. In folk art, everybody is original and everybody came first, even if he was first only in copying an illustration in a manual. Obviously, the paintings and carvings at the Whitney belong to a period that differs from ours. But in the environment of tin peacocks, cigar-store Indians, wedding quilts, mustachioed whirligigs, and Edward Hicks' Biblical utopias members of today's frenetic art world find themselves reassured about the ultimate worth of art objects, independent of their aesthetico-historical rationale. The time when these objects were made does not assert itself in them and hardly seems to matter, nor does their place of origin. In their haphazard relation to historically identifiable styles—for example, eighteenth-century British portraiture—the folk creations are unlocated in time to a degree that makes a Conceptual exhibition in SoHo seem dated.

Folk art stands still. It neither aspires upward, like academic painting, nor advances forward, like the inventions of the modernist art movements. The lions of Hicks are not ancestors of the lions of Rousseau. No one is anyone else's forerunner, and the

"Sweetie, Aaron has written a little poem about the energy crisis."

question of who did it first, which breeds hypertension among contemporary artists and critics, does not arise. All works of folk art exist simultaneously in the peaceable kingdom of individual imaginings and skill. In reference to folk art, the word "modern" loses its temporal meaning of "belonging to the present" and stands for the absence of any date, a kind of permanent "now," or eternity. One commentator found the chief trait of folk art to be youthfulness.

In theory, folk and high art belong to separate aesthetic categories, of which high art alone is legitimate. Four years ago, for example, the Metropolitan Museum presented an exhibition of nineteenth-century painting, sculpture, and house furnishings which strictly excluded folk art from what Mr. Hoving called "America the Beautiful." But while folk art can be distinguished from academic art, its boundaries are as difficult to define as those of sanity. The old approach (presumably in control at the Met) was to determine what folk art is by the negative measure of academic standards. But these standards no longer carry any weight in the evaluation of painting and sculpture; indeed, they seem to be prevalent now only in discussions of folk art. In her introduction to the catalogue of "The Flowering," Alice Winchester, a veteran folk-art advocate, tries to separate folk from fine art on the basis of the "artistic innocence" of the first and its "obvious ineptitudes and distortions." But the folk artists are innocent and inept only by the rules of academic art, which also found Cézanne, Matisse, and Picasso inept. Alice Winchester recognizes that her definition is faulty, but apparently no better one is available—how could one be when art itself redefines what it is from innovation to innovation? More to the point is her observation that "as folk art has become increasingly popular in recent years, its limits have grown more and more indistinct." The wood sculpture of Henry Ward Beecher at the Whitney, or the oil painting with simulated frame called "Ann Gould Crane and Granddaughter Jennette," would not be out of place in a first-rate exhibition of contemporary art of the human figure.

Even though one may not know what folk art is, one may find some works at the Whitney folkier than others. "The Prodigal Son Reveling with Harlots," a watercolor in which *two* male revellers (who revels by himself?) are suspended in profile in front of high-backed dining-table chairs while

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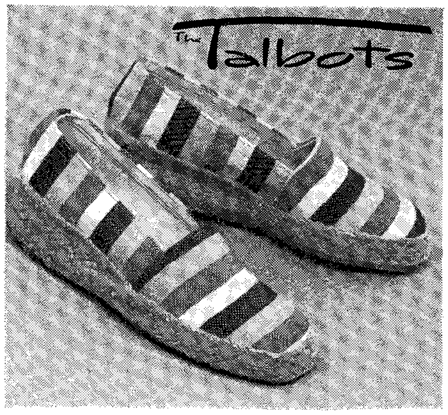

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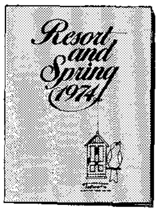

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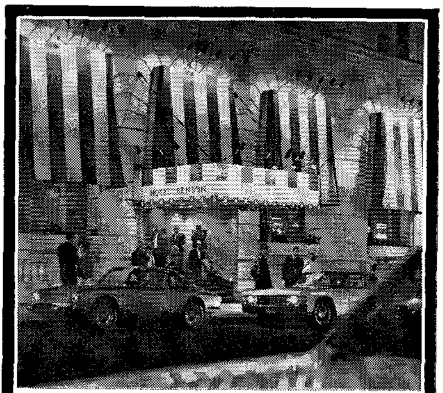
the accompanying temptresses, clothed from neck to ankle, ply them with cups of perdition, seems not only "artistically innocent" but based on no more experience in the ways of the world than a five-year-old farm boy's. Yet this painting, with its combination of stripes, solid colors, and odd, dotted areas (the stockings of the prodigals and the clothing of the harlots), becomes less a mere amateur scrawl and more aesthetically complex the longer one looks at it; ten years from now, it may serve as a model for a new Red Grooms. In contrast, "The Quilting Party," copied in oil on wood from an academic engraving in a magazine, fails to suggest "ineptitude" even temporarily, and could fall into place as a social-realist composition of the thirties.

Folk art separates itself from officially accepted art on the basis not of the artist's degree of skill but of the kind of skill (improvised or traditional) and the social environment in which the skill is applied (farmhouse portraits, inn signs versus drawing-room pictures). Rufus Porter, a nineteenth-century itinerant wall decorator, had more painting tricks up his sleeve than were dreamed of in half a dozen life classes. He invented techniques of stencilling, stamping, and painting elements of country scenes on plaster walls, and built up what in fine art might have amounted to a school of followers—except that (a typical happening in the story of folk art) a new factory-made cheap wallpaper put an end to his trade. Even in the reign of academic standards, there was nothing to prevent a limner or sign painter from crossing over into the ranks of the fine artists by surrendering his techniques for theirs—an exchange that is no longer automatically regarded as an improvement; today, there is a greater likelihood that Copley's British portraiture will be described as a decline from his more primitive New England style. In the opposite direction, an academically trained professional might develop the "awkwardness" that comes from making style subservient to an obsessive vision or idea, as was the case with Washington Allston, Ryder, and de Kooning. In America, the push in the direction of made-up modes of art—a characteristic of folk art—has been provided by the notion of the American as a "new man," and of America as the "new land" and a "new secular order."

In the past, folk art existed as a manifestation of social hierarchy; folk painting and sculpture were low-class accompaniments of respect-inspiring creations, analogous to comic rustics in



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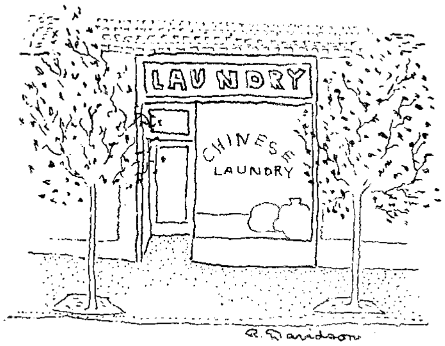
serious dramas. To the old academic regime, the folk were culturally identical with savages—strangers from below instead of from the outside. The label for both was "barbarian," with its dual connotation of innocence (noble savage) and ineptitude. Now the arts of all classes and castes are intermixed (even those of the intellectual avant-garde) and are undergoing assimilation into a global aesthetic that already comprises the arts of formerly alien cultures, high and low. Apparently, history has decreed that what was once anthropology shall now be art, and what was once in ethnological and folk museums—from American Indian and Eskimo art to scrimshaw carvings—shall now be lodged in the art museum. By a process seemingly irreversible, onetime cultural outsiders and undersiders are being lifted into visibility. This movement may well turn out to be the most radical art accomplishment of the twentieth century.

The largest survey to date of American folk art—the show now at the Whitney—comes at a time when art-historically oriented fine art has lost its direction. Advanced painting and sculpture have been increasingly subsumed under their conceptual aspect, until the logical unfolding of their reasoning has isolated their ideas from art and left them empty of content. In the February issue of *Artforum*, an essay on the British Art and Language movement emphasizes that this latest effort toward a new conception of art is "exclusive of 'normal' art practices and attitudes" because "normal" art is "so contradictory, compromised, and anomalous that any return to it [is] impossible." Having reached this extreme of ideas without works, art may now need to enter a period of works without ideas—at least without ideas centered on the art-historical question of what is proper for "art in the seventies." To an art dependent on such calculations, folk art is the direct antithesis; its outstanding feature is its freedom from any doctrine of the "evolution of forms." Its naïveté is a reflection of its single-minded obedience to tempera-



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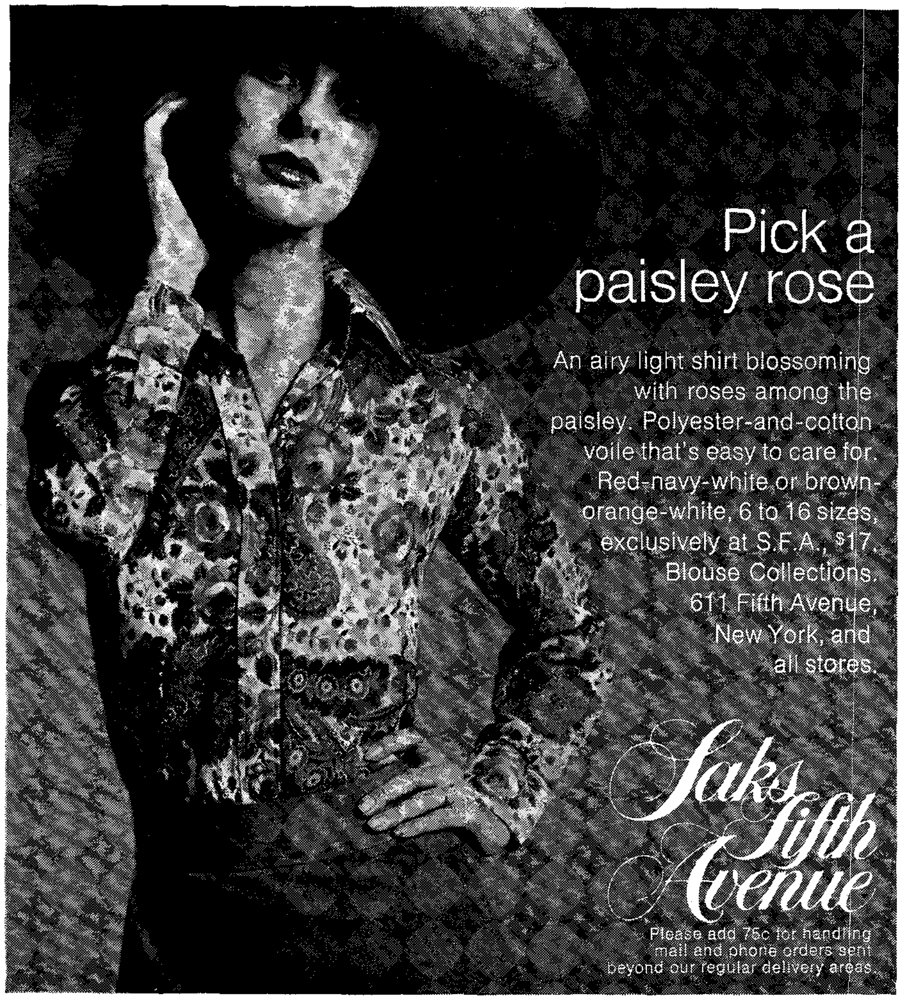
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ment—that of the artist and of his immediate public. In its skilled use of unskill, it is the model for an uninhibited making of works: the leading folk-style artist of the postwar period is Dubuffet.

Folk art did not, of course, come to an end in 1876; the dates enclosing the Whitney display were admittedly chosen to constitute a package for the American Bicentennial. Folk art lives on in numerous local trades as well as in forms generated by the modernist art movements; making traditional and "experimental" pictures and objects is encouraged by Sunday-magazine sections and by supermarket periodicals, and there are untutored versions of Dada collages, color-field compositions, mathematical trompe-l'oeil, even Conceptual diagrams. The graffiti in New York subways are probably the largest spontaneous mass outpouring and group showing of folk art that have ever taken place.

Folk painting, carving, ironwork, stitchery, and so on represent the indestructible aspect of art, the love of materials and of making, and the desire to please. A passage in the Whitney catalogue sums up the motive of the folk artist: "People like my work, and I like to paint for them." Folk art does not solve the problem of meaning or confront the ordeal of the modern historical consciousness. Very likely, it is not of primary importance in contemporary affairs. On the other hand, this may be a time that calls for modesty. It may be unwise for art today to try to assume the burden of the future—in any case, to try to assume it alone. —HAROLD ROSENBERG

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK, WITH JUST A TOUCH OF PATHOS

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Pittsburgh Press*]

HARD TIMES IN BURMA

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BOOKS

Inward and Onward

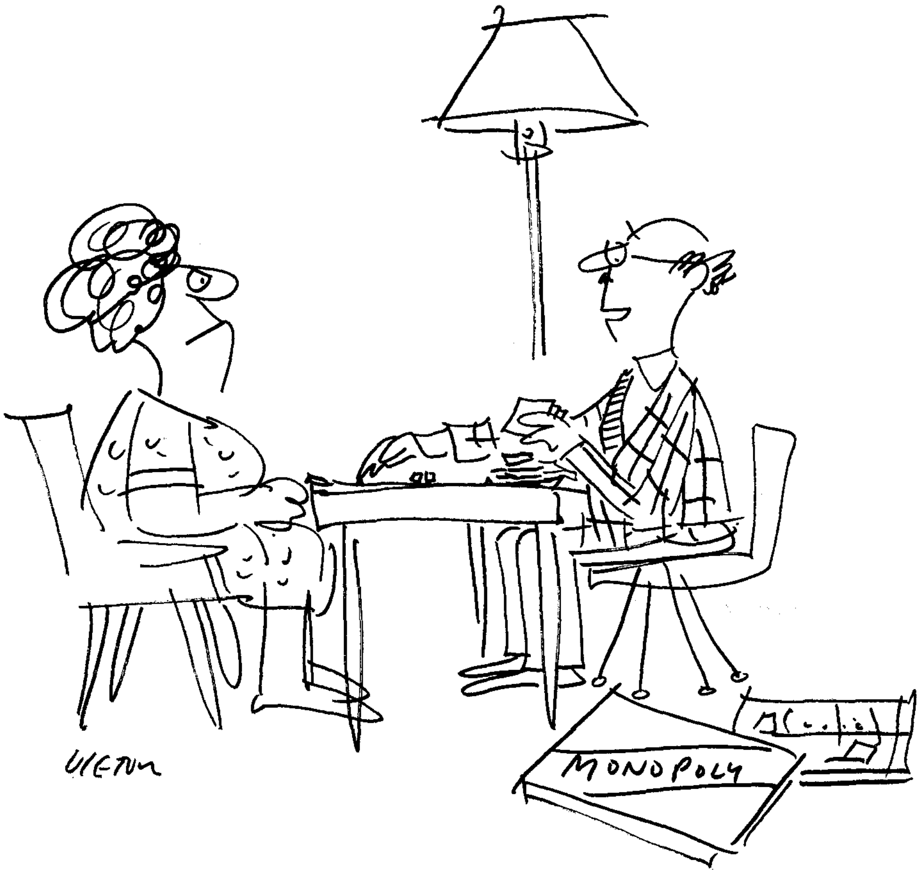
ERICH KAHLER, the late literary philosopher and polymath, published some fifteen years ago, in the *Neue Rundschau*, two long essays on the development of narrative technique and perspective which, translated by Richard and Clara Winston, have now been published by Princeton in the Bollingen series as "The Inward Turn of Narrative." Kahler's thesis is more easily stated than grasped. His first sentence proposes "to show the vast changes in the modern novel as the consequence of a process that has been at work throughout the whole history of Western man," and this process seems simply the development of consciousness: "Literary history will be considered here as an aspect of the history of consciousness." The "inward turn" of narrative is in fact an outward envelopment, our mental incorporation of more and more of the outer world: "Man constantly draws outer space into his inner space, into an inner space newly created by consciousness. The world is integrated into the ego, into the illuminated self." This grand one-way process (Kahler speaks of "advancing consciousness" with the confident progressivism of a nineteenth-century colonialist) finds literary reflection in surprisingly minute proportions. Three brisk sentences, and all of primitive narrative sweeps by:

> Initially, the process of internalization of narrative consists in gradually bringing the narrated material down to earth and breathing into it a human soul. Narrative begins with cosmogonies and theogonies. Slowly, then, the themes descend to the level of annals and chronicles, to the recording of specific earthly events.

The reader takes this "slowly" on faith, for very rapidly, in Kahler's exposition, we arrive at Homer and the Old Testament, narratives of pronounced sophistication and "humanness." Of pre-Homeric tales, the only example discussed is the fragmentary Babylonian epic of Gilgamesh, which, though "still entirely within the primal mythic chaos," does present, in the friendship between Gilgamesh and Enkidu, an "impulse to attain humanity;" "in it man is increasingly brought down to earth, is liberated from his primal link with the elemental powers." More seems meant than demythicization of experience; as the gods recede into a distinctly separate realm, feeling arises out of the "internalization of raw event. By stirring the imagination narration itself—in contradistinction to mere chronicle—provokes feeling." When we arrive, with Homer, at the threshold of Western literature, the gap between "chronicle" and imaginative "narration" has already been crossed.

> There can be no doubt that the articulation of human experience in the Homeric epic is far beyond that of the Babylonian epic. . . . In the Old Testament, finally, complete humanness is revealed.

What remains, humanness revealed, is relatively a matter of detail, and of increasingly detailed description of masterpieces. With Virgil's "Aeneid," deliberate artistic construction appears in the epic form. Early in the Christian era, "novelty itself, the novella," adds to the telling of acts of heroism and martyrdom "the relation of curious incidents, preferably spiced with eroticism." Then "Christian influence [leaves] a new residue in narrative: deliberate, imposed meaning." With the Renaissance draws individual psychology, and from Boccaccio on narration becomes "entirely a psychological process." The rise of cities generates a sharp contrast between town and nature, burgher and knight; from this contrast arises what Kahler calls "the romantic situation": on the one hand, the burgher's illicit impulses and fantasies find embodiment in the obsolete figure of the knight, and, on the other, the "new objectifying awareness of nature" produces sensuous natural description and a complementary realism in the depiction of social classes. Milieu deepens its substance; "perspectivistic narrative" arrives, somewhat later than perspectivistic painting. Of this "baroque" period's masterworks—Cervantes' "Don Quixote," Grimmelshausen's "Simplicissimus," Rabelais's "Pantagruel" and "Gargantua"—"Don Quixote" is especially momentous, because it supplies the first fully realized instance of "ascending symbolism;" that is, symbolism which proceeds from an individual instance to supra-individual significance entirely within a human world created by the artist, rather than the "descending symbolism" of the Greeks and Dante, wherein the signification descends upon the individual from a higher reality—a divine or mythic entity. From Cervantes on, the writer builds the symbolic structure out of himself, and the reader extracts it for himself. This immense "internalization" achieved, little distance re-



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mains to modern narrative. Milton, intending to portray the Christian cosmos, unwittingly dramatizes instead the "vast, immeasurable Abyss" opened to view by the new astronomy, and man's dreadful, defiant autonomy within it. First-person narratives such as those of Marivaux, Defoe, and Richardson move the narrator's observation post deeper into the interior of the confessing ego. Eighteenth-century poets, under the influence of deism, for the first time make nature an independent object of observation. As the invention of the microscope opens on the other side of man an infinity as daunting as that revealed through the telescope, Swift, in "Gulliver's Travels," rings a number of changes on the theme of relativity and arrives at an absolute condemnation of man. And in "Tristram Shandy"—"an end and a beginning, a harvest and a new sowing"—Sterne, making narrative entirely willful and sequence and time dependent upon the narrator's whim, so imbues reality "with the patterns, structures, and techniques of consciousness that the creatively working consciousness finds itself face to face with its own image."

> This complex world, which already includes the phenomena of cognition and imagination—this already half-internalized world—becomes the raw material which is handed on to Romanticism as its reality.

There Kahler ends, having surprised us as much with what he dwells upon as with what he skimps. Even in the sparest summary, the book's scope and strength of synthesizing vision must be apparent. Many passing critical felicities adorn the exposition: Milton's Hell, he says, becomes "almost a colony of paradise;" Pope's linguistic wit "is constantly overflowing and leaving no room to breathe." The critic's essential service of *recommending* is enthusiastically performed; I can hardly wait to read "Clarissa" and "Simplicissimus." The translators append their regret that Kahler did not live to revise his German articles for publication in English, but the translation reads well, and such imbalances toward the German as exist—conspicuously, the lengthy quotation from the poet Barthold Heinrich Brockes—are rather refreshing. Kahler was unaffectedly erudite in at least three European literatures, and the reader of English can only be pleased by the importance assigned Chaucer, Milton, James Thomson, Defoe, Swift, Richardson, Fielding, and Sterne. Amazing how much these Europeans can read into offhand British scribbling!

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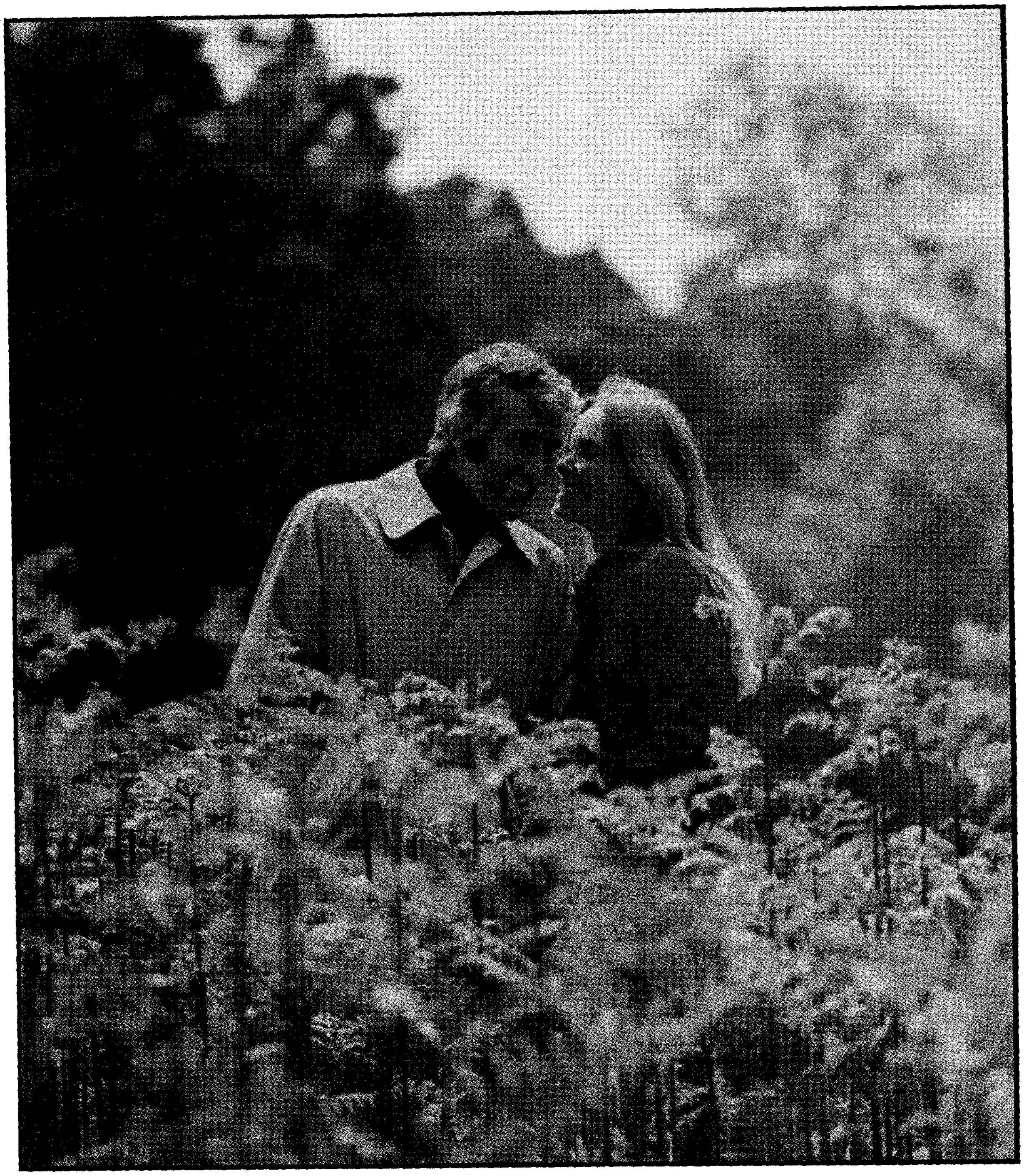

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shared learning, reservations must attach apologetically, like limpets to the back of a sleeping walrus. But "The Inward Turn of Narrative" in its sweep describes a bigger circle than it seems to fill. If we are to examine the evolution—the inward turn—of narrative, then we need to grasp primordial narrative at some point deeper than the Gilgamesh epic, which Dr. Albert Lord, in his class in Oral Epic Tradition, used to classify with the "sophisticated" specimens of epic form. Ancient though the Babylonian fragments are, they represent the end of a development whose earlier stages have analogues in the tales collected by anthropology. The world does not (as Kahler implies) age all in one piece; Stone Age cultures survive to this day, and among them the scholar might find clues to the embryology of this mysterious art called narration. Kahler considers a series of forms without searching out the question of *function*. Why do we harken to stories? What instinct do they arouse and satisfy? What is *happening* between writer and reader? Is the tribal tale-teller in the same relation to his audience as James Joyce to his? Are a medieval allegory, a dirty joke, and a Chekhov short story any more similiar *in intent* than an icon, a comic book, and a Cézanne? Kahler does touch upon the issue of audience, provocatively but briefly:

> Early, naïve storytelling proceeded from a rather unsubtle narrator to a ubiquitous and tangible listener. Serious, weightier narrative, which begins in the eighteenth century, involves a personal relationship between a narrator who steps forth in his subjectivity and a virtually individualized specific listener whom the author holds by the lapel, so to speak. The later modern narrator is an impersonally objectified artistic consciousness caught up in the labor of expression. . . . The work requires, demands, and shapes its own ideal recipient.

The progression from "naïve" to "weightier," from "unsubtle" to "ideal" is not so much demonstrated as assumed. Indeed, an almost blithe assumption of progress pervades the book. Repeatedly, Kahler has to explain away some Hellenic anticipation of a post-Renaissance "advance": "The art of classical antiquity often came to the verge of modern achievements—but stopped short at certain limits. Developmental processes do not proceed in a straight line. Rather, they occur in waves, or, if we prefer a three-dimensional image, in ever-widening spirals." But art moves, surely, as often by regression and setting-aside as by any kind of accumulation. Hemingway and

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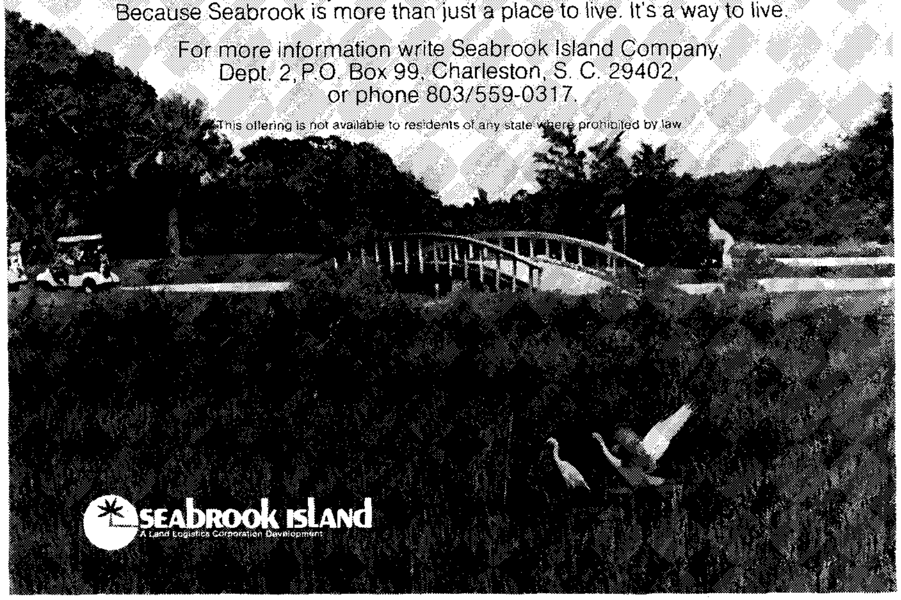

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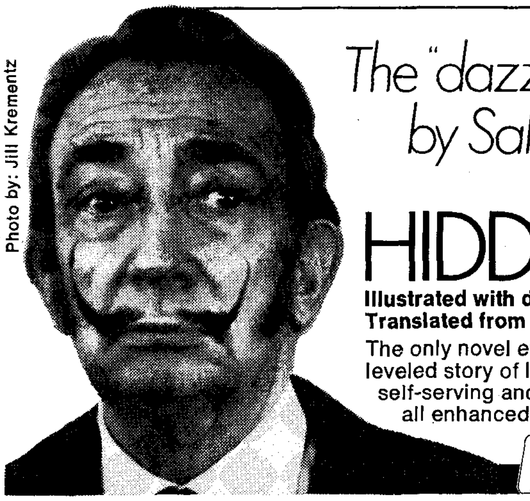

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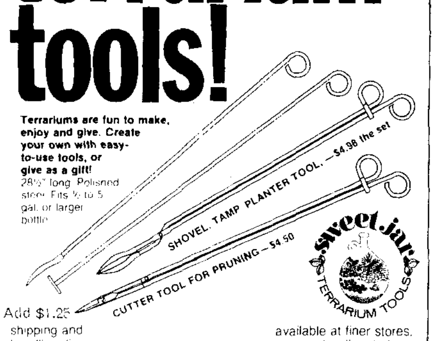
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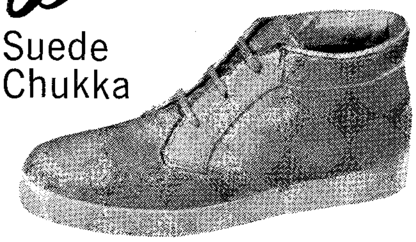

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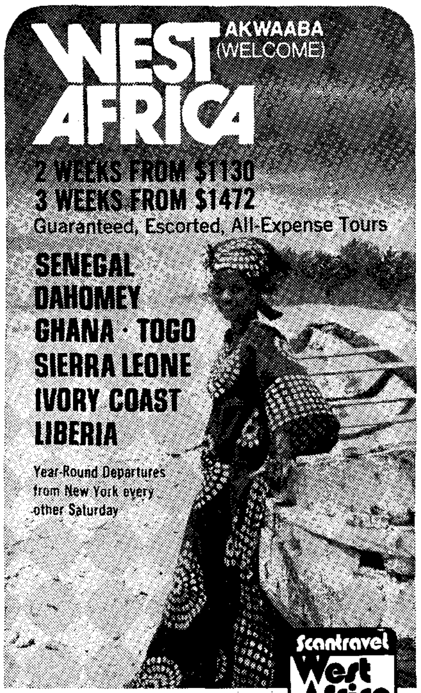

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Pound said *no* to the elaborate genteel art prevailing around them; Cervantes, Fielding, even Jane Austen began with parody, in a spirit of deflation. Kahler instinctively sees human progress as the dethroning of the gods: "Man has liberated himself from his primordial entanglement with mythic powers." The two-thousand-year episode of Christendom, then, lies rather athwart his synopsis. The narratives of the Middle Ages rate less than a paragraph. Whereas Malraux, in his "Voices of Silence," persuades us that the portal statuary of Chartres and Rheims expressed something missing from the blank-faced marbles of Greece and Rome, the best Kahler can make of Christian influence on narrative is the "residue" that remains once stories are "freed from their didactic purposes." Milton's conscious purposes (and the overt deism of the nature poets) are brushed aside as transitional illusions: "This wide-ranging epic was inherently contradictory and uncontrolled, a transitional opus expressing the rift that had developed between science and Biblical orthodoxy."

In a footnote, Kahler criticizes Erich Auerbach's "Mimesis" for its "fundamental error in assuming that reality is a stable thing, always the same for all ages and persons," and adds that "different writers have merely approached it in different ways. In fact, the reality of any given period is the product of struggling and advancing consciousness." But Kahler's attempt to formulate his sensation that reality is constantly expanding, and literature with it, produces labored prose:

> In considering the reciprocal creation of consciousness and reality, it is difficult to gauge what share the arts in particular have had in changing reality. The same process of reciprocal effects takes place in several fields: between historical event and historical consciousness (a question which deserves special study); between philosophical, political, and socio-economic theories and the corresponding realities; and of course in the natural sciences, where change in the real environment shows up most distinctly, although these changes are not necessarily the most profound. All these elements coalesce and affect each other.

What does this say but that things are all mixed up? Auerbach's stately and relatively static series of panels, each treating in great detail a lengthy quotation from successive literary epochs, manages not only to register a more sensitive impression of each masterpiece but to convey the feel of evolutionary movement more convincingly than Kahler. For what *is* "advancing consciousness"? Aristotle carried as many pieces of baggage, as many

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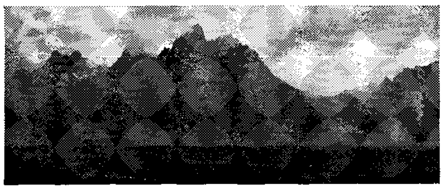

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houghts and facts, in his inner space as ny modern savant. True, most of his aggage is now considered nonsense, ut so will our baggage be. Does conciousness advance or merely shift its ground? What of the worlds of lore and observation lost to urban civilization? The Eskimos have a hundred words for snow, and the Bedouins as many for camel dung; is not the great poetry of snow and camel dung certainly behind us? How many of the three and a half billion persons living now, on the very frontier of the advance of consciousness, have appropriated more of the real world to their inner space than, say, a Carolingian serf? To most American housewives, electricity is as magical as mana to a Polynesian. The present young generation, steeped in technology, shows an astonishing willingness to live by astrology and diabolism, not to mention hallucinogens and Krishna. Are the fundamentals of human existence amid the wonders and menaces of advanced industrialism much different from the situation of Cro-Magnon man amid the wonders and menaces of untamed nature? All of recorded history has occurred in too brief a span for any evolutionary change; we confront life with the brains of cavemen. A mother suckles us; a joy of the senses crystallizes; alien shapes loom to block our desires; some desires are granted satisfaction; most are not; we age; we die. How has the drama of European cultural history, played on a little forestage of a continent by a cast of characters that was never more than a minor fraction of the population of the world, affected any of this? More specifically, how does modern narrative, of which "Tristram Shandy" in its self-conscious self-pleasing may be taken as the first instance, change "reality"? Picasso and Pollock turn up on fabric designs, but what happens to the modern masters of narrative? Indeed, the penetration of art into men's lives would seem, by some equation Kahler never suspects, proportional to the strength of its alliance with religion. Compared to the age of the cathedrals, we live remote from our art. Religion and technology are alike at least in that both attempt to cope directly with the pain of our existence: the first by offering us a supernatural consolation, and the second by dealing with our diseases and difficulties piecemeal. In comparison, modern art offers only distraction, sublimation, and a kind of empathy with the mental and spiritual aristocrats who are artists. The "patterns, structures, and techniques of consciousness" are of

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little profit to the run of men, and as overpopulation and diminishing natural resources reduce the margin of play in the world, refined literary art may be squeezed out even from the colleges.

What *is* "internalization"? There is no doubt that science accumulates, and human life is changed by its expanding discoveries. But culture may "internalize" new knowledge in the sense that the body internalizes the tip of a splinter; that is, cushions and anesthetizes it to make it ignorable. Kahler gives us a lively example of culture at work. The microscope was developed more gradually than the telescope, and the public was slow to grasp its implications. Suddenly, however, late in the seventeenth century, "observations with the microscope became a fashionable pastime in English society. Amateur experimenters of both sexes ('virtuosos' and 'virtuosas') became curiosity collectors and went about with pocket microscopes as some people do today with Geiger counters, looking for Leeuwenhoek's 'animalcules' in whatever came their way. They found tiny 'water flyes' and 'water lice,' 'eels' and 'worms' in blood and saliva. . . . English literature of the period reacted . . . with satires upon this fad." Are we not, in a world so out of our ken and our control, all "virtuosos" and "virtuosas" running about trying to tame the truth by turning it into group fun, into a fad? What was Pop Art but a way of subduing to fun the frightful raw trashiness of our man-made wilderness? And is the process so different from that whereby the first paintings, of bison and antelope, subdued to an appearance of control the terrible uncertainties of the hunt? Does art, then, operate as a progressive force or as a reactionary one, not to advance consciousness but to lull and muffle it—to make consciousness, indeed, passably bearable?

Some of these questions may be quibbles. Others may be riddles. They arise in response to this elegant and piquing book. —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

YONNONDIO: FROM THE THIRTIES, by Tillie Olsen (Delacorte). This short novel was written forty years ago, when the author was nineteen, and is now published for the first time. It tells the story of a young, persistently hopeful migrant family in the early nineteen-thirties. Anna and Jim Holbrook and their chil-

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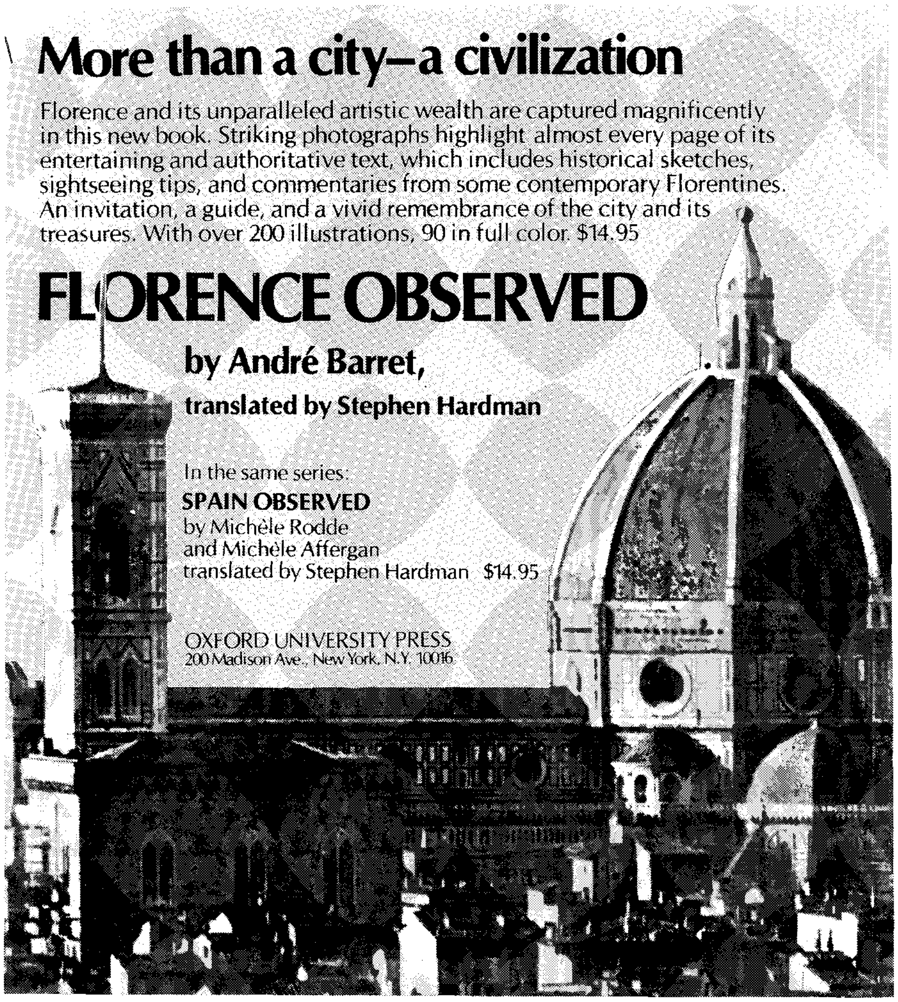
dren—Mazie and Will and Ben and the baby, Jimmie, and later the n[illegible] Da- baby, Bess—are first seen i[illegible] city [illegible]aughter- ing town, then as te[illegible] Mrs. Olsen's kota farm, an[illegible], and the Hol- [illegible], famished odys- where Jim[illegible] but arouse shame in house who have ever spoken [illegible] poverty. This is in no way [illegible]tise on poverty—it is the story real people who are visibly shackled by having no money at all and by the daily insults offered by the world to their pride. To see the abundance of life and energy in Anna and Jim is very painful, because seeing it means that we are close witnesses to a fierce and almost breathless struggle, as these young parents attempt to make a living for themselves and their children in a world that has no interest in them. There are neighbors everywhere, and on every page a sense of teeming, tumbling life, so that the Holbrooks' struggle and their bafflement are the struggle and the bafflement of multitudes. Mrs. Olsen is a most appealing writer, a strange new charmer in the wilderness that is fiction today.

PASSMORE, by David Storey (Dutton). Colin Passmore, a thirty-year-old professor of history at an undistinguished London university, suddenly finds that he can't stand his nice wife and three children, that their snug Islington nest feels like a vise, and that he has an overwhelming urge to chuck it all and be damned. So he does and is. His somewhat kinky affair with a thin, inscrutable vamp ends violently when the inscrutable one's gangster husband finds out about it; his father (a poor, sickly coal miner) nearly disowns him; and, after months of slow disintegration, he finally has a nervous breakdown. Mr. Storey does not see fit to let us know why all this is happening to poor Passmore. Is it premature male menopause? The high expectations of his work-broken father? A malignant form of the seven-year itch? Mr. Storey is an absorbing writer, and he captures in a completely believable way the terrible bleakness of Passmore's family's coal-mining town and the bewilderment and anguish of a family falling apart. But the wife, the children, and all of Passmore's friends enter and exit so rapidly (if dramatically) that we never really get to know



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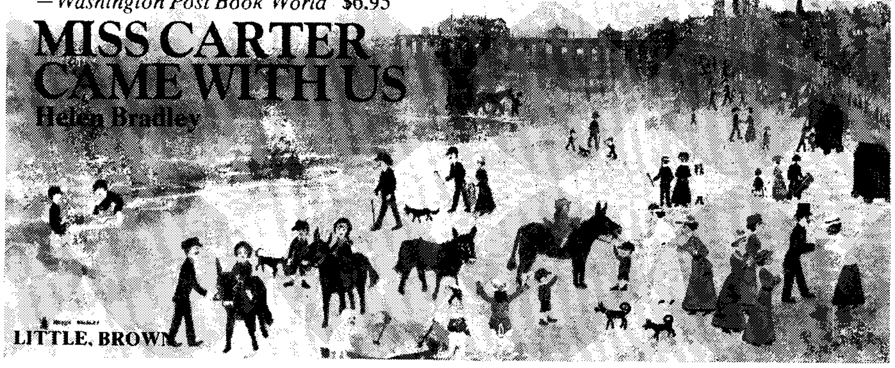

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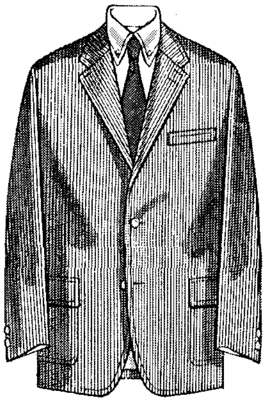

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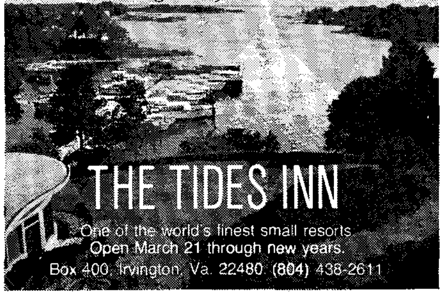

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who any of them are, and tı. pression that the characters utteex- frequently—"Ah, well"—is more less what comes to mind when Passmore returns home, feeling all around him "an intensity, like a presentiment of love, or violence: he found it hard to tell."

The Fan Man, by William Kotzwinkle (Harmony). The only thing interesting about William Kotzwinkle's lame "Exultate! Jubilate!" from what seems like the pre-dawn age of lower-East Side hippiedom is how he manages to get so many "man"s ("And here, man, beneath a pile of wet newspapers is a shirt, man, with one sleeve") onto every page. On page 69, there are fifteen, but the jackpot is probably page 126, with twenty-three.

Note: "Christmas Eve," a collection of short stories by Maeve Brennan, nearly all of which originally appeared in these pages, has been published by Scribners.

GENERAL

The von Richthofen Sisters: The Triumphant and the Tragic Modes of Love, by Martin Green (Basic Books). Professor Green is invariably an original; his books are difficult to categorize, since they resemble nothing else. This one is partly a biography of two German sisters—Else, who discreetly was the mistress of the famous German sociologist Max Weber, and Frieda, who indiscreetly ran off with the English novelist D. H. Lawrence. It is also a study of the work of these men, and of their most prominent interpreters—the American sociologist Talcott Parsons and the English critic F. R. Leavis. More than that: Professor Green sees in these women's lives two kinds of rebellion against the overweeningly patriarchal society of the German Empire. Else went out and achieved as a man might: she was a factory inspector and a sociological researcher. Frieda asserted femininity differently: she insisted on the equal, or superior, value of the erotic, maternal, and sensuous personality, as opposed to the intellectual and authoritarian lawgivers of her society. Professor Green, who has a fine sense of place, tells about the settings of these women's dramas—Heidelberg and Munich, Nottingham and Taos. He tells, too, about less well-known figures who affected the sisters' lives and ideals. The whole is a rich, reflective work that

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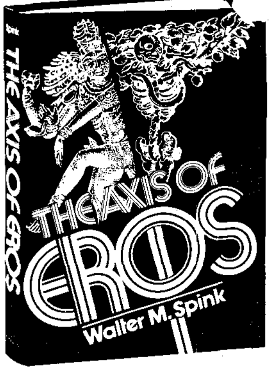

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also examines some of the sources of modern culture.

The Uneasy Chair: A Biography of Bernard DeVoto, by Wallace Stegner (Doubleday). American society is supposed to be open—indeed, wide-open—but even so biographies keep revealing, year in, year out, how many prominent Americans have felt themselves "outsiders." Such an excludee, according to Professor Stegner, was Bernard DeVoto (1897-1955), who was not at home in his birthplace (Ogden, Utah) and who felt rejected by the citadel of Eastern culture he most admired (Harvard), which did not give him tenure. Belonging wholly to neither East nor West, DeVoto, as a critic, nonetheless took up the cause of America against what he thought was the overrefined ignorance of aesthetes in the twenties and the bad faith or ignorance of Communists during the Depression. As paradox piles on paradox, the absorbed reader (this, too, may be a paradox) finds himself mightily liking this extremely gregarious fellow with a genius for quarrelling. It may be Mr. Stegner's doing—Stegner, like DeVoto, is a Westerner, a teacher, and a Pulitzer Prize-winning writer. But it may be DeVoto himself.

Gettysburg: The Final Fury, by Bruce Catton (Doubleday). In this short but searching and reverberating monograph, Mr. Catton (like so many others before him) returns once more to the Confederate disaster that determined the outcome of the Civil War. Gettysburg, he suggests, "still commands attention." Indeed, it compels it. For that "almost accidental collision" between an army that had never lost a battle and one that was fighting for the first time on its own soil towers in American history. It was the bloodiest battle (almost fifty thousand killed); it produced the almost mythic Pickett's charge; it was the occasion of the "most stupendous bombardment" (a hundred and forty Confederate cannon firing in unison) until then heard in war; it drew from Lee (as he rallied Pickett's survivors) the manly admission "It is all my fault;" and it inspired in Lincoln our most majestic elegy. Illustrated with six detailed battle maps, and many photographs and contemporary drawings.

Locked Rooms and Open Doors, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Volume

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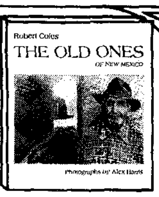

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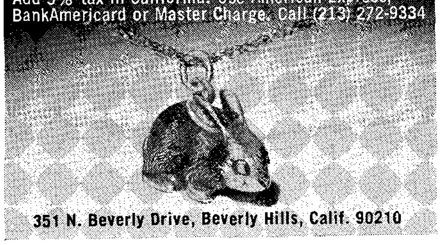
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III of the author's diaries and letters. In the wake of the kidnap-murder of their first son in 1932, Mrs. Lindbergh and her husband, awaiting the birth of their second son, moved to her mother's mansion in Englewood, New Jersey. Yet the earlier tragedy could not be forgotten—in this volume, which covers the years 1933-35, the family and servants must relive the period of the crime when they testify at the trial of the kidnapper, Bruno Richard Hauptmann. There were new tragedies, too, among them the death of the author's sister. But even as Mrs. Lindbergh was confiding to her diary, day by day, how inadequate she felt, she managed to complete her first book, "North to the Orient," and, with her husband, explore transatlantic air routes. So much of what she wrote then seems so immediate that it is almost impossible to think of these pages as any older than last year. Except, of course, for the flying. There the reader will find himself torn between awe and envy—the Lindberghs' aircraft seem pitifully fragile, and anyone who flew them incomprehensibly brave, but because these planes could not go immense distances at great heights, the Lindberghs could see as no air travellers can see nowadays.

NOTE: "The American People," a study of the 1970 census by E. J. Kahn, Jr., has been published by Weybright & Talley, and "The American Condition," an assessment of the constraints on freedom in American society, by Richard N. Goodwin, has been published by Doubleday. Much of the material in both books first appeared here.

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Two of her best recipes are based on family recipes from Bob's side of the house. The tamale pie is a joint operation. "We do it together because the meat balls take so long to prepare. We put whole black olives into the pie, because somehow the pits give a specific flavor to the sauce. We have an awful lot of our friends break teeth," she said.—*Boston Herald Traveler.*

Tones up the whole occasion.

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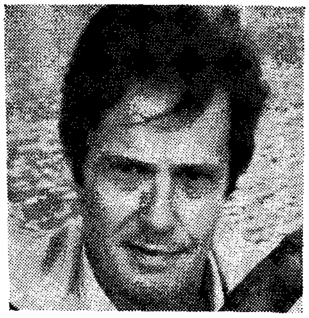
SANTA MONICA, Calif—Host International Inc., revising an earlier statement, said it had 283 treasury shares prior to recent purchases of its own stock. The company previously had said it had 283,000 of its shares in its treasury.—*The Wall Street Journal.*

Changing its story, eh?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